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J. H. 1825

THE

CABINET;

OR

THE SELECTED BEAUTIES OF LITERATURE.

" Say what abridgement have you for this evening ?
What mask ? What music ? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight ?"

SHAKSPEARE.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN AITKEN, ST. ANTHONY'S PLACE;

JOHN LUMSDEN, GLASGOW; HODGES & M'ARTHUR, DUBLIN; AND KNIGHT & LACEY, LONDON.

1824.

520

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CONTENTS.

[The articles in Italics are Poetical.]

		Page.
THE Rainbow	*Lights and Shadows.*	1
The Lily of the Valley	*Croly.*	12
Love's Philosophy	*Shelley.*	12
The Broken Heart	*Sketch Book.*	13
The Rose in January	*Anonymous.*	17
Life in the Country	*Hermit in the Country.*	25
Caroline	*Campbell.*	28
Maxims	*Quarles*, (1658.)	30
Truth	*N. Breton*, (1616.)	30
*To T** L** H** during sickness* .	*L. Hunt.*	31
Sonnet. "Eternal and omnipotent Unseen." .	*Horace Smith.*	32
A Tale for a Chimney Corner . . .	*Indicator.*	33
The Soul's Errand	*Sir W. Raleigh.*	39
Roman Gladiators	*Valerius.*	41
Love and Reason	*Moore.*	45
A Rural Description	*Bergerac*, (1658.)	46
Hebrew Melody. "When coldness wraps this suffering clay." . .	*Byron.*	48
The Shrubbery	*Potter*	49
Lines written in Richmond Churchyard,	*Herbert Knowles*	60
Ortogrul of Bazra	*Johnson.*	61
An Olde Tale	*Heptameron*, (1597.)	63
Masaniello	*Holford.*	65
The Isles of Greece	*Byron*,	71
The Downfal of Holy Church . . .	*Points of Humour.*	74
Maternity	*Hermit in London.*	78
The Widow and her Son	*Sketch Book.*	81

Digitized by Google

		Page.
Fiammetta and Boccaccio	*London Magazine*	86
The Youth of Genius	*D'Israeli*	90
Gilbert ! Gilbert !	*Indicator*	92
Stanzas. "The turf shall be my fragrant shrine."	*Moore*	94
The Cacique of Ontario	*Elegant Tales*	95
Fragment. "O leave the lily on its stem." . .	*Coleridge*	106
Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition	*New Mon. Mag.*	109
Evaline	*Druid*	111
The Violet	*Sir W. Scott*	114
Address to a Wild Deer in the Forest of Dalness	*Wilson*	115
On the Inconveniences Resulting from being Hanged	*C. Lamb*	119
Song. "The fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe."	*Garden of Delights* (1610)	126
The Progress of Inconstancy . . .	*M'Diarmid*	127
Impromptu on the Helen of Canova .	*Byron*	135
Lines to my Children	*C. Lloyd*	136
The Cavern of Hoonga	*Mariner's Tonga Islands*	138
The Too-early opening Flower . . .	*Bowring*	140
A Frenchman	*Heylin*, (1679)	142
Maxim	*Warwick*, (1637)	142
The Disinterment	*Ollier*	143
Kilmeny	*Hogg*	148
Hell's Bridge	*Anonymous*	155
The First of March	*New Mon. Mag.*	157
The Wife	*Sketch Book*	159
The Grave of Anna	*Gifford*	164
Man	*New Mon. Mag.*	165
Letter from the Countess Dowager of Nithsdale, giving an Account of the Earl's escape out of the Tower in 1716	*Antiq. Trans.*	166
The Falls of Ohiopyle	*December Tales*	175
Stanzas from the Spanish	*Edin. Review*	181
Erin Mavourneen, Farewell ! . . .	*Europ. Mag.*	181
Happiness	*Colton's Lacon*	183
The Tropical Night	*Anonymous*	184
Evening Thoughts on Death . . .	*Bowring*	186
Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield . .	*Johnson*	189

Digitized by Google

		Page.
Trinity College, Cambridge, Forty Years ago	*New Mon. Mag.*	189
Stanzas written at the Close of a Year	*Edin. Mag.*	192
Polycarpe Salabarriete	*Life of Sir G. M'Gregor*	194
Dresses	*The Graces*	195
Elegy, "Fair was thy blossom, brittle flower."	*Hogg*	196
Peace and War	*Prose by a Poet*	198
The Voice of Spring	*New Mon. Mag.*	201
A True Story	*Indicator*	203
A Tale of True Love	*May You Like It*	205
The Merchant of Venice	*Tales of Humour*	221
Unforeseen Pleasures	*Revelin's Lucubrations*	232
Templeton	*Revelin's Lucubrations*	237
Remembrance	*Southey*	249
The Pains of Sleep	*Coleridge*	250
A Poet's Epitaph	*Wordsworth*	251
The Stout Gentleman	*Bracebridge Hall*	253
Mortality	*Knox*	260
The Last Hours of Sir W. Rawleigh.	*D'Israeli*	262
Stanzas "The gentle season of the year."	*Phœnix Nest*, (1593)	266
The Destruction of Sennacherib	*Byron*	267
Sonnet "Let me not to the marriage of true minds."	*Shakespeare*	268
Leonora, a Recollection from my Travels	*Knight's Quart. Mag.*	269
Noche Serena	*New Mon. Mag.*	272
The Battle of Albuera	*Recollections of the Peninsula*	273
The Old Cumberland Beggar	*Wordsworth*	278
A Good Old Man	*Bishop Earle*, (1628)	282
Rosario	*N. Buonaparté*	283
Herod's Lament for Mariamne	*Byron*	291
Napoleon	*Reveries of a Recluse*	292
The Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth	*Everitt*	297
The Search after Happiness, or the Quest of Sultaun Solimaun	*Sir W. Scott*	299
The Source of the Nile	*Bruce's Travels*	307
To a Tuft of Early Violets	*Gifford*	308
To-Day	*New Mon. Mag.*	310
Song, "My mind to me a kingdom is."	*Byrd's Psalmes, &c.* (1588)	314
The Doomed Man	*London Mag.*	315

Digitized by Google

		Page.
The Guahiba Mother	*Humboldt's Travels*	329
Paradise and the Peri	*Moore's Lalla Rookh*	331
The Red Nose	*Anonymous*	342
Female Heroism	*Lit. Pocket Book*	346
The Abbey of Clunedale	*Drake's Literary Hours*	347
The Lament of Tasso	*Byron*	
On Byron's Autobiography	*Moore*	
Abradates and Panthea	*Travels of Anacharsis*	363
Ludovico Sforza	*Cornwall*	367
The Death of Zeenab	*Hajji Baba*	374
King Lear and his Daughters	*Milton*	376
Stanzas. "Bright be the place of thy soul."	*Byron*	378
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	*Coleridge*	379
Stanzas on Painting	*Campbell*	393
Rosalie, a Welch Tale	*Innkeeper's Album*	395
Musicks Duell	*Crashaw*, (1646.)	
Rhyme and Reason	*Etonian*	
Love	*Southey*	410
The Heiress in Jeopardy	*Blank Book*	411
Ode to a Nightingale	*Keats*	413
One Night in Rome	*Fragments and Fictions*	415

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THE

CABINET;

OR

THE SELECTED BEAUTIES OF LITERATURE.

PART I.

CONTAINING

THE RAINBOW.
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.
LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY. THE BROKEN HEART.
THE ROSE IN JANUARY.
LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.
CAROLINE.
MAXIMS. TRUTH. LINES. SONNET.
A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER.
THE SOUL'S ERRAND.
RURAL DESCRIPTION. HEBREW MELODY.
THE SHRUBBERY. LINES. ORTOGRUL.
"An Olde Tale."
MASANIELLO.
THE DOWNFAL OF HOLY CHURCH. THE ISLES OF GREECE.
MATERNITY.
THE WIDOW AND HER SON.
FIAMMETTA AND BOCCACIO.
GILBERT! GILBERT!
THE YOUTH OF GENIUS. STANZAS.

What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How in the name of thrift
Does he rake this together!

SHAKSPEARE.

SECOND EDITION.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN AITKEN, ST. ANTHONY'S PLACE.

1824.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We feel obliged to those correspondents who have favoured us by pointing out pieces for insertion: most of them shall have a place.

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THE

CABINET;

OR

The Selected Beauties of Literature.

THE RAINBOW.

From "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

A SOLITARY pedestrian was roaming over the glens and mountains in a wild district of the northern Highlands of Scotland when a Rainbow began to form itself over part of the magnificent landscape. He was, not without reason, a melancholy and grief-haunted man; and the growing beauty of that apparition insensibly touched his heart with a delighted happiness to which he had for a considerable time been a stranger. As the varied brightness of the arch, which as yet was scarcely united, but showed only several glowing fragments, gradually became more vivid, his whole being felt a sympathetic exhilaration; despondency and sorrow faded away, and he once more exulted in the natural freedom of the prime of life. While he was gazing, the Rainbow became perfect, and bound the earth and heaven together in a span of joy. The glory illuminated two mountains, and the glen between them opening up beneath, that effulgence appeared to be a majestic entrance into another and more magnificent world. The sides of these two mountains, rent with chasms and tumbling torrents, were steeped in the beautiful stains of the arch, so that the rocks seemed clothed with purple, and the waterfalls to roll down in gold. As the Rainbow began to dissolve, the summit of the arch gave way, and the gorgeous colours, forsaking the sky, embodied themselves in a mass of splendour in each side of that wide glen. For a few moments the edge of each mountain was vailed and hidden in that radiance; but it gradually melted away into colourless air, the atmosphere was again open, and a few showery clouds seen hanging opposite the sun, were all that remained to tell of the vanished Rainbow. But all the green fields and all the woods were glittering in freshened beauty,—the birds were singing,—the cattle lowing on the hills,—and the raven and the kite were aloft in heaven. There was a jubilee, and the lonely man who had been sitting on a rock, entranced in that vision, rose up and inwardly said, "Let my way lie up that glen, whose glorious portal has vanished—let me walk beneath what was like a triumphal arch but a moment ago, into the solitary magnificence of nature."

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The eremite pursued his way up the wooded bank of a stony torrent; and on reaching the summit of the cliffs, saw before him a long expanse of black sullen moor—which he crossed—and a beautiful vale suddenly expanded below his feet, with cultivated fields, woods, and groves, and among many huts sprinkled about like rocks, one mansion to which they all seemed to appertain, and which without any grandeur, yet suited in its unpretending and venerable solemnity the character of that lonely and lovely place. He descended into the vale, and happy he knew not why, walked along the widening stream, till he found himself in a lawn, and close by the mansion which he had discerned from the hill above, but which had till now been concealed by a grove. At this moment, just as he was about to turn back, two ladies stood close beside him, and with a slight embarrassment the stranger explained to them how unconsciously he had been led to intrude upon their privacy, and after that salutation, was about to retire. But the impression which elegant and cultivated minds make on each other in a moment, when unexpectedly brought together in a situation calculated to shew something of their character, now prevented so sudden a parting,—and they who had thus casually met, having entered into conversation, began in a few minutes to feel almost like friends. The stranger, who had been led into this vale by a sort of romantic impulse, could not help feeling as if this meeting were almost an adventure. And it was no doubt an impressive thing to a young Englishman, wandering among the Highland mountains, to form an acquaintance in this way with two such persons as those with whom he was now engaged in pleasant conversation. They seemed to be mother and daughter;—and when, after about half an hour's walk, the stranger found himself in a spacious and elegant room, the guest of a high-bred and graceful lady in a widow's weeds, and apparently with one beautiful daughter in her retirement, he could scarcely help thinking that the vague imagination which had led him thither under the Rainbow's arch, might have some influence even on the complexion of his future life. He had long been a melancholy man; and minds of that character are often the most apt to give way to sudden emotions of gladness. He closed up all remembrance of one fatal incident in his life under a heap of fresh-springing and happy thoughts and feelings; and animated by the novelty of his situation, as well as by the interesting character of those whose hospitality he was now sharing, never had he felt so free from anxiety and sorrow, and so like his former self, nor so capable of the enjoying of life, and every thing around him that was beautiful and enlivening. As the evening drew on, his heart was sad to think, that as he had come a stranger, so like a stranger must he be departing; but these few hours had sunk into his heart, and he would remember them as long as he lived, and in the remotest parts of the earth.

Does it require long time, days, weeks, months, and years, to enable human beings to love one another? Does the human heart slowly and suspiciously lay up one kind thought after another, till the measure of its affection be full? May gentle words and kindling smiles pass from the lips, and yet the heart remain cold and untouched, and willing to lose sight of, and to forget the object of its transitory tenderness? It may be

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so with many, for the accidents of time teach different lessons, all equally necessary and wholesome perhaps to different hearts; but before human nature has been sorely afflicted, tried, or deceived, its temper is open to kindness and to joy; and attracted by the sympathies of a common nature, why may not those who are strangers to-day be friends to-morrow? Nor does the deepest affliction always close up the fountains of love in the human soul. The saddest turn often in sudden restoration to the gay and joyful; like light streaming in upon a prisoner through the bars of his dungeon, is the smile on faces not yet bedimed by grief, to the man of many miseries; and he who hugs his sorrow close to his soul, will often at once lay down that rueful burthen to which he has long clung with infatuated despair, at the sight of youth, beauty, and innocence, rejoicing before him in untamed, fearless, and triumphant bliss. There are often, also, sudden revelations of sympathy made between human beings by a word, a tone, a look, or a smile; truth is then conveyed suddenly and easily into their spirits, and from that moment they rest assured of each others affection and each others worth, as much as if they had been mutually known for years. If there were not these strong and prevailing tendencies in our nature, the paths of life would be barren indeed; as the friendships that spring up over them, would in general be sown by the hand of interest or self-love. But nature follows other processes; and love and friendship, at first sight, often spring up as necessarily as flowers expand from bud into blossom, in the course of a few sunny and dewy hours of one vernal morning.

The young English stranger felt this when the hour of his departure was come, and when the mother and daughter accompanied him down the vale, in the dusk of the evening, on his way from Glen-Creran, never more to return. Little was said as they walked along, and they who, a few hours before, had not known of each others existence, were now about to say, farewell, with sighs—almost with tears. At length the stranger paused, and said, "Never will I forget this day—this glen, and those from whom I now part. I will remember them all when my soul is sad, which it must be as long as I live. Take the blessing of a wounded heart. Ladies, *farewell!*" and his eyes, dim with emotion at that moment, met those of that beautiful maiden turned upon him with a heavenly expression of pity, and at last even stained with irrepressible tears. A black scowl was in the heavens, and darkened the green mount on which they stood; a long dreary sigh of wind came rustling down the vale, and there was a low muttering of distant thunder. "This will be a night of storm," said the lady, looking kindly towards the stranger. "It is not Highland hospitality to let a guest depart at dark, and in tempest; you must return with us to our house;" and a huge thunderous cloud, that overshadowed half the vale, was an argument not to be resisted;—so the party returned together; and just as they reached the house, the long loud rattle was heard along the hills, and the river, swollen on a sudden by the deluging rain, roared along the swinging woods, till the whole valley was in a tumult. It was a true Highland night; and the old house rocked like a ship at sea.

But the walls of the mansion (which had once been a sort of castle)

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were thick and massy, and the evening passed happily along within, while the thunder, and the woods, and the torrents, and the blasts, were all raging without, in one united and most dismal howl. These ladies had not passed all their lives in a highland glen, and they conversed with their guest about foreign countries which they had all visited. The harp was touched, and the wild gaelic airs sounded still more wildly among the fitful pauses of the storm. She who played and sung, was no sorceress inhabiting an enchanted castle; but she was a young, graceful, and beautiful girl of nineteen, innocent as beautiful, and therefore a more powerful sorceress than any that ever wound the invisible lines of her spell round a Knight of Romance. At the conclusion of one air,—a Chieftain's Lament, the mother heaved a deep sigh; and in the silence that ensued, the artless girl said to the stranger, who was standing beside her, entranced by the willing strain, "My poor dead brother used to love that air; I ought not to have sung it." But that mood passed away; and before retiring to rest, the stranger said gaily, "Your wandering guest's name is Ashton."—"We are Stewarts," was the reply; and in an hour the house was buried in sleep.

The stranger alone was wakeful. Not for several years had he been so happy as during this day and evening; and the image of that lovely girl beside her harp, sweetly singing, while the wild night was roaring in the glen, could not leave his thoughts. Even when, towards morning, he fell asleep, she was in his dreams; and then it seemed as if they had long been friends—as if they were betrothed, and had fixed their marriage-day. From these visions he awoke, and heard the sound of the mountain torrent roaring itself to rest, and the tree swinging less fiercely in the weakened blast. He then recollected where he was—his real condition returned upon him—and that sweet maiden was then to him only a phantom once seen, and to smile upon him no more. He rose at sunrise, and, from the window, contemplated the gradual dying away of the storm—the subsiding of the torrent that became visibly less and less every minute—the calm that slowly settled on the woods—the white mists rolling up the mountain's side—till at last, a beautiful calm, serene, and sunny day took possession of the sky, and Glen-Creran lay below in smiling and joyful beauty, a wild paradise, where the world might be forgotten, and human life pass away like a dream.

It was the Sabbath-day, and Glen-Creran, that a few hours ago had been as loud as the sea, was now not only hushed in the breathing repose of nature, but all rural labour was at rest; and it might almost have been said, that the motionless clouds, the deep blue vault, the fragrant air, and the still earth, were all united together in one sweet spirit of devotion. No shepherd shouted on the mountain—no reapers were in the half-shorn fields—and the fisherman's net was hung up to dry in the sunshine. When the party met again in the parlour, whose wide window opening down to the floor let in the pure fragrance of the roses and honeysuckles, and made the room a portion, as it were, of the rich wooded scenery, there was blended with the warmth and kindliness of the morning salutation, a solemn expression belonging to the hallowed day, and to the religious state of feeling which it inspired. The subdued and almost melancholy air of the matron was now more

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touching and impressive, as she was dressed in darker widow's weeds for the House of God; and the sweet countenance of Mary Stewart, which, the night before, had beamed with almost a wild gladness, was now breathed over by a pensive piety, so truly beautiful at all times on a woman's features. The kirk was some miles distant; but they were prepared to walk to it; and Edward Ashton, without speaking on the subject at all, accompanied them on their way to divine service.

To an Englishman who had never before seen a Highland Sabbath, the scene was most delightful, as the opening of every little glen brought upon him some new interesting groupe journeying tranquilly towards Appin Kirk. Families were coming down together into the wider strath, from their green nests among the solitude; and friendly greetings were interchanging on all sides, in that wild tongue which, to his ear, seemed so well suited to a land of mountains. The many coloured Highland tartan mixed with the pure white of dresses from the Lowlands, and that mingling of different costumes in the same groupe, gave intimation of the friendly intercourse now subsisting constantly between the dwellers of hill and of plain. No haughty equipages came sweeping by. Almost all the assembling congregation were on foot —here and there an old man on a rough mounted poney—there perhaps man and wife on a stronger steed—and there a cart with an invalid, or the weak or aged, with a due accompaniment of children. The distinction of ranks was still visible, but it was softened down by one pervading spirit of humble Christianity. So trooped they along to the house of God—the clear tinkle of the bell was heard—the seats were filled—and the whole vale echoed to the voice of psalms. Divine service was at this time performed in the English language, and the kirk was decently silent in sincere and unostentatious devotion.

During service the Englishman chanced to fix his eyes on a small marble monumental slab in the wall above the seat, and he read these words,—*Sacred to the memory of Charles Stewart, late captain in the forty-second regiment, who died at Vienna 3d August* 17—. A mortal sickness instantly struck his heart, and in that agony, which was indeed almost a swoon of the soul, he wished that he were dead, or buried in solitude many thousand miles away from the place where he now sat. He fixed his eyes upon the countenances—first of the mother—and then of her daughter, and a resemblance which he had not discovered before, now grew upon him stronger and stronger, to one in his grave, and whom he once would have sacrificed his own life to reanimate. He was sitting in the house of God with the mother and sister of the man whose blood he had shed! The place—the name—the day of the month, left no possibility of doubt. And now many other corroborative circumstances came upon him in that ghastly fit. He remembered the daughter saying after that lament sung to the harp, "I ought not to have sung it;—for my poor dead brother used to delight in that air." The murderer of that poor dead brother had come wandering to a solitary mansion among the mountains, impelled by some evil spirit, and was now sitting below his monument along with her who had given him birth. But every one was intent on the service of God—and his white face, white as a sheet, was observed by

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none. By degrees he felt the blood circulating again from his stricken heart—he began to breathe more freely, and had just strength to stand up when the congregation rose to prayer. He saw glimmering and unsteady—beside him the meek placid countenances of the widow and her daughter—and turned away his eyes from them, to fix them again on that inscription to which they were drawn by a hideous spell. He heard not the closing benediction—but was relieved in some degree by the fresh air that whispered through the trees, as he found himself walking by the side of his almost unseen companions through the church-yard. "I fear, sir, you are ill," said Mary Stewart, in a sweet and hurried tone of voice—and no other answer was given but a long and deep groan, that sounded as if it rose up in pangs from the bottom of a broken heart.

They walked along together in sorrow, fear, and astonishment at this sudden change in the looks of their new friend, whose eyes, when they ventured to look towards either of them, were wild and ghastly, and every glance accompanied with a deeper and bitterer sigh. "For the love of God—let us if possible retire from the crowd—and lead me to some retired place, that I may utter a few words, and then hide myself for ever from your faces."

They walked along a footpath that winded through a coppice-wood, and crossing a plank over a rivulet, in a few moments they were in a little glen, as lonely as if it had been far among the mountains. "No houses are in this direction," said the mother, somewhat agitated and alarmed, she knew not why—and they sat down together on a seat that had been cut out of the turf by the hands of some shepherd, or schoolboy in his hours of play. "Mary, bring some water from that pool—Mr Ashton looks as if about to faint. My dear sir, are you better now?"—and the beautiful girl bathed his forehead with the cold limpid water, till he felt the sickness depart, and his soul revive.

He rose up from the seat, and looking steadfastly on their countenances, and then lifting his eyes to heaven, he sunk down on his knees before them, and said, "My name is now Ashton, but it was not always so—hateful, horrible, and accursed, must that other name be to your ears—the name of Edward Sitwell.

The mother uttered a faint shriek, and her head fell back, while the daughter sat down by her side, and clasped her arms, with loud sobs, round her neck. The stranger remained upon his knees, with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed upon them who now beheld him not, for many a wild thought was hurrying through their hearts. At length the widow looked towards him with a dim and changeful expression; and then covering her eyes with both her hands, indistinctly said, "Fatal—fatal name indeed—has God brought before me, on his bended knees, the man beneath whose sword my dear Charles died! Oh! God of mercy, teach me how I should feel in this wild and most sudden trial."—"Pray for me—pray for me to God—and also intercede for me with your mother when I am far away: for believe me when I say, that I have not had many happy days since that fatal event," and, rising from the ground, the stranger was about to depart. But there was something so irresistibly detaining in the pity that was fast streaming from the eyes of poor Mary Stewart, to whom he had addressed

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himself, that he stood rivetted to the spot; and he thought too, that the face of the mother began to look with less horror upon him, and seemed clouded with a humane and Christian compassion. He said nothing in his own vindication—he uttered a few words in praise of the dead—and standing before them, with his pale cheeks, and convulsed sobs, and quivering lips, the sincerity of his sorrow and contrition could not but affect their souls, and bring over their gradually-subsiding aversion a deep feeling of sympathy for him who felt so profoundly his own guilt. "Go not away from us till we have both forgiven you—yes—receive his mother's forgiveness, and may your soul find rest from remorse, as mine has found rest from grief."

Three years had elapsed since the death of her son abroad in that duel; and the soul of this excellent woman had reached the utmost stage of resignation. When, therefore, she recovered from that cold damp feeling of horror and aversion breathed over her by the presence of one whom, when the tidings of her son's death first came to her, she had thought of almost as a murderer, she began to reflect on a few words he had uttered, and on the profound passion manifest in all his behaviour. In spite of her natural repugnance, she could not help feeling that he might have fallen in that quarrel instead of her beloved son—that there were no circumstances dishonourable or cruel attending it,—and that, by his own confession the day before, when ignorant into whose house he had wandered, he had for a long time led a life of melancholy and despondence, arising from the remembrance of that event. His mild and gentle manners—his intelligent and cultivated mind—and the unequivocal symptoms of sensibility and humane emotions which his whole looks, conversation, and deportment had exhibited, pleaded for him not in vain; and when she looked upon him once more in the calmness of exhausted passion, the mother, who through his means had been deprived of an only son, felt that she had wronged him by the violence of her feelings, and that it would be right, generous, forgiving, and pious, to raise him up from that fit of passion, and to look on him as an erring brother, to whom she knew her brave boy had been reconciled on his deathbed, and who had held his hand when he breathed his last. There was something, too, in the sacred influence of the Sabbath-day that at once softened and comforted her heart; he had walked with her and her daughter to worship God in that little humble kirk, and ought she not now to practise those lessons of perfect forgiveness of all injuries, be they what they might, enjoined by that religion in which it was her blessing to believe? "Why should I have looked," thought she, "with such abhorrence and creeping of the blood on this young man? My boy is in his grave—I trust in heaven—God has been merciful unto me—and therefore let me now still my beating heart, and administer comfort, since he needs it so much, to one whom not chance, but Providence, has brought to be my guest." Such thoughts, when they had once entered her heart, found a permanent abode there—she was restored to a tranquillity wonderful even to herself—and taking Edward Ashton by the hand, she told him with a faint smile, that he must not so leave them, and plunge alone into the dreary solitude of those black mountains, but accompany them back to the house; and as they had joined together in the public worship of God, so would they that night kneel down together, before go-

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ing to rest, and beseech him to be merciful to them, who were all alike sinners.

During all this time, Mary Stewart had stood pale and breathless as a statue, drinking in every word her mother uttered, marking every tone of her voice, and every change of expression upon her countenance. She had been a mere girl when her brother went abroad; and though she remembered him well, and had loved him with all the tender enthusiasm of childhood, yet her growing thoughts and feelings towards a thousand new objects, calculated by their nature to interest and delight her heart, had grown over that early affection: and when she looked at her brother's picture on the wall of her bed-room, or the inscription on the marble slab in the kirk, it was with a perfectly calm spirit, without vain repining or regret, and with a pleasant revival of old remembrances otherwise half obliterated. When, therefore, she saw her mother once more reconciled to the presence of their guest, and willing that one so mournfully connected with their fate in life, and so strangely brought to them, should not wander off for ever thus forlorn and despairing, her soul rejoiced within her, the former brightness of her visage was restored, and once more the smile was seen that mantles from a heart made happy, without and almost against its will, in the power of its purity and innocence.

As they walked back through Glen-Creran to the old mansion, the character of the weather—of the scenery—of the day, seemed to them all to have undergone a change. A more sober music was in the rills; the sky was not so dazzlingly clear; a dim shadow crept over the sweet Loch-Phoil—and, as if a hawk had been in the air, the voice of every bird was silent in the woods. Few words were uttered, but these few became always less and less unhappy; and as the lady and her daughter once more welcomed the English guest beneath their gate, it was with a profound feeling, in which aversion, dislike, or repugnance had no share—all these had vanished—although, when they sat down together in the parlour, there was first an utter silence, and then several sobs and a gush of tears. A few hours ago he was an interesting stranger about to pass away into oblivion—now he was one whom they could never forget—and whom they both felt must be for ever regarded by them, now that the first startling agony was over, with affection for his own sake, with pity for his misfortune, and with sympathy for the contrition which he endured for an act which he, more than themselves or others, regarded as a heinous crime.

The mother and daughter retired to their own room early in the evening, and Edward Ashton was left to his own thoughts. He went out into the glen, and walked about the beautiful calm woods till his soul was soothed with the untroubled solitude. He had seen those whom in all the world he had most feared ever to see—and gentle looks and kind words had flowed mutually from each others hearts. They were both perfectly happy—their grief had passed away—and he began to hope, that, after his long penance, for him too there was to be peace. Across all these thoughts came insensibly the image of sweet Mary Stewart; and he almost ventured to ask himself, "Does she love any one—or has her gentle heart been left to itself in her native solitude?" This was a passing dream—but it passed away only to return;

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and when he met her again, just as the heavens were beginning to show their stars, he felt towards her an affection so tender and profound, that he wondered how a day could have produced it; but then he considered what a day that had been, and he wondered no more.

All the domestics now came into the room, some of them old grey-haired people, who had been faithful servants to several generations, and Mary Stewart read to them several chapters from the Bible. It was a calm and happy scene; and as a halo, in old pictures, is drawn round the heads of saints, it might well seem to him who looked on her, and listened to her gentle voice, that a halo now encircled the fair temples of Mary Stewart, as they bent down with their clustering ringlets over the word of God.

His thoughts, during the wild solitude of the night before, had been many, and almost all pleasant, for he had lain in a chamber within an old tower of the mansion, like an adventurer of the days of old in the land of Faery; but during this night they were all most solemn under the weight of mere humanity; and while his fancy slept, it may be said that his heart was broad awake. His hand had deprived that mother of her only son—that sweet maiden of her only brother—and might it not be in his power to supply to each her separate loss? His own heart had hitherto conceived no deep affection—but had loved phantoms alone of its own creation. He had led a wandering, restless, and wretched life, for several years, and now, when the light of joy seemed to be breaking from a distance, like the far-off and faint streak of the doubtful dawn, his spirit expanded within him, and he dared to look forward to a bright futurity. Had not that fatal quarrel been forced upon him by the impetuous character of his antagonist? Had he not received from him perfect forgiveness, and manly acknowledgment of his courage and his honour? None reproached him for a quarrel that had not been of his own seeking, and he had long used his skill for the defence only of his own life. But two accomplished swordsmen had held each other at the point, and the young Highland chieftain had received his death-wound. This night was as still and breathless as the preceding night had been loud and stormy; and so, in some measure, was it with the heart of Edward Ashton. His thoughts, and feelings, and passions, had worked themselves to rest—a tranquillity, to which he had too long been a stranger, took possession of his mind, and in the morning he cast a rejoicing look over the awakened beauty and magnificence of nature.

The lady, in whose hospitable house he slept, had thought all night long alternately of him and of her son. The melancholy life he had for some years been leading in his solitary wanderings, touched her heart with the profoundest pity, and she wondered if his parents were dead, or if he had a father or a mother who suffered him thus to cherish his unwitnessed and unparticipated grief. Many a one who had been involved in the same fatality, easily and soon forgot it, and led the same cheerful or careless life as before, without blame from others, or remorse of their own consciences; but his whole youth was tinged with sadness, and the solemnity of age was affectingly blended with the natural candour of his prime. How was it possible to refuse affection to such a man? And her last thought, before sinking into the world of dreams

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was, that her son had expired with a cold hand clasped in his, and with his head on a pillow which his care had smoothed.

As for Mary Stewart, when she "lay down in her loveliness," she tried to banish from her closed eyes the image of the stranger. Yet why should she not think of him? What was he—or could be to her, but one who, when far away, would remember her in sorrow, as the sister of the man whose death lay heavy on his soul? She felt the tears on her cheek, and wiped them away in the silent darkness; once more she prayed that God would send peace to his heart; and when the touch of the morning light awakened her from disturbed sleep, to him her earliest thought unconsciously turned, and he was not forgotten in her orisons.

The rich and cheerful beauty of the early autumn covered all the glen,—and it was not easy for the wanderer to leave the heaven that to him lay both within and without the house. Sometimes he ascended by himself to the mountain-tops, and waited till the wreathed mist rose up in the early sun light, and revealed far below the motionless silence of the wooden glen. He sat alone by the mountain-cataracts, and traversed the heathery shores of the great wide inland lochs, or the rocky margin of arms of the sea. Valleys that stretched off into the dim and distant day shortened beneath his feet; and he enjoyed the stern silence of the black pine forest, darkening for leagues the base of some mighty mountain. The belling of the red deer came to him in the desert, as the echo of his footsteps roused up their antlered heads; and he strained his eyes to catch a sight of the eagle whose wild shriek he heard in the blue hollow of the sky. These were his day's wild penance in the uncompanioned solitude of nature. But hours of a sweet and human happiness were now often his; for he walked with fair Mary Stewart alone, or with her mother, through coverts by the streamlet's banks—along green meadow-fields—glades where the young fawn might be seen at play—and into cottages where many a blithe and weather-beaten face welcomed the visits of them whose visits were ever of kindness, charity, or love.

Thus day after day passed along, and still Edward Ashton was in Glen-Creran. He had narrated all the circumstances of her son's death to the mother—and she felt, too truly, that her wild and headstrong Charles had sought his doom! But not the less on that account did her maternal heart weep blessings on her dead son, while it yearned with indescribable emotions of tenderness and pity towards him who did justice to all his virtues, and who was willing to let all blame rest on his own head, rather than that any of it should alight on him who was in his grave. "O, sir,—if my dear Charles and you had met as friends, well would you have loved one another! Had he been alive now—and you had come here an unconnected stranger, you would have crossed the moors and mountains together after the roe or the red deer. But his life has passed away, even as that shadow that is now passing over into Glenco—See, it is gone!"

They were sitting alone in the woods—no living thing near them but the squirrel leaping from tree to tree,—no sound but that of the cushat mixing with the murmur of the waterfall. Edward Ashton looked steadfastly in her face, and said, "Why am I lingering here?

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—need I say it? Your daughter Mary I do most tenderly love; if I can gain her affection, could you bear to look on me as your son-in-law? If not, I will leave Glen-Creran to-night." He spoke with great emotion, although suppressed; for to be pitied, and even esteemed, was still far different indeed from being received as a son into the bosom of a family whose dearest peace he had been the means of breaking. He waited in terror for the first words of the reply, and they at once raised up his soul into a heaven of joy. "If I saw you married to my Mary, then could I lay down my head and die in peace. I feel as if God had sent you here to be our comforter." His soul was satisfied, and he gave a history of himself and his family—telling how he had changed his name for that of a kinsman, to whose estate he had succeeded. "England is the country where I ought to live—but if your sweet daughter can be won, every year will we visit Glen-Creran. But, alas! all my hopes are but a dream. She never can be made to love me." The lady looked upon him with a pleasant countenance, and an encouraging smile. "My daughter's heart is free—and it is impossible but that she must soon love you." They rose up, and returned in silence to the house.

That evening Edward Ashton and Mary Stewart walked up the wild and lonely Glenure, and before they reached home, there was a clear moon to light them through the fragrant birch woods. Her heart was given up entirely, with all its calm, pure, and innocent thoughts and feelings, to him who was now her lover; it knew no disguise, nor had it one single emotion to vail or conceal. No passion agitated sweet Mary Stewart, no wild dreams of imagination, no enthusiastic transports of the fancy; but his smile was light, and his voice was music to her soul; and in the serene depth of an affection which had been growing within her heart, even from the very first moment she beheld the stranger in the Pine Grove, would she now have willingly gone with him to the uttermost parts of the earth, or laid down her young and happy life for his sake. When he folded her to his heart, as they mutually pledged their faith, her tears fell down in showers, and the kisses that then touched her eyes and cheek thrilled with unutterable happiness through her innocent and virgin heart. But dear to her as he then was, she felt, when about to part from him in a few days afterwards, that he was then far dearer; she then thought of being his wife in a vision of delight, for she was now deeply in love; and her soul sickened as the shadow fell on the sun-dial in the garden, that told the hour was come in which he must take his departure, for some months, from Glen-Creran.

Mary Stewart, except the year she had lived abroad with her mother after her brother's death, had led a solitary life in the Highlands. Her heart had slept in peaceful dreams, and had been as undisturbed as that of a child. But now it was overflowing with a pure passion, and her eyes beheld no longer the shadows and mists of her native mountains, her ears heard no longer the murmurs of her native stream. Edward Ashton was now to her all in all,—and her former life, happy as she had thought it, seemed now a vapid and empty dream.

The sun was high in heaven, and with his full radiance smote the distant clouds that were dissolving into a gentle shower, over the woody

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termination of the glen. "What a beautiful Rainbow!" said Mary Stewart, with the tears in her eyes—as her lover kissed them off, about to say farewell. "A Rainbow brought me here; and as I am going away, lo! again shines in all its beauty the fair Arch of Promise." These were his last words at parting, and they were remembered by Mary Stewart, and often repeated by her, as she wandered through the solitary woods, thinking on her betrothed Edward. The hours, though they seemed to linger cruelly, at last had chased one another down the channel of time, like the waters of a changeful rivulet; and the morning of Mary Stewart's wedding-day shone over Glen-Creran. A happy day it was all among the mountains of Appin, and also over the beautiful vale of Lorthon in England, where, between their Christmas carols, many a cup went round among his tenantry, to the young Squire and his Scottish bride.

THE

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHITE bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seemest beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

CROLY.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle:—
Why not I in thine?

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See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdain'd to kiss its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,—
What are all those kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

ANON.

THE BROKEN HEART.

From the "Sketch Book."

——————— I never heard
Of any true affection, but was nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar eats
The leaves of the Spring's sweetest book, the Rose.
MIDDLETON.

IT is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs:

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it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs or wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low;—but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the

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Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave—so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure, by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society; and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her loves. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scath and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure: but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and

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painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-be-gone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably anohter's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave—the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him:

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

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THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

From the German.

I HAD the good fortune to become acquainted, in his old age, with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and *naiveté* which rendered them extremely interesting. His age—his learning—his celebrity—no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance—his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head—his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought; his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. "I was handsome enough," he used sometimes to say to us—and no one who looked at him could doubt it; "but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is," he would add laughingly,—and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history that follows:—

"I was not quite thirty," said he to us, "when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor in this college, in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly: but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor's table: but of the whole circle of science, I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the Encyclopædia, the botanical books, or all the gardeners' calendars that I could meet with. You shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on; but this I know, that more than once I have said 'Amelia,' instead of 'philosophy.'

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" It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canonesses, &c. &c., where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother's card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful dark eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c., understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man: but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, re-assured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

" Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence above her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that 'what she most dreaded was violence of temper.' Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it. I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the *Rose*, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became for me the queen of flowers. 'Amelia,' said a pretty, little, laughing *Espiegle*, 'how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?' 'Not one,' replied she; 'I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task; and I begin to think I know nothing about it.'

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"I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer: she gave it to me; 'You have just learned that I am passionately fond of Roses: it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a rose-tree in blow (as a new year's gift) on the first of January; I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.' So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, 'I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.' 'I should never have guessed it,' said Amelia; 'he seems neither vain nor pedantic.' How thankful was I for this reputation.—Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. 'It must be singular ill fortune,' thought I, 'if, among this number, one at least does not flower.' On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk-pail had not yet got on so far as *Perrette's*; she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the mean time, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate from that of all the others of the quarter; my window on the floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl; and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding—the fairy foot, that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother,

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and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my eyes from my book; then as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as, 'Take care mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?' I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks, and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published 'An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy.' It was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? 'To read it, sir,—doubtless;' replied the bookseller; 'Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.' He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and gave me a high opinion of her taste. 'From her impatience for your book,' added he, 'I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure; more than ten messages have been sent; at last I promised it for to-morrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.' I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it, my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose;—and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered constant watering; another absolutely forbade it. 'It is thus with the education of man,' said I, closing the volumes in vexation. 'Always in extremes—let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows or took them in; you may guess that fifty vases, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a-day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent

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him back to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

"The death of the greater number of my *eleves*, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire; a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hopes of beautifying; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady—their stalks twisted—they drooped—and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth—not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. This withered my hopes; and the more care I took of my invalids—the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprung out a fine vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and certainly, four, at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recompensed for all my pains: hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my beauteous introducer with complacency.

"On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my rose—and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

"Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book—there I was at my post—and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me; this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but her's were bent down; however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she

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entered the house; there only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared; but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity—the approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle: never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane: I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast; alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them one after another; and in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champed like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered, nor violent; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done. Was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. 'Catherine,' said I, 'bring your light, there is mischief here; you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.'

"She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she; 'I have just come from them; the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. O, blessed saints! blessed saints! What do I see!'—exclaimed she, when near, 'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here! O! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia!' said I in a trembling voice; 'has she actually a sheep?' 'O! good Lord! no; she has none at this moment—but that which lies there, with its four legs up in the air: she loved it as herself; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion—the vice that she most detests; she is right, it has been fatal to her; yet if he should be only stunned by a blow; Catharine, run, ask for some æther, or *Eau de Vie*, or hartshorn,—run, Catharine, run!'

"Catharine set off; I tried to make it open its mouth,—my rose-bud was still between its hermetically-sealed teeth; perhaps the

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collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catharine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her enough without that.'

"'What is all this Catharine? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death?' 'O, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost; and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but has found nothing.'

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be!—I looked at it; and judge of my joy!—it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them, that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'O yes, perhaps,'—replied the mother with irritation, 'it is too rich a prize to him who finds it; the emperor gave it to your deceased father, on the field, when he saved his life; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home; and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification.—I intended that the treasure should procure me the entrée of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont: and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'O, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

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"'Ah, Mademoiselle!' returned I, 'you know not to whom you address the term gratitude.' 'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she. 'To one who has caused you a serious pain —to the killer of Robin.'

"'You, sir?—I cannot credit it—why should you do so? you are not so cruel.'

"'No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground—you promised a great recompence to him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompence; grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

"'And I, sir, I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother. 'I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating. If you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—'Poor Robin,' said she, drying a tear, 'he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home, I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.

"'What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman's,' observed the mother.

"'Yes—for you,' said Amelia; 'he was cruelly received—was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door?'

"'It was night,' I replied; 'I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.'

"'Thank Heaven, then, you did not know it!' cried the mother, or where would have been my ring?'

"'It is necessary at least,' said Amelia, with emotion, 'that I should know how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.'

"'O Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present to—to—a person on New-Year's-Day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured, —'All is pardoned.' 'If it had eaten up a rose tree about to blow,' cried out Madame de Belmont, 'it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.' 'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest *naiveté*, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you. 'For me! you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.' 'But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S.'s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

"Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, 'she owed me a double obligation.' 'Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recom-

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pence for the diamond,' said I to her;—'I claim yours also, madame.' 'Ask, sir,—' 'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!' 'Granted,' replied she, gaily. I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day.—I was received with a kindness that each visit increased.—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties; she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New-Year's-Day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours, with my presents. 'Robin and the rose-tree are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. 'I also should like to give you a New-Year's-gift,' said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah! if I only dared to tell you.' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter—.' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then is your New-Year's-gift ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. 'And my Amelia,' continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, 'My Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers.'"

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

From the "Hermit in the Country."

THE solitude of a country life is fitted only for the saint, the sage, or the philosopher. To any other man it loses its charms, when he cannot enjoy them in company with friends and fellow men. To see a fine prospect, an enchanting wood, a limpid river, a delightful water-fall, without being able to say to some one, "What a lovely scene!" saddens the heart of man. Society is as necessary for the country as the town; but the man who transports town habits and pleasures into the bosom of nature, loses the fountain and the grove, the verdant lawn, and the delicious retirement which country scenery and a country life present.

'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,' to watch his majestic rising from the gilded East, to contemplate the rosy fingered morning, opening the day upon man, to view the prismatic colours reflected in

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the drops of dew, to brush that dew with early foot from the shrub and floweret in our healthful walk, to behold the glories of the setting sun, or the silvery moon-beam playing on the surface of the quiescent lake, to admire the expanded rosebud, and to watch the progress of nature in its spring, are amongst the loveliest and sublimest enjoyments, and are unknown in the busy haunts of vicious and populous cities. The country retirement, health, order, sobriety, and morality can alone furnish them.

There are fashionables, however, who expect to make nature subservient to their habits and caprice, every where, and in every thing; and who, not content with bringing summer in January, into their painted and gilded saloons, by rare shrubs, flowers, plants, and the expensive contents of their conservatories, added to the forced fruits and other articles of ruinous luxury with which their boards abound, madly expect to transmit town enjoyments, and dissipation, into the country, in order to lead the same unvaried course of voluptuousness and riot all the year round. In contradistinction to what we hear of "*rus in urbe*," it is with them *urbs in rure*; and not satisfied with turning day into night, and night into day, in town, they convert summer into winter, by passing it in London, or at some watering-place, where they only go as an adjournment of the London spring, and then travel down to the country, to view leafless trees, fields clad in snow, and to be either confined to the house, or to brave bad weather for a short time for form's sake.

Wedded to the London system of rising in the evening, riding at dusk, and dressing by taper light, they carry the same unnatural and unwholesome arrangements to scenes which would have furnished a retreat full of charms, if visited in the spring, or in the summer, For them the feathered choir chaunts in vain; for them the flower expands not; all is haze, fog, and darkness, unless perchance the rising sun blushes at their orgies, or reminds them that the day has opened ere they retire to a feverish bed.

There are rakes and debauchees who unblushingly tell you that they only wish to see their family mansion in order to collect their rents; and to behold their woods turned into cash, their corn and hay at the market, instead of in their fields, is their sole delight; that their tenants are only the tributaries to their pleasures, and their flocks food for their table; and that they care neither for family pedigree, nor family estate, except as they can make them conducive to their consequence and luxuries.

There is a depravity in all this which absolutely denaturalizes the heart; but as this is the object we have at present in view, let us peruse the life of a certain nobleman at his family castle, surrounded by majestic woods, lakes, and forests, peopled for his use; a numerous and faithful tenantry, and the most romantic scenery which the eye can possibly view.

Engaged in London until July, and at Brighton until December, he gets down to this ancient edifice, the pride of his ancestors, about the first week in January, and leaves it in March, just as the days are lengthening, and increasing the *ennui* which the contemplation of rural objects occasions him.

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Surrounded by foreign cooks, confectioners, and fiddlers, he travels all night, and arrives at day-break. His effeminate form sinks for a few hours on down; and he rises in the afternoon. The breakfast-table is covered with delicacies, and with the provocatives necessary to excite a sated appetite. Gamblers and demireps, dandies and adventurers, compose his numerous party. "The weather is odious," says he: "what a bore the country!" He comes there only for fashion's sake, and in order to raise his rents. His spirits are low; brandy alone can save him from the blue devils; he swallows the liquid fire. The billiard-table occupies five hours, his toilette takes two more.

The second dinner-bell has rung; it is past eight, and he descends to his banqueting room. All here is pomp and pageantry; nothing is rational. Foreign wines and cookery compose the fare. Excess reigns over every thing. Intemperance plies the frequent cup, and vocal and instrumental music breathe their most voluptuous sounds.

Now comes the hour of gambling. His woods, his lands, his moveables, are all hazarded again, and again; ten times in the night they are lost and won. A castle totters on a single card: the comfort of his tenantry depends on one throw: agitation and ill humour ebb and flow; avarice and ruin stare each other in the face. The game is over, he has lost only two or three thousand: and the grinding of a few farmers will rub off his score. He goes to bed. Conscience has nothing to do with him; for these are only considered as the peccadillos of fashion.

Occasionally he sallies forth in the evening with a legion of liveried attendants. The woods are surrounded; the birds are circumvented: the cover is beaten. Armed with a double-barrelled gun, and followed by menials, who take from him even the trouble of loading his piece, he and his party fire a thousand shots, and spread death and desolation around them. This is called glorious sport, a noble day, rare country amusement! and the great man returns as proud as ever Alexander was after his greatest victory. Brandy recruits the fatigues of this memorable morning, and the tongue of flattery tickles the nobleman's ear, and elevates him in his own esteem.

At dressing time he gives audience to the steward, who is ordered to pay his gaming and intriguing debts, by the sale of timber, mortage, anticipation, or annuities.

Such is the exquisite's country life! Such the delights in which he indulges, in the midst of family estates and picturesque scenery, to which he is as blind as he is to his own vices and failings.

What a pity that a habitation and scenes like these should be bestowed on such a possessor! The very detail is offensive to reason and feeling; but its colouring is not too high, nor is it a solitary example. Let our self-exiled, our ruined, our ruining nobility and rich men, look to themselves and this picture. How many will behold their own likeness, thus lightly sketched.

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CAROLINE.

Part First.

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The hollow bower, and myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,
The sweet South Wind shall wander by;
And, with the music of his wing,
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime!
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath and mossy thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay!

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wand'ring Wind of fairy land!

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their Sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd.

From some sweet Paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost;
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd.

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Oh! gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours,
In nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

Part Second.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows,
So due thy plighted step returns
To chambers brighter than the rose:

To peace, to pleasure, and to love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamoured orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly;
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of love's delicious witchery.

Oh! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear!
And early rise, and long delay,
When CAROLINE herself is here.

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Where trees the sunward summit crown;
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome!
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

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Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms thy soft exhaling dew;
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath,
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd, by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brows so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet to wander far,
Oh! bring with thee my CAROLINE,
And thou shall be my ruling star!

CAMPBELL.

MAXIMS.

GAZE not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee: if thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee: if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory; it is the wise man's boon-fire, and the fool's furnace.

CARRY a watchful eye upon those familiars that are either silent at thy faults, or soothe thee in thy frailties, or excuse thee in thy follies; for such are either cowards, or flatterers, or fools: if thou entertain them in prosperity, the coward will leave thee in thy dangers, the flatterer will quit thee in thy adversity, but the fool will never forsake thee.

QUARLES.

TRUTH.

TRUTH is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom: she is the beauty of valour, the brightness of honour, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith: her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants; her will in his wisdom, and her work to his glory: she is honoured in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved: she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame, the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown; she is the king's greatness, and his council's goodness;

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his subjects' peace and his kingdom's praise: she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honour of trade, and the grace of labour: she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart: she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes up her rest but in the resolution of goodness: her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears: her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villany. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth;—she is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shews the glory of Christianity.

N. BRETON, 1616.

TO

T** L** H**,

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient Boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I set me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

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Ah! first born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison bound,
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—"is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
It's very hush and creeping
Seem whispering as a smile;—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

L. HUNT.

SONNET.

ETERNAL and Omnipotent Unseen!
Who badst the world with all its lives complete
Start from the void and thrill beneath thy feet,
Thee I adore with reverence serene;
Here in the fields,—thine own Cathedral meet,
Built by thyself—blue-roofed—and hung with green,
Wherein all breathing things in concert sweet,
Organed by winds, perpetual hymns repeat.
Here hast thou spread that book to every eye,
Whose tongue and truth all—all may read and prove;
On whose three blessed leaves Earth—Ocean—Sky,
Thine own right hand hath stamped Might—Justice—Love—
True trinity which binds in due degree,
God, Man, and Brute, in mutual unity.

HORACE SMITH.

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A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER.

From "The Indicator."

A MAN who does not contribute his quota of grim stories now-a-days, seems hardly to be free of the republic of letters. He is bound to wear a death's head, as part of his insignia. If he does not frighten every body he is nobody. If he does not shock the ladies, what can be expected of him?

We confess we think very cheaply of these stories in general. A story merely horrible, or even awful, which contains no sentiment elevating to the human heart and its hopes, is a mere appeal to the least judicious, least healthy, and least masculine of our passions—fear. They whose attention can be gravely arrested by it, are in a fit state to receive any absurdity with their wits off; and this is the cause, why less talents are required to enforce it, than in any other species of composition. With this opinion of such things, we may be allowed to say, that we would undertake to write a dozen horrible stories in a day, all of which should make the common worshippers of power, who were not in the very healthiest condition, turn pale. We would tell of Haunting Old Women, and Knocking Ghosts, and Solitary Lean Hands, and Empusas on one Leg, and Ladies growing Longer and Longer, and Horrid Eyes meeting us through Key-holes, and Plaintive Heads, and Shrieking Statues, and Shocking Anomalies of Shape, and Things which when seen drove people mad; and indigestion knows what besides. But who would measure talents with a leg of veal, or a German sausage?

Mere grimness is as easy as grinning; but it requires something to put a handsome face on a story. Narratives become of suspicious merit in proportion as they lean to Newgate-like offences, particularly of blood and wounds. A child has a reasonable respect for a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, because all images whatsoever of pain and terror are new and fearful to his inexperienced age: but sufferings merely physical (unless sublimated like those of Philoctetes) are common-places to a grown man. Images, to become awful to him, must be removed from the grossness of the shambles. A death's head was a respectable thing in the hands of a poring monk, or of a nun compelled to avoid the idea of life and society, or of a hermit already buried in the desert. Holbein's Dance of Death, in which every grinning skeleton leads along a man of rank, from the Pope to the gentleman, is a good Memento Mori; but there the skeletons have an air of the ludicrous and satirical. If we were threatened with them in a grave way, as spectres, we should have a right to ask how they could walk about without muscles. Thus many of the tales written by such authors as the late Mr Lewis, who wanted sentiment to complete his talents, are quite

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puerile. When his spectral nuns go about bleeding, we think they ought in decency to have applied to some ghost of a surgeon. His little Grey Men, who sit munching hearts, are of a piece with fellows that eat cats for a wager.

Stories that give mental pain to no purpose, or to very little purpose compared with the unpleasant ideas they excite of human nature, are as gross mistakes, in their way, as these, and twenty times as pernicious: for the latter become ludicrous to grown people. They originate also in the same extremes, either of callousness, or morbid want of excitement, as the others. But more of these hereafter. Our business at present is with things ghastly and ghostly.

A ghost story, to be a good one, should unite as much as possible objects such as they are in life with a præternatural spirit. And to be a perfect one,—at least to add to the other utility of excitement, a moral utility,—they should imply some great sentiment,—something that comes out of the next world, to remind us of our duties in this; or something that helps to carry on the idea of our humanity into after-life, even when we least think we shall take it with us. When "the buried majesty of Denmark" revisits earth to speak to his son Hamlet, he comes armed, as he used to be, in his complete steel. His visor is raised; and the same fine face is there; only, in spite of his punishing errand and his own sufferings, with

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

When Donne the poet, in his thoughtful eagerness to reconcile life and death, had a figure of himself painted in a shroud, and laid by his bedside in a coffin, he did a higher thing than the monks and hermits with their skulls. It was taking his humanity with him into the other world, not affecting to lower the sense of it by regarding it piecemeal or in the frame-work. Burns, in his Tam O'Shanter, shews the dead in their coffins after the same fashion. He does not lay bare to us their skeletons or refuse, things with which we can connect no sympathy or spiritual wonder. They still are flesh and body to excite the one; yet so look and behave, inconsistent in their very consistency, as to excite the other.

Coffins stood round like open presses,
Which shewed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each, in his cauld hand, held a light.

Reanimation is perhaps the most ghastly of all ghastly things, uniting, as it does an appearance of natural interdiction from the next world with a supernatural experience of it. Our human consciousness is jarred out of its self-possession. The extremes of habit and newness, of common-place and astonishment, meet suddenly, without the kindly introduction of death and change; and the stranger appals us in proportion. When the account appeared the other day in the newspapers, of the galvanized dead body, whose features as well as limbs underwent such contortions, that it seemed as if it were about to rise up, one almost expected to hear, for the first time, news of the other world. Perhaps the most appalling figure in Spenser, is that of Maleger (Fairy Queen. B. 2. c. 11.)

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Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limb and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seemed, whose grave-clothes were unbound.

Mr Coleridge, in that voyage of his to the brink of all unutterable things, the Ancient Mariner (which works out however a fine sentiment) does not set mere ghosts or hobgoblins to man the ship again, when its crew are dead; but reanimates, for a while the crew themselves. There is a striking fiction of this sort in Sale's Notes upon the Koran. Solomon dies during the building of the temple, but his body remains leaning on a staff and overlooking the workmen, as if it were alive; till a worm gnawing through the prop, he falls down—The contrast of the appearance of humanity with something mortal or supernatural, is always the more terrible in proportion as it is complete. In the pictures of the temptations of saints and hermits, where the holy person is surrounded, teazed, and enticed, with devils and fantastic shapes, the most shocking phantasm is that of the beautiful woman. To return also to the Ancient Mariner. The most appalling personage in Mr Coleridge's Ancient Mariner is the Spectre-woman, who is called Life-in-Death. He renders the most hideous abstraction more terrible than it could otherwise have been, by embodying it in its own reverse. "Death" not only "lives" in it; but the "unutterable" becomes uttered. To see such an unearthly passage end in such earthliness, seems at the moment to turn common-place itself into a sort of spectral doubt. The Mariner, after describing the horrible calm, and the rotting sea, in which the ship was struck, is speaking of a strange sail which he descried in the distance.

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart best loud)
How fast she neers and neers?
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

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Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold,
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

But we must come to Mr Coleridge's story with all our imagination upon us. Now let us put our knees a little nearer the fire, and tell a homelier one about Life in Death. The groundwork of it is in Sandys's Commentary upon Ovid, and quoted from Sabinus.*

A gentleman of Bavaria, of a noble family, was so afflicted at the death of his wife, that, unable to bear the company of any other person, he gave himself entirely up to a solitary way of living. This was the more remarkable in him, as he had been a man of jovial habits, fond of his wine and visitors, and impatient of having his numerous indulgencies contradicted. But in the same temper perhaps might be found the cause of his sorrow; for though he would be impatient with his wife, as with others, yet he loved her, as one of the gentlest wills he had; and the sweet and unaffected face which she always turned round upon his anger, might have been a thing more easy for him to trespass upon while living, than to forget when dead and gone. His very anger towards her, compared with that towards others, was a relief to him; and rather a wish to refresh himself in the balmy feeling of her patience, than to make her unhappy herself; or to punish her, as some would have done, for that virtuous contrast to his own vice.

But whether he bethought himself, after her death, that this was a very selfish mode of loving; or whether, as some thought, he had wearied out her life with habits so contrary to her own; or whether, as others reported, he had put it to a fatal risque by some lordly piece of self-will, in consequence of which she had caught a fever on the cold river during a night of festivity; he surprised even those who thought that he loved her, by the extreme bitterness of his grief. The very mention of festivity, though he was patient for the first day or two, afterwards threw him into a passion of rage; but by degrees, even his rage followed his other old habits. He was gentle, but ever silent. He eat and drank but sufficient to keep him alive; and used to spend the greater part of the day in the spot where his wife was buried.

He was going there one evening, in a very melancholy manner, with his eyes turned towards the earth, and had just entered the rails of the burial ground, when he was accosted by the mild voice of somebody coming to meet him. "It is a blessed evening, Sir," said the voice. The gentleman looked up. Nobody but himself was allowed to be in the place at that hour; and yet he saw, with astonishment, a young chorister approaching him. He was going to express some wonder, when, he said, the modest though assured look of the boy, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, which glowed in the setting sun before him, made an irresistible addition to the singular sweetness of his voice; and he asked him with an involuntary calmness, and a gesture of respect, not what he did there, but what he wished. "Only to wish

* The Saxon Latin poet, we presume, Professor of Belles lettres, at Frankfort. We know nothing of him except from a biographical dictionary.

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you all good things," answered the stranger, who had now come up; "and to give you this letter." The gentleman took the letter, and saw upon it with a beating, yet scarcely bewildered heart, the handwriting of his wife. He raised his eyes again to speak to the boy, but he was gone. He cast them far and near round the place, but there were no traces of a passenger. He then opened the letter; and by the divine light of the setting sun read these words:

"To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife.

"Otto, my husband, the soul you regret so, is returned. You will know the truth of this, and be prepared with calmness to see it, by the divineness of the messenger who has passed you. You will find me sitting in the public walk, praying for you; praying, that you may never more give way to those gusts of passion, and those curses against others, which divided us.

"This with a warm hand, from the living Bertha."

Otto (for such it seems was the gentleman's name) went instantly, calmly, quickly, yet with a sort of benumbed being, to the public walk. He felt, but with only a half-consciousness, as if he glided without a body. But all his spirit was awake, eager, intensely conscious. It seemed to him as if there had been but two things in the world,—Life and Death; and that death was dead. All else appeared to have been a dream. He had awaked from a waking state, and found himself all eye, and spirit, and loco-motion. He said to himself, once as he went: "This is not a dream. I will ask my great ancestors to-morrow to my new bridal feast, for they are alive." Otto had been calm at first, but something of old and triumphant feelings seemed again to come over him. Was he again too proud and confident? Did his earthly humours prevail again, when he thought them least upon him? We shall see.

The Bavarian arrived at the public walk. It was full of people with their wives and children, enjoying the beauty of the evening. Something like common fear came over him, as he went in and out among them, looking at the benches on each side. It happened that there was only one person, a lady, sitting upon them. She had her veil down; and his being underwent a fierce but short convulsion as he went near her. Something had a little baffled the calmer inspiration of the angel that had accosted him; for fear prevailed at the instant, and Otto passed on. He returned before he had reached the end of the walk, and approached the lady again. She was still sitting in the same quiet posture, only he thought she looked at him. Again he passed her. On his second return, a grave and sweet courage came upon him, and in an under but firm tone of enquiry, he said, "Bertha!"—"I thought you had forgotten me," said that well-known and mellow voice, which he had seemed as far from ever hearing again, as earth is from heaven. He took her hand, which grasped his in turn; and they walked home in silence together,—the arm which was wound within his, giving warmth for warmth.

The neighbours seemed to have a miraculous want of wonder at

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the lady's appearance. Something was said about a mock-funeral, and her having withdrawn from his company for awhile; but visitors came as before, and his wife returned to her household affairs. It was only remarked that she always looked pale and pensive. But she was more kind to all, even than before; and her pensiveness seemed rather the result of some great internal thought, than of unhappiness.

For a year or two, the Bavarian retained the better temper which he acquired. His fortunes flourished beyond his earliest ambition; the most amiable as well as noble persons of the district were frequent visitors; and people said that to be at Otto's house, must be the next thing to being in heaven. But by degrees his self-will returned with his prosperity. He never vented impatience on his wife; but he again began to shew, that the disquietude it gave her to see it vented on others, was a secondary thing in his mind, to the indulgence of it. Whether it was, that his grief for her loss had been rather remorse than affection, and so he held himself secure if he treated her well; or whether he was at all times rather proud of her than fond; or whatever was the cause which again set his antipathies above his sympathies, certain it was that his old habits returned upon him; not so often indeed, but with greater violence and pride, when they did. These were the only times at which his wife was observed to shew any ordinary symptoms of uneasiness.

At length, one day, some strong rebuff which he had received from an alienated neighbour threw him into such a transport of rage, that he gave way to the most bitter imprecations, crying with a loud voice, —"This treatment to *me* too! To *me!* To me, who if the world knew all——." At these words, his wife, who had in vain laid her hand upon his, and looked him with dreary earnestness in the face, suddenly glided from the room. He, and two or three who were present, were struck with a dumb horror. They said, she did not walk out, nor vanish suddenly; but glided, as one who could dispense with the use of feet. After a moment's pause, the others proposed to him to follow her. He made a movement of despair; but they went. There was a short passage, which turned to the right, into her favourite room. They knocked at the door twice or three times, and received no answer. At last one of them gently opened it; and looking in, they saw her, as they thought, standing before a fire, which was the only light in the room. Yet she stood so far from it, as rather to be in the middle of the room; only the face was towards the fire, and she seemed looking upon it. They addressed her, but received no answer. They stepped gently towards her, and still received none. The figure stood dumb and unmoved. At last one of them went round in front, and instantly fell on the floor. The figure was without body. A hollow hood was left instead of a face. The clothes were standing upright by themselves.

That room was blocked up for ever, for the clothes, if it might be so, to moulder away. It was called the room of the Lady's Figure. The house, after the gentleman's death, was long uninhabited, and

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at length burnt by the peasants in an insurrection. As for himself, he died about nine months after, a gentle and child-like penitent. He had never stirred from the house since; and nobody would venture to go near him, but a man who had the reputation of being a reprobate. It was from this man that the particulars of the story came first. He would distribute the gentleman's alms in great abundance to any strange poor who would accept them; for most of the neighbours held them in horror. He tried all he could to get the parents among them to let some of their little children, or a single one of them, go to see his employer. They said he even asked it one day with tears in his eyes. But they shuddered to think of it; and the matter was not mended, when this profane person, in a fit of impatience, said one day, that he would have a child of his own on purpose. His employer, however, died in a day or two. They did not believe a word he told them of all the Bavarian's gentleness, looking upon the latter as a sort of ogre, and upon his agent as little better, though a good-natured looking earnest kind of a person. It was said many years after, that this man had been a friend of the Bavarian's when young, and had been deserted by him. And the young believed it, whatever the old might.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Ascribed to Sir W. Raleigh.

GO, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shews
What's good, and doth no good;
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live,
Acting by others actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

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Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension,
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

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Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell Faith 'tis fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell Manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

ROMAN GLADIATORS.

From "Valerius."

—AT last however, we arrived in safety at the western gate of that proud Amphitheatre—the same around which I had, the night before, witnessed that scene of tumultuous preparation. One of the officers in waiting there, no sooner descried the equipage of Rubellia, than he caused a space to be laid open for her approach, and himself advanced, with great civility, to hand her into the interior of the amphitheatre.

Behold me, therefore, in the midst of the Flavian Amphitheatre, and seated, under the wing of this luxurious lady, in one of the best situations which the range of benches set apart for the females and their company, afforded. There was a general silence in the place at the time we entered and seated ourselves, because proclamation had just been made that the gladiators, with whose combats the exhibition of the day was appointed to commence, were about to enter upon the arena, and shew themselves in order to the people. As yet, however, they had not come forth from that place of concealment to which so many of their number were, of necessity, destined never to return; so that I had leisure to collect my thoughts, and to survey for a moment, without disturbance, the mighty and most motley multitude, piled above, below, and on every side around me, from the lordly senators, on their silken couches, along the parapet of the arena, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads which skirted the horizon, above the topmost wall of the amphitheatre itself. Such was the enormous

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crowd of human beings, high and low, assembled therein, that when any motion went through their assembly, the noise of their rising up or sitting down could be likened to nothing, except, perhaps, the far-off sullen roaring of the illimitable sea, or the rushing of a great night-wind amongst the boughs of a forest. It was the first time that I had ever seen a peopled amphitheatre—nay, it was the first time that I had ever seen any very great multitude of men assembled together, within any fabric of human erection; so that you cannot doubt there was in the scene before me, enough to impress my mind with a very serious feeling of astonishment—not to say of veneration. Not less than eighty thousand human beings, (for such they told me was the stupendous capacity of the building,) were here met together. Such a multitude can no where be regarded, without inspiring a certain indefinite indefinable sense of majesty; least of all, when congregated within the wide sweep of such a glorious edifice as this, and surrounded on all sides with every circumstance of ornament and splendour, befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the munificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. Judge, then, with what eyes of wonder all this was surveyed by me, who had but of yesterday, as it were, emerged from the solitary stillness of a British valley—who had been accustomed all my life to consider as among the most impressive of human spectacles, the casual passage of a few scores of legionaries, through some dark alley of a wood, or awe-struck village of barbarians.

Trajan himself was already present, but in no wise, except from the canopy over his ivory chair, to be distinguished from the other Consul that sat over against him; tall nevertheless, and of a surety very majestic in his demeanour: grave, sedate, and benign in countenance, even according to the likeness which you have seen upon his medals and statues. He was arrayed in a plain gown, and appeared to converse quite familiarly, and without the least affectation of condescension, with such patricians as had their places near him; among whom Sextus and Rubellia pointed out many remarkable personages to my notice; as for example, Adrian, who afterwards became emperor: Pliny, the orator, a man of very courtly presence, and lively, agreeable aspect; and above all the historian Tacitus, the worthy son-in-law of our Agricola, in whose pale countenance I thought I could easily recognize the depth, but sought in vain to discover any traces of the sternness of his genius. Of all the then proud names that were whispered into my ear, could I recollect or repeat them now, how few would awaken any interest in your minds! Those, indeed, which I have mentioned, have an interest that will never die. Would that the greatest and the best of them all were to be remembered only for deeds of greatness and goodness!

The proclamation being repeated a second time, a door on the right hand of the arena was laid open, and a single trumpet sounded, as it seemed to me, mournfully, while the gladiators marched in with slow steps, each man—naked, except being girt with a cloth about his loins—bearing on his left arm a small buckler, and having a short straight sword suspended by a cord around his neck. They marched, as I have said, slowly and steadily; so that the whole assembly had full leisure

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to contemplate the forms of the men; while those who were, or who imagined themselves to be, skilled in the business of the arena, were fixing, in their own minds, on such as they thought most likely to be victorious, and laying wagers concerning their chances of success, with as much unconcern as if they had been contemplating so many irrational animals, or rather, indeed, I should say, so many senseless pieces of ingenious mechanism. The wide diversity of complexion and feature exhibited among these devoted athletes, afforded at once a majestic idea of the extent of the Roman empire, and a terrible one of the purposes to which that wide sway had too often been made subservient. The beautiful Greek, with a countenance of noble serenity, and limbs after which the sculptors of his country might have modelled their godlike symbols of graceful power, walked side by side with the yellow-bearded savage, whose gigantic muscles had been nerved in the freezing waves of the Elbe or the Danube, or whose thick strong hair was congealed and shagged on his brow, with the breath of Scythian or Scandinavian winters. Many fierce Moors and Arabs, and curled Ethiopians, were there, with the beams of the southern sun burnt in every various shade of swarthiness upon their skins. Nor did our own remote island want her representatives in the deadly procession, for I saw among the armed multitude—and that not altogether without some feelings of more peculiar interest—two or three gaunt barbarians, whose breasts and shoulders bore uncouth marks of blue and purple, so vivid in the tints, that I thought many months could not have elapsed since they must have been wandering in wild freedom along the native ridges of some Silurian or Caledonian forest. As they moved around the arena, some of these men were saluted by the whole multitude with noisy acclamations, in token, I supposed, of the approbation wherewith the feats of some former festival had deserved to be remembered. On the appearance of others, groans and hisses were heard from some parts of the amphitheatre, mixed with contending cheers and huzzas from others of the spectators. But by far the greater part were suffered to pass on in silence:—this being in all likelihood the first—alas! who could tell whether it might not also be the last day of their sharing in that fearful exhibition!

Their masters paired them shortly, and in succession they began to make proof of their fatal skill. At first, Scythian was matched against Scythian—Greek against Greek—Ethiopian against Ethiopian—Spaniard against Spaniard; and I saw the sand dyed beneath their feet with blood streaming from the wounds of kindred hands. But these combats, although abundantly bloody and terrible, were regarded only as preludes to the serious business of the day, which consisted of duels between Europeans on the one side, and Africans on the other; wherein it was the well-nigh intransgressible law of the amphitheatre, that at least one out of every pair of combatants should die on the arena before the eyes of the multitude. Instead of shrinking from the more desperate brutalities of these latter conflicts, the almost certainty of their fatal termination, seemed only to make the assembly gaze on them with more intense curiosity, and a more inhuman measure of delight. Methinks I feel as if it were but of yesterday, when,—sickened with the protracted terrors of a con-

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flict, that seemed as if it were never to have an end, although both the combatants were already covered all over with hideous gashes,—I at last bowed down my head, and clasped my hands upon my eyes to save them from the torture of gazing thereon farther: And I had scarce done so, when Rubellia laid her hand upon my elbow, whispering, "Look, look, now look!" in a voice of low steady impatience. I did look, but not to the arena: No; it was upon the beautiful features of that woman's face that I looked; and truly it seemed to me as if they presented a spectacle almost as fearful as that from which I had just averted mine eyes. I saw those rich lips parted asunder, and those dark eyes extended in their sockets, and those smooth cheeks suffused with a steadfast blush, and that lovely bosom swelled and glowing; and I hated Rubellia as I gazed, for I knew not before how utterly beauty can be brutalized by the throbbings of a cruel heart. But I looked round to escape from the sight of her;—and then the hundreds of females that I saw with their eyes fixed, with equal earnestness, on the same spot of horrors, taught me, even at the moment, to think with more charity of that pitiless gaze of one.

At that instant all were silent, in the contemplation of the breathless strife; insomuch, that a groan, the first that had escaped from either of the combatants, although low and reluctant, and half-suppressed, sounded quite distinctly amidst the deep hush of the assembly; and being constrained thereby to turn mine eyes once more downwards, I beheld that, at length, one of the two had received the sword of his adversary quite through his body, and had sunk before him upon the sand. A beautiful young man was he that had received this harm, with fair hair, clustered in glossy ringlets upon his neck and brows; but the sickness of his wound was already visible on his drooping eyelids, and his lips were pale, as if the blood had rushed from them to the untimely outlet. Nevertheless, the Moorish gladiator who had fought with him, had drawn forth again his weapon, and stood there awaiting in silence the decision of the multitude, whether at once to slay the defenceless youth, or to assist in removing him from the arena, if perchance the blood might be stopped from flowing, and some hope of recovery even yet extended to him. Hereupon there arose, on the instant, a loud voice of contention; and it seemed to me as if the wounded man regarded the multitude with a proud, and withal contemptuous glance, being aware, without question, that he had executed all things so as to deserve their compassion, but aware moreover, that even had that been freely vouchsafed to him, it was too late for any hope of safety. But the cruelty of their faces, it may be, and the loudness of their cries, were a sorrow to him, and filled his dying breast with loathing. Whether or not the haughtiness of his countenance had been observed by them with displeasure, I cannot say: but so it was, that those who had cried out to give him a chance of recovery, were speedily silent, and the Emperor looking round, and seeing all the thumbs turned downwards, (for that is, you know, the signal of death,) was constrained to give the sign, and forthwith the young man receiving again without a struggle the sword of the Moor into his gashed bosom, breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out in his blood upon the place of guilt.

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LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence a raisonner, il cesse de sentir."
J. J. ROUSSEAU.

'TWAS in the summer-time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthened shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a path-way not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said litle Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smelt the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

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But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool, as his was burning!

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast!

MOORE.

A RURAL DESCRIPTION.

From Bergerac's "Satyrical Characters." 1658.

AT the doore of the house, you meet [with a walk with five avenues in figure like a starre;] the oakes that compose it make one with extasie admire the excessive height of their tops, raising one's eyes from the root to the culmen; then precipitating them down againe. One doubts whether the earth beares them, and whether or no they carry not the earth at their roots; you would think that their proud heads are forced to bend under the weight of the heavenly globes, which burthen they with groaning support; their armes, stretcht toward heaven, embracing it, seeme to beg of the starrs their influence altogether pure, and to receive them before they have at all lost of their innocence in the bed of the elements. There on every side the flowers, having had no other gardener but nature, vent a sharp breath that quickens and satisfies the smell. The sweet innocence of a rose on the eglantine, and the glorious azure of a violet under the sweet briars, leaving us not the liberty of choice, make us judge that they are both one fairer than the other. The spring there composes all the seasons,

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there no venomous plant buds, but her birth soon betrayes her safety; there the brooks relate their travells to the peebles; there a thousand feather'd voyces make the forest ring with the sweet musick of their songs; and the sprightfull assembling of these melodious throats is so generall, that every leafe in the wood seemes to have taken the shape and the tongue of a nightingale: sometimes you shall hear 'em merrily tickle a consort, another while thay'le drag, and make their musick languish; by and by thaile passionate an elegie by interrupted sobbs; and then againe soften the violence of their voyces, more tenderly to excite pitty, and at last raise their harmony: and what with their crotchets and warbling, send forth their lives and their voyces together. Echo is so delighted with it, that she seemes to repeat their aires onely that she may learne them; and the rivulets jealous of their musique, as they fly away, grumble, much troubled, that they cannot equall them. On the side of the castle, two walkes discover themselves, whose continued green frames an emerald too big for the sight; the confused mixture of colours that the Spring fastens to a million of flowers, scatters the changes of one another; and their tincture is so pure, that one may well judge, that they get so close one to another, onely to escape the amorous kisses of the wind that courts them. One would now take this meddow for a very calme sea: but when the least Zephyrus comes to wanton there, 'tis then a proud ocean full of waves, whose face, furrowed with frownes, threatens to swallow up those little fooles: but because this sea discovers no shoare, the eye as afrighted to have run so long without finding any coast, quickly dispatches the thought, and the thought being doubtfull too, that that which is the end of his sight, is the end of the world, doth almost perswade himselfe that this place is so full of charmes, that it hath forced the heavens to unite themselves to the earth. In the midst of this so vast and yet so perfect carpet, runnes in with silver bubbles and streams a rustick fountaine, who sees the pillowes of his head, enameled with jessemines, orange trees, and mirtles, and the little flowers that throng round about, would make one believe they dispute who shall view himselfe in the streame first; seeing her face so young and smooth as 'tis, which discovers not the least wrinckle, 'tis easie to judge she is yet in her mother's breast, and those great circles with which she binds and twines her selfe by reverting so often upon her selfe, witnesse that 'tis to her griefe and against her will, that she finds her selfe obliged to go from her native home: but above all things I admire her modesty, when I see her (as ashamed to be courted so neere her mother) murmure and thruste back the bold hand that touches her. The traveller that comes hither to refresh himselfe, hanging his head over the water, wonders 'tis broad day in his horison when he sees the sunne in the antipodes, and never hangs over the bank but hee's afraied to fall into the firmament.

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HEBREW MELODY.

I.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes that all survey?

II.

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recal:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

III.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back:
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.

IV.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

BYRON.

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THE SHRUBBERY.

YOUNG Melmoth went down in the summer to his father's seat in Westmoreland, where, being of an active disposition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favourite authors, he frequently amused himself with the sports of the field. He was one day so warmly engaged in pursuit of the wild fowl which abound in the lakes of that romantic country, that he wandered on till he had gained the banks of Winandermere. The solemn colouring of that magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops; the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore; all this concurring with the reflection of his being at such a distance from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked round, amidst his terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farm-house peeping forth from a grove of old trees: after a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing through several lonely dells, shaded with beeches, and overrun with wild-flowers, he arrived at a wicket that opened into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermingling their branches, cast a gloom very pleasingly to the imagination; and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbles, or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clouds of turf and stems of brush-wood that resisted its current. A seat on the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to sit down and contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted its offer, and resting the butt-end of his gun on the ground, and raising his hand to its muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the water-fall. He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard the sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was simple and pathetic in the highest degree, and though he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him, for his constitution was naturally warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sound presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inspired. He laid down his gun, and taking up his flute, an instrument on which he excelled, he raised it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming the stranger checked his hand, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered on a circular grass-plot, planted

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round with evergreens, in the centre of which stood a small stone temple. A myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On the frieze was this inscription, "Dedicated to Sensibility." As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return, but concluding from the silence, that the person to whom he was indebted for them, had retired, with a trembling hand he opened the door. The walls on the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words from Sterne: "Eternal Fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee." A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it. Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of "Emma Corbett," and open at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, where she had left the remains of a husband and a brother she adored, meets her aged father at the door, supported by his servants, and going to attend the funeral of a brother's widow, who had died distracted. The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded the reader had thrown down the book in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard. He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain white muslin night-gown, with a bonnet of the same, and there was an elegance in her form which struck him. She presently came back, and stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle; her features had such a softness and such a delicacy in them, that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look, that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking; but a pleasing expression is superior to the finest in the world. Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he even know then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her.

The god of love is a gentle deity; his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when he least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed, that the wound is deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight, he left the apartment, and turning down a dark walk on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity, overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak, which grew at its entrance. A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring, which gushed from a corner of the roof at the further end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side. Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin, which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when it saw him,

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it flew immediately out again. "And will you fly from me, gentle bird?" said he, bending down and stretching out his hand; "though I am not the fair being you took me for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not; I would cherish you for her sake." As he said these words he rose up, and continued his ramble till he arrived at an opening in the wood, that presented him with a distant view of the lake and its islands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the soft light of the evening. He had hardly fixed his eyes on the prospect, when his dog, which had been ranging the gardens, rushed across the walk in pursuit of some game that it had just started: "Come hither sirrah!" said Melmoth angrily: "violate nothing here, on pain of your master's displeasure; these are hallowed grounds." The singularity of the speech, and the warmth with which it was uttered, attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman, who was sitting on a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing. From his dress he appeared to be a clergyman. He immediately rose up: as Melmoth now saw it was too late to retire, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name, and the particulars of his case, assuring him that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass on his grounds. "You are welcome, sir," said the stranger, with a smile equally benevolent and polite. "I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem, and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion but as an honour." Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and taking a brace of birds from his net, he begged his acceptance of them as a small mark of his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman would have declined the present, but Melmoth would not submit to a refusal, and they proceeded along the walk. "You have a sweet spot here, sir," said Melmoth. "Yes, sir," replied the other; "I take great delight in it; but it has received no ornaments from my taste; it owes all its beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl, since her mother's death, has been my only companion in this solitude." The walk now brought them to a small meadow, planted with fruit-trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the overgrowth of the vine which covered it. "This is my dwelling, sir," said the old gentleman; "it has not much elegance in its appearance, but——." "It has more," interrupted Melmoth; "the venerable air of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one. It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterized our ancestors; at least I have always connected that idea with it."

They were now arrived at the door, and Melmoth was shown into a room fitted up with a great degree of taste. The walls were hung with several flower-pieces cut in paper, and with drawings of different views which the country around afforded. The windows looked into the orchard. It was the hour of twilight's soberest grey: the bat was taking its circles in the air, and now and then the owl hooted and flapped its wings against the casement. "You live very retired here, sir,'

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said Melmoth. "Yes, sir," said Mr Hartop, for that was his name; "but my time is spent so agreeably, in the discharge of my duties to my parish, and in cultivating my daughter's mind, that I do not feel the least regret at my seclusion from the world." The door now opened, and his daughter made her appearance. "Julia, my dear," said her father, "this gentleman intends to honour us with his company to-night." Melmoth rose at her entrance, and she received him with a modest look of welcome, which she always gave to her father's friends. They both sat down, and a silence ensued. Melmoth knew not what to do; when he looked up, his eyes met Julia, and he cast them down again. He was soon relieved from his distress by the appearance of supper, the elegant simplicity of which charmed him. It was succeeded by a desert. The flavour of the fruit was exquisite; Melmoth had never tasted any so fine—they were gathered by the hand of Julia. When the clock struck ten, all the servants entered. The master of the family informed his guest that it was the hour of prayer, and on bended knees he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart, with all the honest fervour of devotion.

Melmoth went to bed early, but he could not sleep for Julia—he could not chase her image from his mind. His adventure had something so romantic in it, that he almost doubted its reality; but a few hours before, he did not know that such a being existed, and now his whole existence was interwoven with hers.

As soon as it was light he went down into the garden. The shrubs and flowers, refreshed with the dew, breathed a fragrance exquisitely pleasing, and the lark soared in the air, and warbled its trembling thrilling notes of ecstacy.

Melmoth followed the course of the rivulet in its mazes through the grove, till he descended into a hollow dingle, where it widened its stream and slept upon its rushes. The trees which overhung it reflected so deep a shade, that the light was no stronger than that of a bright moonshine; and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Melmoth sat down on a bank, and played a lively air upon his flute. It was a piece which himself had composed, and his fancy had already drawn a little circle of fairies round him to the sound, when he was roused by the rustling of the leaves. He started up, and looking round, was saluted by Mr Hartop and his daughter; they had been taking their morning walk, and accident had pointed it in the very same direction with his. They apologized for their interruption, and intreated him to finish the tune. He took up his flute, and touched a few notes of the voluntary he had heard the night before. Julia blushed. Mr Hartop observed her confusion, and leading Melmoth to an opening, began to point out to him the beauties of the prospect. It was a little home scene in the pastoral style. In a valley below ran a small river with a mill turning in its stream, and a green hill rose on the opposite side, partly covered with furze, and seamed with a winding sheep-walk. In the woodlands on the right and left, the birds were singing sweetly in concert, and the pauses of harmony were supplied by the murmurs of the water-mill, and the tinkling of the wether's bell. Melmoth stood listening to these mingled sounds with such a look of pleasure, that he communi-

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cated his feelings to his friends. Julia caught his enthusiasm, and her father smiled. It was a favourite scene of hers; she had often viewed it, and as often admired it, but she had not known half its beauties till now.

"I hope your robin is well this morning," said Melmoth to her, as they were returning to the house. "Very well, sir," she replied, colouring; "but I did not know that my little friendly visitor had the honour of your acquaintance." "My daughter," interrupted Mr Hartop, "has a great affection for the feathered race, and they seem to return it almost with equal warmth. She has at this time a little family of blackbirds under her protection, and she visits them, I believe, every morning with the greatest anxiety for their welfare." As he said these words, they observed a cat playing with something on the grass plat at a small distance, and Julia stepped up just in time enough to see her favourite blackbirds expire at her feet. "Here they are," said she, bending over them with her hands clasped, "here they are indeed!" As she spoke, she looked up, and her heart's soft tear was in her eye. Melmoth felt it stream over his senses. He had all the milk of human kindness in his bosom; but at that moment he felt something more than the simple impulse of humanity within him; and the impression he then received was never lost. As he turned round to conceal his emotion, he saw the cat sitting behind a shrub just by, and contemplating with the greatest composure, the little scene of distress which she had occasioned. Resentment for a moment flushed his cheek, and he took up a stone from the walk to throw at her. "You must not, indeed you must not," said Julia, warmly; "she only pursued the dictates of nature." As she said these words, she raised her hand to his arm, which was lifted in the action, and the tears which stood trembling on her eyelids, forced their way down her cheeks; pity's finest strings were then touched; and with her soft and silver sounds, the harsh discordant notes of revenge are never in unison. Melmoth shed a tear upon the stone, and dropped it to the ground.

Mr Hartop stood silent all the while. He looked first at the birds, then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birds again; his heart was too full to allow him to speak—it ran over through his eyes.

How long this scene lasted, I cannot tell; if it had been in my power, it should have lasted for ever—I would have fixed it on the canvas.

The conversation at breakfast became warm and interesting; literature and music were the principal topics. Julia was not silent on either; she discovered a delicacy and correctness of taste, which astonished Melmoth.

"The study of music," said he, "while it sweetly soothes the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines its nature. I am persuaded there never was a poet who had not a taste for it; though I cannot go so far as a French writer, who affirmed that he who is insensible to its effects, has but half a soul."

"Shakespeare's celebrated assertion is not bolder," said Mr Hartop; "but I think I can confute all by a single instance. Garrick had no ear for music!"

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"The Italians," said Julia, "are enthusiasts in the art; and the French seem to have imbibed their spirit. The fine nerves of Rousseau were tremblingly alive to its powers; and his extreme fondness for it, I have heard, appears in almost every page of his works. Indeed those who have touched the springs of pity with the finest hand, have generally presented the idea of music to the mind in their most affecting scenes. Marmontel has given to Fonrose his hautboy; Julia de Rubigne has her harpsichord; and Maria de Moulines has her lute."

"I don't know a sweeter poem in the language," returned Melmoth, "than the Minstrel. It breathes a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm, which captivates the mind irresistibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquisite taste, and exhibits some of the most romantic scenes in nature. The idea of reclining at a distance from the village dance, 'soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind,' is inexpressibly beautiful. No less so is the reflection that it suggests:

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn."

His petition in favour of the singing birds is sweetly pathetic:

"O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will."

Julia's eye brightened as he repeated these lines; but the unhappy end of her blackbirds had thrown an air of sadness over her features, which all her efforts could not dissipate. It had stamped upon her countenance,

—— "That expression sweet of melancholy,
Which captivates the soul."

and as Melmoth was acquainted with its amiable cause, it operated on his feelings with peculiar energy,

The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions; and whenever the faded form of sorrow met her eye, the tear of sympathy trembled in it. I have seen her set out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with such a smile of sweetness, and listened to every tale of family distress with such a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the sight. I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occasion for those of any one under heaven, but herself. Though united to her by no closer bond than that of humanity, I felt a pride, an honest pride, in the connection; I felt a dignity in my nature, which I had never known before.

In the evening they sailed on the lake, the surface of which was just ruffled enough to show it was alive. A cormorant was flying over it, and fishing; and on the banks, which are steep, and shagged with wild

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shrubs, hung a few goats. Here and there a grotesque mass of rocks projected boldy over the water, with a little shining torrent falling from its brow; and often through the precipices appears a smooth green lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of craggs that crown the scene. All these objects were inverted on the blue surface of the lake; and no sooner had the boat pushed off from the shore, than they started into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains, passed by in silent succession on each side, and changed their figure at every yard. The rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape, and Melmoth threw an air of enchantment over it with the soft notes of his flute. Our voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coasted every island, and looked into every bay. Every stroke of the oar pointed out new beauties, and inspired new ideas. The spirit of pleasure left not a single second of vacancy, and evening had overshadowed them with her last and deepest shade before they landed.

When Melmoth retired to his chamber, and reviewed the little incidents of the past day, the exquisite sensibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-book, and penciled on a slip of paper the following lines:

THE BLACKBIRDS.

An Elegy.

Spring had return'd and nature smiled,
Verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
All was compos'd, serene, and mild,
And notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.
'Twas then a blackbird and its mate
In a seringo built their nest,
The patient hen assiduous sat
With trembling wing and heaving breast.
Two chirpers soon reward their care,
The pledges of their mutual love,
The pleasing task the parents share,
And range for food the blossom'd grove.
Returning through a shrubbery mead,
The gentle pair, with anguish, saw
Their little ones expiring bleed
Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.
In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
Deaf to the sweet pathetic sound,
The plunderer still retained her prey.
"Whither, ah, whither shall we fly!
"Life has no value now," they sung;
"We'll melt the murderer's heart and die
"With wings stretched fondly o'er our young."

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When he had finished, he thought something was still wanting; he had not paid a compliment to Julia. He cut his pencil again and again, but it would not do; the string was too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in despair.

In the morning when he took his leave, he presented the paper to Julia. She read the title, and put it into her bosom, with a smile. But that smile betrayed a secret she wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy! Inspirers of all the soft affections; of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevated in thought! Ye alone can tell, ye who can awake such thrilling harmony from that sweet instrument—the human soul,—ye alone can tell what fine, what exquisitely fine cement unites congenial natures; what magnetic principles operate upon them.

It was not till three years after, when Melmoth returned from making the tour of Europe, that he had an opportunity of revisiting his friends. He had written to them several times on his travels, but he had never received any answer, and he concluded that his letters had miscarried. Interesting as were all the various scenes which had passed under his eye during that interval, they had not once diverted his thoughts from the beloved object of their contemplation: Julia mingled in every idea; he had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations only for Julia. As soon as he arrived in London, he obtained his father's consent to ask her hand, and instantly set off for Westmoreland. It was towards the close of the third day, when he reached the banks of the lake, and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to the by-path, intending to walk up to the house through the shrubbery, that he might surprize them the more agreeably.

When he opened the wicket, he was presented with a scene embellished with all the beauties of the spring. The lilac was in full blow, and the laburnum dropped its golden clusters in a grand profusion; while the softer blossoms of the apple and the almond appeared above the rest, and were finely relieved by the fresh verdure of the foliage. Melmoth recognized every object with the feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub recalled to his mind the ideas they had inspired, when he first walked under the shade, and he bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they had been animate. He looked down, as he passed, at the bench on which he sat when the voice of his Julia first broke upon his ear; and his heart exulted as he looked. But his impatience would not suffer him to indulge the idea. He had a thousand things to say, a thousand little incidents which he had treasured up in his memory, to tell of. Every minute seemed an age which did not bring the interview along with it, and he quickened his pace at every step. When he came to the house he found a servant sitting in the porch, and he enquired eagerly if Mr Hartop was within. "No, sir," she replied, "he has just gone to speak over his daughter's grave." "Whose grave?" interrupted Melmoth, in a faltering voice. "Miss Julia, sir; she died last week of a consumption,—the gate opens to the churchyard."

Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve. It was as the cold

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point of a dagger at his heart. He did not utter a word in reply; his feelings would not let him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in the sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes, which he had cherished so long, were now extinguished,—and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could not open it; it led to a scene which he knew would quite unman him—he let the latch fall, and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded—it was an interval of patience, humility, and hope—but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned; he burst the gate open, and rushed violently through.

As he hurried along the path that winded among the tomb-stones, his eye looked round involuntarily for the objects it most dreaded to fix on; and it soon found them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a little circle round a grave on one side—it was an interesting group,—and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures which composed it. They were villagers, whose families Julia had been enabled by her father to keep from want, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr Hartop stood advanced a few paces before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand. There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness—except now and then, when a tear stole down his cheek, and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man, struggling with adversity, and rising amidst all its efforts to depress him, is an object on which angels may look down with delight, and which the Divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave, and looked eagerly in. The frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton, who was preparing to throw the earth into it; and he stood fixed in silent astonishment, with his foot lifted up on his spade. Melmoth kept bending over, with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin. Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—she *was* indeed *his* world—he had seen her walk—her eyes, now for ever closed, had once—and who could not have interpreted their language—had once conversed tenderly with his. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten paces before his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look. He was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more, for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment—he looked wistfully at the man a moment, but had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was turned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh, and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked.

In his return to the parsonage, he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to enquire the particulars of an event, the sudden dislosure of which had so unhinged him. Mr Hartop, they said, had been confined

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the year before, by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her into a decline.

When Melmoth came to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades which she had rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object,—he felt her at every step—at every instant he heard her well-known voice,

"Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains."

In every wood-scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat on every bench, and stood listening beside every water-fall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feelings, and he threw himself on a seat, to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul. He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops. To have delayed an alliance, even for a moment, with such virtue, would have shown him unworthy of it; but to go abroad, to linger so long in a foreign country—to seek the society of strangers, while Julia was alive—this betrayed such insensibility that he could never forgive himself. He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when, happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed his own name cut on the bark of it. His heart instantly told him who had done it. Julia did not forget him, though he deserted Julia. The idea of his having wronged her was more than he could bear; every better feeling revolted at it. He took out his pen-knife, and wiping away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut "Julia Hartop" close under his own name. "The tree," said he, "shall not bear such a memorial of her affection, and none of mine." By the time he had finished, he had acquired some degree of composure, and he ventured to return to the house.

When he reached the door, he found it open, and he stepped into the hall. He waited a few moments for the servant to introduce him, but none happening to come, and after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye, was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning on his hand, with his eyes cast down in the attitude of meditation. The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensations he then felt—when he looked round on the furniture, and saw every chair and table, every flower-piece and drawing, just in the places he had left them, Julia entered his bosom, and, touched at a thousand points he trembled, and would have given the world to go back. He made an effort to speak, but the voice he would have uttered was lost. Mr Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came at last. "You are come, sir," said he, "to a house of mourning; but I hope you will not repent of your visit; the obligation it confers is deeply felt. I have suffered severely in my family

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since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter,—and such a daughter:" —he paused. "I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such angel meekness did she bear it all:"—he paused again—nature melted within him at the thought—it revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes. He could not "but remember such things were, and were most dear to him."

"But I am not without consolation," he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the finger, to a Bible that lay on the table,—"I am not without hope. That book assures me we shall meet again—meet in a better and happier world, never, never more to be parted."

He cast a look upwards as he said this. A silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle-piece, and taking down a portrait—the portrait of Julia—he presented it to Melmoth. "I was charged," said he, "to deliver this to you, sir, as soon as the original was no more. She drew it herself a little before she died; and in her last moments she entrusted it with me, as her legacy to one, with whom she had "once wished to be united."

Melmoth gazed upon the miniature with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature till imagination gave it life. He saw again, that face, with all its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him he should see no more; and he forgot, for a moment, that he held only the semblance in his hand. Mr Hartop felt himself overcome. Every nerve that he had was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion: a robin at that instant flew down to pick some crumbs that had been thrown on the grass-plat. He burst into tears.

The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe, soon broke a constitution which time had already shattered;—and when he died he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his wife and daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription, marks the spot.

Melmoth returned into the active scenes of life. A natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, served to dispel the gloom which hung over his mind; but the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and, often in his brightest moments, when the image of Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade, to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

POTTER.

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LINES.

WRITTEN IN

RICHMOND CHURCH-YARD, YORKSHIRE.

By Herbert Knowles.

"It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles? one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—*Matt.* xvii. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor *Elias* nor *Moses* appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to *Ambition*? oh, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see! they would fix him below,
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey!

To *Beauty*? ah no!—she forgets
The charms which she wielded before—
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of *Pride*—
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside;
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud!

To *Riches*? alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which *Mirth* can afford—
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

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Shall we build to *Affection* and *Love*?
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above;
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto *Sorrow*?—The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve!
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear—
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here!

Unto *Death*, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown!

The first tabernacle to *Hope* we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise:
The second to *Faith* which ensures it fulfill'd;
And the third to the *Lamb* of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to the skies!*

Richmond, Oct. 7, 1816.

ORTOGRUL OF BASRA.

AS Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition to the vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

"Surely," said he to himself, "this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table, the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps

* The author of these exquisite verses died in his nineteenth year.

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upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees, obey him; and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who has no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies continually before him, who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it: I will from this moment endeavour to be rich."

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes proposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. "Ortogrul," said the old man, "I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father, turn thine eye on the opposite mountain." Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," said his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." Ortogrul looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. "Tell me now," said his father, "dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well?" "Let me be quickly rich," said Ortogrul; "Let the golden stream be quick and violent."—"Look round thee," said his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich, by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise, and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal, he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them; his own heart told him its frailties, his own understanding reproached him with its faults. "How long," said he with a deep sigh, "have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered." JOHNSON.

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"AN OLDE TALE."

From the Preface to "Heptameron. The Queen of Navarre's Tales." 1597.

NATURE having many yeares agoe so wasted her treasures in the perfiting of woman's beauties, that by her former prodigalitie her perfections are so consumed and spent that the women of this age are enforced to supply their defects by periwigs and painting, by bombasting and bolstering, and such other artificial helps; the poore lady (finding her owne scarcitie, not able to performe that excellencie, as before she had done in the feminine sex) determined yet to make proofe, and to trie her cunning what she could do in the masculine. Vndertaking the taske with this settled curiositie, she proportioned a man of such excellent perfection in all his limbs and lineaments, that Nature herselfe began to wonder at her owne worke; and as the curious artificer, who thinkes his labor to be but lost, that is still concealed and never brought to sight, so Nature bringing forth this super-excellent personage to be viewed, appointed him in such a place where the people of seueral nations had their continual recourse; the first that passed by was a Spaniard, who taking a full suruey of this new formed man, crossing himselfe, both his forehead and breast: then throwing up his handes with admiration to the heauens, hee saide with a loude voice: "O most glorious and excellent creature! in countenance more amiable and lovely than our Lady of *Loretta*, in personage more comely than *S. Iago of Compostella*: but how shall I extoll thy prayses? my comparisons are too weake; I will therefore leave thee, and will blesse Nature who hath blessed herselfe in featuring of thee." Nature that stoode faste by, where she might both heare and see, and yet vnseene herselfe, was wel pleased with this first salutation, and the Spaniard thus departed. The next that came by was an Italian, and he, (as the Spaniard before, but with a little more circumspection) taking a view of this goodly creature, fell first into the fit of wondering; from that, into an extasie of praising, then to protesting, that for a thousand ducats he woulde not haue his wife to haue a sight of this temptation: and now he fell to swearing that to prevent all perills, he woulde keepe her still lockt vp in a chamber: and thus he went his way. With this, Nature smiled to see the passionate demeanour of the ielous-headed Italian. And let it suffice that I deliver (though not in this particular sort) how the people of sundry other nations as they passed by, what praises and commendations, they would all of them attribute to this handy-work of Nature, imputing it to bee without fault, blemish, imperfection, or any manner of defect; till at the last there fortuned to come by an Englishman. I think some of the travelling fellows whereof there are some, that running thorow the world to seeke new fashions abroade, doe lose all their wits that they carried with them from home; or perhaps it might be some worthy souldier, that if he hath but discharged a case of ——— out of a gentleman's chamber, seene an ensigne three

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times spread in the field, puts himself by and by into an arming doublet, the poyntes, with greate siluer tagges, tied in the pitche of the shoulder: then at every word he must be called Mas. Captain: then if hee haue but learned thus much of the new discipline, as to say, Double your rankes on the right hand, now again as you were, double your files on the left hand, close your ranks, open your files: why so, this is enough to make him able to coosin an hundred and fiftie soldiers of their pay. Now for table talke, you shall hear nothing out of their mouths, but of the scaling of forts, the assaulting of breaches, the taking of citadales, and by their words they will seeme to undertake the winning of a greater town than Lysbourne, but with discharging two or three vollies of othe. To conclude, when they are angrie, there is nothing in their mouthes but the stab; and when they are pleased, their friendship is not woorth an ordinary eighteene pence. I speake not to prejudice anie gentleman that hath trauelled for his owne experience, whereof there be many worthy of commendations, nor to disgrace any souldier that is of desert, whereof there are none but are worthy of honour: but I speake of these counterfeit companions, that under these titles and pretences do countenance themselues, taking authority to slander, iest, scoffe, and find fault at any thing. One of these priuileged people now passing along the streete, his gesture so gouerned as if he caried a whole common-wealth in his head, his eyes fixed as if hee were in the meditation of his mistrisse, his countenance so graced, as a man might see a dicker of fools in his face, his salutation to such as passed by was a nod with his head, and his hand clapt ouer his lips, which they do call the *Basilee manus*, his speeches compendious and shorte, nothing but sentences; this finical fellow being now come to the place where Nature was yet abiding, rejoicing to heare herselfe so glorified by this excellencie of her worke, he began as the rest had done, to survey euery part, euery proportion and lineament, from the top to the toe, he went about him, and round about him, behinde, and before, prying, and beholding wyth more curiosity than any of the rest had done before him; and when he had looked til he was wearie, said never a word, but shaking a little his head, was going away, till Nature seeing this strange demeanour, called him backe, and in courteous sort demanded of him how he liked the object, that hee had so aduisedly perused: to the which he answered; in faith it is not to be misliked, it is a very goodly presence, handsome, comely, God had done his part, and he saw nothing but the man was well inough. But I pray, saide Nature againe, what is it that you mislike? I perceive by your speech there is somethine amisse, and therefore tell me what it is that you do thinke might be amended? Gentlewoman (said he) seeing you presse me so farre, I will deal plainly with you; the fault that I finde is this, that it is pitty that he is not an Englishman borne. I could then haue commended these perfections, which I will now forbeare. And it is pitie (said Nature) that thou art an Englishman borne, for if thou wert not an Englishman borne, I woulde so display thy imperfections, which in regard of that renowned nation now I will omit. This poore pedant meeting with such a counter buffe, thought it not good to fall a scolding with the Gentlewoman, but calling her curst queane, went his way scratching of his head. And here an end of an olde tale.

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MASANIELLO.

From "Italian Stories, translated by Miss Holford."

MANY a time has Fortune exhibited upon her theatre—the world, the magical and astonishing effects of her power—now exalting the base, now debasing the illustrious. In recording the most striking examples of similar vicissitudes, the name of the Neapolitan, Tommaso Aniello, better known as Masaniello, naturally presents itself.

The court of Spain was exhausted to the utmost by the calamitous wars it sustained in the course of the seventeenth century, its resources were every where failing, and its whole activity was directed to the discovery and application of means for recruiting its exhausted treasury. The motive appeared so urgent, that neither public faith, policy, nor remorse, were permitted to check its operation. Naples now began to find the Spanish yoke aggravated to an insupportable pitch; taxes and imposts of the most grievous and oppressive nature were levied without mercy or moderation; the poor Neapolitans, in despair, beheld their misery increasing, while every article of merchandise, to the very simplest and coarsest necessaries of life, and more especially the bread, fish, and fruit, which formed their nourishment, were taxed with such rigour, that the vender had no gain, and the poor began to lack the means of procuring the most common sustenance for their families. The expression of popular discontent, confined at first to a murmur, "deep not loud," arose by degrees to one continued and menacing outcry; but the prince, while he beheld his replenished coffers, rather increased than relented in his exactions, and smiling, permitted the cry of the starving people, hoping, it should seem, that all the grief and indignation of their hearts would thus harmlessly evaporate.

It happened in this state of things, that a poor fisherman, a native of Amalfi, apparently one of the most wretched and indigent of his class, named Masaniello, was interrupted in the act of selling a basket of fish in the piazza. The little tyrant of the market convicted him of having neglected to pay the share of his merchandise appropriated by government, and then, as an act of summary justice, took violent possession of the basket and all its contents. The poor fellow, nearly mad with rage, ran wildly through the city, uttering loud curses on the government, the ministry, and the laws. In his furious progress, he chanced to pass near the church of the Madonna del Carmine, where he was stopped by a man named Perrone, a chief of banditti, who, with one of his comrades, had been driven to take sanctuary from the vengeance due to innumerable crimes. The desperate conduct of Masaniello awakened the curiosity of the bandit, and Masaniello fiercely replied to his interrogato-

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ries: "By heaven! they shall either hang me like a dog, or I will overturn the government." The banditti, at first greatly amused by this magnificent threat, laughed heartily, and exclaimed, "Yes, you are a fine fellow for such an exploit." "Well," replied Masaniello, "give me only two companions, and I will be free." "Indeed!" rejoined Perrone, "then we are your men." And thus, half in jest, half seriously, they pledged themselves to Masaniello; whose project, though suddenly conceived, was firmly resolved. In a few hours he had a little army at his back, consisting of all the venders of fruit and fish, who declared their determination from that moment to resist unto death every attempt to levy taxes on their property.

The members of the government, aware of the tumult, betook themselves to quelling it, with small apprehension for the event, but were quickly taught to consider the matter more obstinate and difficult than they at first suspected. Masaniello at the head of two thousand lads of about twelve years old or thereabouts, kept all the streets and squares in confusion, while the sky echoed with the shouts of "Long live the king! Long live our Lady del Carmine! Long live the Pope! Long live the King of Spain! Long life to abundance!" and "Down with the wicked government!"

All this happened on Sunday, the 7th of July, 1647. A day on which a great feast was celebrated in the market place, where a concourse of peasantry, who had arrived with fruit, grain, and fish, now resolutely resisted every attempt to levy the tax. The Regent Zuffia, having been apprised of this accident, instantly dispatched Anaclerio, tribune of the people, who liberally threatened the disobedient with whips, cords, and the galleys. The multitude, irritated yet farther by these menaces, began to pelt the poor minister with showers of apples, stones, and filth: Masaniello especially struck him on the bosom with a huge stone, so that his life was greatly endangered, and it was not without infinite difficulty that he escaped the fury of the populace, whose numbers, swelling every instant, stimulated each other with cries of "Down with the tax! Down with the tax!" In the very midst of the uproar, Masaniello ascended a high bench, from whence he shouted aloud, "Long live God! Now is the time to shake off our intolerable yoke! Perish our atrocious government! I, even I, a vile fisherman, will, like Moses, deliver you from your abject servitude." By this and similar harangues he produced a marvellous effect in exciting the passions of his hearers, who armed, some with knives, some with clubs, ran to burn the quarters of the tax officers in the market-place and the Dogana, and very shortly specie, plate, books, manuscripts, and abundance of precious furniture, were consumed to ashes; from this scene of destruction they proceeded to the palace of the viceroy, the Duke of Arcos, echoing the usual cry, "Down with taxation! Long live the King! Perish the wicked government!"

The guard, panic-struck by this violent tumult, fled precipitately, so that a free road remained to the impetuosity of the people, who penetrated even into the most private chambers of the viceroy, always animating each other by the same outcries. The astonished prince had barely time to save himself by the aid of Don Ferrante Caracciolo, who

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made way for his escape by scattering money among the enraged mob: he took refuge with the vicequeen, his children, and the ladies of his court, in the neighbouring church of San Luigi di Minimi, where he presented himself at a window, from whence he promised the populace, to deliver them from their imposts, and a general redress of grievances; but they signified their will that he should descend, in order that they might more commodiously deliberate and determine together. Now while some of them held the viceroy at bay, others were busily engaged in sacking his palace, which they devoted to the most entire destruction. When this news reached him, terrified by the apprehension of farther outrage, he wrote with his own hand a billet to Cardinal Filomarino, the archbishop, entreating him to convince the people that he would that very day abolish the tax; but it is next to impossible to appease a mob in the height of excitation: the concession was made in vain, they rushed with tremendous impetuosity on the Convent of San Luigi, so that the Duke di Arcos was driven to take shelter in the fortress de St Elmo for the security of his person, the ladies and other persons belonging to him remaining concealed in the cells of the friars.

The people, on discovering the flight of the viceroy, ran to disarm the Spaniards, and throwing away their clubs and knives, and furnishing themselves with more effective weapons, they proceeded to the suburb of Chiaja, to the house of the Prince of Besignano, Don Tiberio Caraffa, whom, being camp master and colonel general of the Neapolitan battalions, they selected as their protector and champion for the abolition of the taxes. The prince, a nobleman greatly beloved for his clemency and humanity, found himself compelled to accept the charge, fondly hoping thereby to restore tranquillity to the agitated city; he therefore mounted his horse, and his train every moment increasing, he found himself borne by the press of more than fifty thousand persons, into the church del Carmine, where he earnestly exhorted the people to peace, entreating them to desist from all offensive and tumultuous conduct, and to hope for the best; but while he was yet in the course of his harangue, the populace burned the Dogana, broke open the prisons, set the delinquents at liberty, and set fire to the archives. After which exploits they sounded the Tocsin, and presently the whole city was a prey to outrages, crimes, and flames. Caraffa therefore thought only how he might deliver himself from the frightful and desperate office to which he had been elected, the sanction and abettor of ten thousand horrors; he succeeded in withdrawing himself. And his tumultuous army, finding themselves deserted by their general, immediately proclaimed Masaniello their captain-general.

Masaniello was a youth of about four and twenty, handsome, gay, and jocose; he was accordingly especially beloved by his plebeian associates. There was not among the idle vagabonds of the city, one whose person was better known; he was continually wandering about, sometimes selling or crying his fish, sometimes revelling or feasting with people of his own degree; he had a wife and two children, lived in a state of extreme indigence, and was dressed as a poor mariner, bare footed, and with rags scarcely sufficient to afford him a decent covering. On the person we have described devolved the command of the formid-

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able body by insurgents, whom the heavy yoke of the then existing government of Naples had galled and fretted into rebellion. The poor fisherman saw himself in a moment exalted to the rank and circumstances of the most absolute prince, and surrounded by one hundred and fifty thousand persons, all ready to obey his smallest signal. He immediately selected as his companions, Perrone, and a fellow named Arpaja, two violent and perverse men, and began without scruple, to dispose, command, to execute justice, and to confer favour, with such absolute authority, and such sudden and summary execution, that never even had Ottoman Sultan been so feared and obeyed.

The Duke of Arcos, perceiving that the revolution was thus fearfully increasing, wrote a conciliatory billet to Masaniello, promising to grant all the demands of the infuriated populace. He required all the advantages contained in the act of privilege granted by Charles V. This demand being received, a council was held, and it was determined to deceive the people by sending forth a false copy of the said privileges through the medium of the Duke di Matalone; but this fraud was by some means discovered by Masaniello, who, on finding himself deluded, ordered the Duke de Matalone to be imprisoned; and had it not been for the agency of Perrone, who had once been employed in the duke's household, that nobleman would have fallen a victim to the indignation of the Demagogue.

Masaniello, by this new provocation, was so inflamed to rage and desperation, that he gave sudden orders to his mutineers to burn sixty of the most considerable houses, that is to say, the habitations of all those members of the government who had in any way been connected with the impost, or other legal aggravations of the people. The wild agents of Masaniello, having received from the hand of their chief a list of instructions, commenced their work of destruction, by setting fire to the palace of the Duke di Caivano: the women and children flocking to the scene, with straw, pitch, and faggots, and every means they could procure, to increase and accelerate the conflagration, crying aloud, "Let us burn out these thieves!" The same ruin happened to the two splendid palaces of Tommaso Dachino, and Zavaglios a Spaniard, both of them materially interested in the levy of the taxes. It was a very striking circumstance, that, in so many conflagrations, in which the destruction of gold, plate, jewels, and other wealth, was computed to amount to more than six millions of crowns, not an individual was found who dared appropriate to himself so much as a pin; on the contrary, if the impetus of the flame cast any thing forth of the general wreck, it was instantly thrown back into the fire; the Neapolitans exhibiting in this, a wonderful resistance to nature, as they had ever been remarkable for lightness of hand.

Masaniello rode through the city with his truncheon of command, a train of one hundred thousand armed men at his horse's heels, while he exercised the sovereign sway in the dress of a poor fisherman, ragged and bare legged; loudly disclaiming all ambitious feelings or motives. The viceroy and cardinal were compelled to pay him unqualified submission; and he was equally obeyed by the spiritual power, for priests, monks, and prelates were at his feet, and all the churches offered up

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especial prayers for his preservation. On the third day of his empire, he declared his intention of holding a conference, for the purpose of treating with the viceroy. He caused the cardinal archbishop to be summoned to his presence, and having attired himself magnificently in a robe of silver brocade, he proceeded in a coach with that reverend personage to the castle of St Elmo, escorted by an immense multitude.

The cardinal, Masaniello with one of his relations, (dressed in cloth of gold,) and two tribunes of the people, entered the castle; the guards received the Demagogue with the utmost honour, and the viceroy believed himself compelled to meet and welcome his fearful visitor with the most profound bows. The poor fisherman coolly, and without astonishment or embarrassment, accepted the unwonted homage. As the conference in which the viceroy and Masaniello were engaged, naturally drew to some length, the people who waited in the piazza became impatient, and no longer beholding their chief, a suspicion arose among them that he had met with foul play, that he had perhaps been arrested and thrown into prison; this suggestion was sufficient to excite instantaneously the most horrible tumults; the Duke of Arcos was obliged, in order to appease the people, to show himself at the window with his arm round the neck of Masaniello, and loading him with feigned caresses. "Wilt thou," said Masaniello to the prince, "have an example of the implicit obedience of the Neapolitan people?" And without awaiting a reply, he ordered the people to shout, "Long live the Duke di Arcos!" Then he commanded them to cease. Then he desired them to divide and leave an open road through their ranks, now to be covered now uncovered, and a thousand similar absurdities: the whole was performed with the most submissive exactness. The treaty being concluded in conformity with the will of Masaniello, he quitted the castle, leading with him the cardinal, and entered the church del Carmine, where, being seated on two velvet seats, they read the articles to the people, who hailed them with the most overwhelming and stunning outcries of applause.

Meanwhile a report became prevalent through the city, that the Duke di Matalone had caused two vaults to be charged with gun-powder, in order to involve the heads of the people in sudden destruction, as they had been accustomed to select a spot near these said vaults for their place of council; it was added moreover, that the viceroy, with the connivance of Matalone, had dissembled in his concessions to the people, in order to gain time for the execution of their designs. This rumour, whether it was utterly false, or whether it had any real basis, proved a tremendous stimulus to the passions of the people, who rushed upon the palace of Matalone, in the piazza di Chiaja, and with great fury betook themselves to the work of havoc, setting fire to this noble edifice, and utterly destroying whatever it contained. Naples did not boast a more splendid palace, besides that it abounded in gems, gold, and precious furniture. They exerted themselves strenuously to obtain possession of the person of Matalone, but he was so fortunate as to escape from their pursuit by a precipitate flight: but the baffled crowd then turned their vengeance against Don Guiseppe Caraffa, brother of the Duke, who had taken

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refuge in the convent of Santa Maria Nuova; but the sanctuary availed him nothing, the blood-thirsty multitude penetrated to his hiding-place, dragged him forth, murdered him without mercy, and divided his body into portions, which they hung up as objects of menace and warning in different parts of the city.

Masaniello, having now attained the seventh day of his unlimited rule, began to show palpable symptoms of a disordered intellect. He would furiously tear off his clothes in the midst of the piazza, and having stripped himself quite naked, demanded another dress; he would imitate the noise and roarings of wild beasts, neigh like a horse, bray like an ass, howl like a wolf, &c. He issued the most ridiculous and fantastical decrees, gave the most discordant and contradictory orders at the same moment, dispatching on the same errand eight or ten people; he ran sword in hand through the city, wounding without scruple or exception, whomsoever he met; he plunged into water with all his clothes on, and having thus bathed, lay down in the fiercest aim of the sun-beam. He sentenced one to be hanged, another to be broken on the wheel, a third to be cruelly whipped; some he imprisoned, others he condemned to the galleys, and arriving at the utmost pitch of insolence, he broke out into sallies of intolerable violence against the associates and counsellors of his own choice, scrupling not to strike them with his fist or his staff, as he was provided for the occasion; commanding and acting with insane or brutal caprice. This madness was attributed to various causes; some placed it to the account of his incessant vigils, and to the immensity of thoughts and speculations working together in the brain of an illiterate, base, and unexperienced person; while the more prevalent idea (and the truth of which has been since farther confirmed) accused the Duke di Arcos of having, while they conferred together in the castle, administered to the Demagogue a beverage so composed as to produce the effect of a total derangement of intellect.

As if pursued by furies, Masaniello would rise in the dead of night, crying, "Am I a monarch, and do I not command? Up! up! and follow me!" He frequently exclaimed, that if the Duke di Matalone were but his friend, he would rule the world. He insisted that the nobles should kneel wheresoever they met him, and because Don Ferrante Caracciolo, and the great master of the horse, had neglected to descend from their carriage to perform the exacted homage, they were compelled to kiss his feet in the public market-place, amid the hisses and insults of the people. He afterwards complained of the contumacy of the cardinal, who had failed to pay him a visit; his eminence lost no time in remedying a fault whose consequences would have been difficult to calculate; he lavished titles of honour and terms of applause on the tyrant, who replied sneeringly, "The visit of your eminence, though late, is nevertheless dear to me!"

The madness of Masaniello soon rendered him insupportable, even to his chosen companions: it happened that, in one of his fits of fury he violently ill-treated one of his counsellors named Genovino, and next proceeded to the same outrages with another called Arpaja: these men, being driven by conduct past all endurance, to revenge, ran to the viceroy, whom they intreated to deliver them from such a heavy and

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odious yoke. The viceroy, encouraged by this schism among the insurgents, ventured to order the arrest of Masaniello, who was accordingly seized as he returned from the harbour where he had been to inspect the vessels, and to promote new captains to the command of the galleys, but he was speedily liberated by a desperate effort of the multitude, and by them he was aided in his retreat to the church del Carmine, where, having ascended a pulpit, he made a frantic address to the people, which lasted for the space of an hour; when, being exhausted, he retired to take rest in the cell of a friar; but while he stood leaning against a window, the brothers Catanei and Ardizone, with a numerous train of men armed with fire arms; rushed upon him, crying, "Long live the King of Spain and the Duke di Arcos! and perish Masaniello!" Thus crying, they aimed their pieces at the unfortunate Demagogue, who fell pierced by innumerable balls, exclaiming with his last breath, "Ah! ye ungrateful traitors!" His body was dragged naked through the city, and his head was exposed on a pole in the market-place, all the people exclaiming at the sight of it, "Long live the King of Spain! and let no one on pain of death speak more of Masaniello!"

Such was the end of the fisherman Masaniello: and never did the page of history afford a more striking example of the versatility of the multitude, and of the inconstancy of fortune.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greee, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

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A king sate on the lofty brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations; all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush— for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no:—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

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Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend:
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse:
His strain display'd some feeling—right or wrong,
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling ——— BYRON.

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THE

DOWNFAL OF HOLY CHURCH.

*From "Points of Humour."**

IN the year of 1460, Revel was governed by a general, whose name was John of Mengden; a worthy old man who loved his glass of wine, and had the gout; for wine and the gout are sister's children. It was his custom to ride out occasionally on a black horse down to the shores of the Baltic, whence he continued his way to a convent of nuns consecrated to St Bridget. This nunnery, which was called Marianthal, was situated about a mile from the town, and its ruins are inhabited by owls and ravens.

On one of these excursions he was accompanied by the Lord Marshal, Gothard of Plettenberg.

As they approached the convent wall, the marshal's horse became suddenly restive. "Have you heard," said he, "the strange stories of the subterraneous passage, and that it winds in intricate mazes round the cloister?"—"No;" replied John of Mengden, "but I should like to hear them over a bottle; you shall relate them to me in the evening." "It may be done now, and in a few words," rejoined the other; "for we stand exactly before the subterraneous passage, or mouth of the cavern; but for fifty years not a human foot has advanced beyond the bottom of the steps—there the torches are always blown out."

The burgomaster of Revel, who was then with them, made a cross on his breast, and confirmed the statement. "Sometimes," continued Gothard, "are heard during the night, the sounds of soft music, arising slowly and melodiously from the cave, like the sweet tones of musical glasses, with an accompaniment of the songs of angels. The holy sisters of the convent are frequent listeners to this divine harmony, though none of the words can be understood." "Let the venerable Lady Abbess come down to me," said the general, as he alighted from his horse, and placed his glove in his sword-belt. The abbess now appeared, veiled. She modestly curtsied to the knight, and presented him with a cup of Spanish wine. The old general laid himself down on the grass, and asked the sainted lady if she could give him any information relative to the subterraneous passage? The abbess replied in the affirmative, adding a number of particulars concerning what she and her pious sisters had seen, and fancied they had seen—heard, and fancied they had heard.

* Vide the volume itself. Our excerpt wants its chief *Point*—the admirable design by George Cruickshank which illustrates it.

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"So God and St Vitus help me!" exclaimed the governor; "I will myself make an attempt to descend into the cavern; give me a lighted consecrated torch."

The burgomaster crossed himself all over. A cold shivering seized him; the only vault into which he had been accustomed to descend, was the town-cellar, which was haunted by none but *choice spirits*, with which he was familiar.

The Lady Abbess entreated the old man not to undertake so rash an enterprize; and assured him, that the spirits of former times, unlike those of the present day, would not allow themselves to be sported with. But in arguing with the brave old general, they talked to the wind which blew over the Baltic. The consecrated torches were brought, the corpulent general repeated an Ave-Maria, recommended himself to St Vitus, his protecting Saint, and courageously entered the mysterious passage. The sound of his feet was still heard on the steps; his breathing was still audible, and the glimmer of his torch played on the damp walls. On a sudden all was silent, and the light disappeared. The listeners above were on the stretch of attention. Gothard was stationed on the upper step; the burgomaster a few paces farther back; and behind him stood the abbess, her rosary running through her fingers. They listened, but all was still: "Holloa there, John of Mengden!—how fare you?" thundered the voice of Gothard; yet all was silent as the grave. The listeners were alarmed; they inclined their ears; they stood lightly on tiptoe; they restrained their breath—not a sound ascended. The cavern yawned before them, and all was silent below. "Holy St Bridget! what can have happened? Let the priests be summoned, and mass be said to appease the spirits.

The Lady Abbess hastened to the convent, rang the chapel-bell, when all the pious sisterhood hurried from their cells, fell upon their bare knees, chastising themselves, and praying to Heaven for mercy towards the old general. The burgomaster threw himself upon his horse, and trotted back to the town to impart the terrible news to his wife, children, and domestics. Gothard, who was a courageous knight, alone remained, absorbed in gloomy reflection, leaning against the wall, with his eyes fixed on the darkness beneath. Thus he continued during two hours. At last he thought he heard on the steps some one breathing and struggling.—"John of Mengden!" he vociferated, "are you alive or dead?" "I am alive!" replied the general, half breathless, as he stumbled up the steps. "Thanks to God and St Bridget!—we have been in agony on your account. Where have you been? What have you heard or seen?" The general then related that he had quietly descended with the consecrated taper in his hand; that his heart beat a little as he advanced; that a cold shiver had begun to seize him; but that he took courage, as his taper burnt always clear and bright; that at length he stood on the bottom step, and looked down an endless passage, doubtful whether, under the protection of St Bridget, he should move forward or backward; that suddenly he was surrounded by a lukewarm breeze, mild and fragrant, as if wafted over a bed of flowers, which in a moment extinguished his taper, and so clouded his

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senses that he sunk like a dead man on the steps, and then lay a considerable time in a sort of trance; that at last he awoke again, and it appeared to him as if he were gently moved by a warm hand, though he knew not where it was, nor what had happened to him; that he stretched out his hands, and felt nothing but the cold stone; but that, as a little daylight glimmered upon him from above, he composed his spirits, and began to creep with difficulty up the steps; that when on them he was perfectly recovered, feeling only a slight oppression in the head, similar to the effect of intoxication. "Well, brother," said he to the lord marshal, "will not you also make the attempt, and try whether it will not succeed better with you."

Gothard of Plettenberg demurred; notwithstanding he never feared, in former times, a knight of flesh and bone, as long as he was able to wield his sword; yet, with respect to ghosts, a very just exception was allowed; and a knight might tremble in the dark like an old woman, without any stain upon his honour, or impeachment of his valour. Now-a-days, the matter is quite altered, and a man may fear any thing but ghosts.

"By my sword," said the governor, as he was returning home, "I will investigate the causes of this mystery. I must know from whose mouth proceeded the gentle breath, that smelt fragrant as the plants of the east, and yet had force enough to extinguish the flame of the consecrated taper, and even to confuse my head as though I had been drunk."

He instantly sent for Henry of Uxkull, bishop of Revel, and the abbot of Pardis. Being arrived, they were entertained at a large oak table, and quaffed wine from the family goblet. They listened to the fearful story of their host, with their fat hands folded upon their huge bellies, and shook their heads with significant silence.

Having well weighed the matter, knitted their brows, and assumed an air of importance, they finally agreed that they *knew not what to think of it*. Each then waddled to his home, and thought no more of the mysterious cavern.

But it was not so with the general. He could not rest. His fancy was on the rack, to account for the mystery. On the next morning, he dispatched letters to the archbishop of Riga, to a learned canon, and two pious deans of the holy church of Riga, stating, "that a surprising incident had obliged him to have recourse to their piety and wisdom, and entreating they would be at Revel on St Egidius's day, to discuss in christian humility this weighty affair."

They came on the appointed day: for they were aware that the cellar of the governor contained excellent wine, and that his was no niggard hospitality. The archbishop of Revel, and the abbot of Pardis, were likewise invited to assist, who failed not at the proper hour, to present themselves at the castle. An elegant repast had been prepared for them, bumpers went cheerily round to the prosperity of the holy church, and to the perpetual bloom of the German order of religion.

When their spiritual stomachs were sufficiently gorged, the general thus addressed them: "Reverend and pious fathers! thus and thus it

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happened to me and my friend here, Gothard of Plettenberg," recounting his history. "What is to be done to liberate the spirits who wander and grieve in the subterraneous passage?"

"They must be driven out by force," replied the archbishop of Riga, "and the power to do this, was given to the bishops from above."

"A wisp of hay should be steept in holy water," added the canon, "with which the steep dark passage should be sprinked."

One of the deans advised that "the little chest with the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which was kept as a relic in the convent of St Bridget, should be taken to the cavern."

The other dean was of opinion that the spirits should be allowed to continue without molestation, so long as they only wandered and breathed.

The archbishop of Revel was also of the same sentiment, but the abbot of Pardis applauded the idea of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Last of all, the old general proposed that they should immediately ride to the beach, and employ the arms of the church against the inhabitants of the subterraneous passage. The wine had imparted its spirit to the holy fathers; and they now felt courage to engage, if necessary, even with the fiends of hell.

Within half an hour they were at the convent gate!

Three times were the consecrated torches borne round by the archbishop, who, muttering between his teeth, dipped the wisp into a large ewer of holy water, and plentifully besprinkled all present. Thus spiritually armed, they silently and cautiously approached the entrance of the cavern. Here a question arose, "who would go down first?" Those who were at home were unwilling to robe the strangers of the honour of precedence. The deans drew back as being merely subalterns in the church, out of respect to their bishop. The archbishop bowed to the right learned canon, and he bowed to the rest. The general became impatient, and forced the archbishop down the steps. The rest followed with beating hearts and tottering knees.

Each carried in his hand a consecrated taper; and with a rosary hanging at his elbow, sprinkled the walls with drops of holy water. The last of the procession was the abbot of Pardis, who, grown unwieldy by the luxurious diet of the church, could scarcely drag his short puffed legs after his fat and bulky paunch. The steps too were not only small, but damp and slippery; whence it happened, that on the second step the abbot lost his footing, and falling with his whole weight upon Henry of Uxkull, they both fell upon the last dean; all three on the first dean; all four on the canon; all five upon the archbishop of Riga; when the whole troop rolled helter skelter down the steps, and plumped to the bottom like so many sacks, there remaining senseless! The consecrated tapers were extinguished, and the venerable group were veiled by a sort of Egyptian darkness. The general, who remained above, heard the tremendous rumbling, to which succeeded a dead silence. For two hours he listened, called on each by name, and waited in vain for a reply. His voice alone was returned to him in a dull and hollow echo. The only sound which met his eager listening, was that of the

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terrified bat, flittering in the depths of the cavern; or, at intervals, the scream of the frightened owl.

He was a man of uncommon courage, and he resolved to descend once more himself to see what was become of his guests; but as a prelude to this perilous expedition, he determined to enliven his natural spirits by a draught of generous wine. As he vociferated, "a cup of wine!" to the groom who held his horse, the word WINE reached the ears of the holy men; they disentangled themselves from each other, scrambled up, their foreheads bedewed with the sweat of terror, and when they had recovered themselves they confessed unanimously *that they were not able to unravel the mystery.* Thus ended the second attempt to gain a more intimate acquaintance with the spirits of the subterraneous passage, and thenceforward no one was bold enough to tread the magic ground.

MATERNITY.

From "The Hermit in London."

"GO away, little child," said Miss Whimsey, a maiden of fifty-two. "I hate children," added she, turning to me, as we were both waiting for Lady M—— to accompany us to see the Elgin marbles. "Hate children! madam," said I, "I cannot conceive that at all. That a person can hate children or music, is to me incredible. The innocence of the one, and the harmony of the other, possess such powerful charms, that the bosom must be iron-hearted, indeed, which is proof against the attractions of either." "Oh! fiddlety dee," cried the aged spinster; "I tell you that I hate them both; each of them spoils good company; the former by the obtrusiveness of their conduct, the latter by engrossing too much attention, and by interrupting rational conversation." "Or, rather," replied I, "by putting a stop to idle chatter, or scandalous anecdote and artful slander."

"There!" cried Miss Whimsey, slapping the lovely little prattler, —"there nasty thing! It has left the print of its fingers on the sleeve of my pelisse!" The child cried. "Dear little boy!" said I, "come to me." "How ill Lady M—— brings up her two children!" resumed she; "thrusting them into society, as if other people were obliged to be as foolishly fond of them as she is herself. There is nothing so rude as to force brats into company this way."

At this moment a pug, suffocated with fat, and breaking out with

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high living, waddled from under her drapery, and began to cough and to sneeze. "Poor darling!" exclaimed the prim miss: "come to *his* (the child was *it*) own mistress." Here she kissed the odious brute, and wailed over it because it had caught cold. "Pardon me, madam," observed I, "if I assure you that your favourite is much more offensive than this little innocent." "Yes, because he bit you once;" tartly answered the old maid. "And because, madam, (said I,) his smell is nasty, his temper bad, and his appearance unwholesome and disgusting; because, lastly, madam, the unbecoming preference which you give him to a fellow creature, must create indignation in any feeling mind which contemplates such conduct."

Here I hugged the pretty little boy to my bosom; whilst miss kissed the filthy lips of her pampered pet. However, by squeezing him too closely, she deranged his stomach, and he returned the compliment in the most sickening way. I rang the bell, and left the rest to the dog's mistress. "Pray, Mr Smart," said she to the groom of the chambers, "bring up a damask napkin, for my poor little darling is ill, and a little warm milk and sugar." The servant looked contempt, but obeyed. My little favourite now left my knees in order to pat and caress the dog. "Get out you little devil!" exclaimed Miss Whimsey, in a sharp high key; "I wish he would bite you; let him alone, rude thing."

I really had no patience with her. "Upon my honour, Miss Whimsey, I cannot brook your ill treatment of this dear innocent boy," said I. "Innocent!" she repeated; "Yes; so is a barber's block, Innocent! children should be kept in their nurseries; 'tis the only thing which they are fit for;—spoiling every thing, and making a noise!" At this moment Lady M—— entered the room. "Your Ladyship's most obedient," said Miss Whimsey, with the falsest smile which I ever saw,—one in which neither kindness, benevolence, humanity, courtesy, nor sincerity dwelt; for pride and envy have chased all smiles from her furrowed cheek, yet fain would she ape a cheerful and engaging aspect. There are, unfortunately, a number of Miss Whimsey's cast in society,—wretches who, under the female form, lavish their tenderest cares on monkeys, on lap dogs, and on parrots, whilst they act with the utmost inhumanity towards their fellow-creatures. By such persons, dainties and delicacies are procured at any price for these incumbrances, and the most disgusting display of affection is exercised towards them. The shivering and houseless wanderer is inhumanly chased from their gates; whilst these pet brutes repose on velvet couches, and are, nightly, pillowed on down. Sometimes they share the couch of their unnatural mistress, or sleep at her feet, ready to fly at any one who approaches her, while they stand sentry over her false tresses, borrowed complexion and artificial teeth.

Disappointed of the advances of our sex, these withering plants assume a chastity without grace, and a reserve without virtue. But delicacy is entirely lost sight of by them: for who that has any pretensions to delicacy, can slight the endearments of little children, to fondle such a hateful satire on human nature as the monkey, to pamper an offen-

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sive and useless dog, or to feed a parrot out of his mouth? Shocking in the extreme! The immorality of the thing too, goes further. Frequently is a servant dismissed and deprived of bread for ruffling the temper of Poll, for resisting the execrable caresses of Jacko, or for displacing pug from the hearth, perhaps to save him from being burned, or because his effluvia infects the whole air of the drawing room. Men and maids too are doomed to endure the bite, the smell, and the uncleanliness of these unseemly creatures.

But to return to Lady M——. What a contrast to Miss Whimsey! How much suavity, delicacy of expression, mildness of deportment, and grace in her approach! how much sympathy and humanity in the language of her lips and eyes! what preventing obligingness! what corresponding kindness! what grateful return for every, the least attention! then to see her cast her maternal glance on her dear boy! to see the mother in every line of her countenance!—in the admiration of her eye, in the becoming swell of her bosom, in her half-shut mouth, and gently extended arm! all was harmony, all goodness, all parental tenderness and anxiety—that anxiety which is not eager self interest, but love and christian charity.

Women's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchingness;—the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight;—but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on the earth.

Maternity, extatic sound! so twined round our heart, that it must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love: 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration, beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

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THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

From the "Sketch Book."

Pittie olde age, within whose silver haires
Honour and reverence evermore have reign'd.
MARLOWE'S TAMBURLAINE.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken pannelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!—"

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man: but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently

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knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do.—A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now passing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and the age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business: the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love,

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is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What thought I are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years:—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—"Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on her goodman's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

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Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye: "Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended; still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart.

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It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted: and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprize, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments; the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

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FIAMMETTA AND BOCCACIO.*

From the "London Magazine."

MY story is of that bright time
Of life, when Love and Joy are youngest,
And our passions, in their vernal prime,
Are as stainless as the veins of blue
That wander a maiden's forehead through,
—The time when the spirit's hopes are strongest—
I would tell a tale of affections crost,
And wither'd—and how I lov'd and lost
A creature, whose beauty was far above
My weak harp's praise, and my fond heart's love;
Yet whose saintly brightness, and heavenly grace,
Were only the earthly dwelling-place
Which God to her virtues of heart had given,
Ere he called her home to her native Heaven.

There is not a spot in Italy,
Fair though her vine-trail'd regions be,
Can match with that the travellers bless
When they enter Valdarno's wilderness—
Sweetness is scatter'd round about,
For the sky is calm, and the sunniness
From the moisten'd lemon-flowers draws out
Odours we almost could wish were less—
And the magic is there of the sun-shelter'd wood,
And the stream that murmurs in solitude—
Over its pebbles murmurs and tells,
To him that will listen, a thousand spells—
And the music is there of the low wind's breath
Which sings like the swan, more sweet in death,
As it faints on the listener's brow and dies;
And all is so bright, that the gazer's eyes
Grow tired with beauty.—Unto this spot
I turned when tired of a worldling's lot;
And I took my lyre and thought to find

* This Tale forms an episode in Madame de Genlis' "Petrarch et Laure." Fiammetta is supposed to have been the Daughter of Robert of Naples by a noble Lady, and, after having been educated in the deepest retirement, to have been publicly acknowledged, at the age of sixteen, by her royal father, and betrothed to the Young Prince of Aragon.

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The voice of a friend in the whispering wind,
And to make myself the companion of all
The flowers that start at the young spring's call;
And to soothe my heart with the mysteries,
Which in scenes like these so rifely rise;
That so my spirit, which had been worn
With the world's vain cares and passion's wildness,
Might grow into a mood of mildness—
—Alas! it was only more fiercely torn.—

It chanced as I wander'd, one sunny eve,
Under the lindens whose summits waved
In the gold Italian suns can leave,
Ere their fire in the glowing sea is laved—
My harp grew tuneful, and playfully
I carved my verse on the linden tree—
It was a song of love and gladness,
Gently dash'd with a touch of sadness,
Such as a lover is fond to bring
From his lyre, when his heart is sorrowing—
On the morrow, when the sun was high,
I wander'd those branching arbours by,
And lo! some kind and favouring hand
Had loosen'd the linden's clasping band,
Whereon I had carv'd my simple lay,
And had cared to bear the verse away—
Again I graved a grateful line,
And I came again with the morning's light,
And found that this worthless verse of mine
Had vanish'd with the shades of night.

Then my flattered heart grew curious,
And I haunted that spot like a sylvan power:
But the day passed on, and the evening hour
Came—but that which I wished came not—
—The heart's hopes will not be cheated thus—
So I made my bed in a myrtle bower;
And patiently, in this scented spot,
Outwatch'd the lustre of those eyes
Which sparkle in the cloudless skies—
But my eyelids droop'd not—for who would lose
The freshness of the night's soft dews,
Or who would slumber, when that mild bird
Which joys in the night-tide's calm, above
His leafy pillow is sweetly heard
Evermore chanting,—"I love, I love?"—

At last the East grew red, and a warm
And purple light o'er the landscape crept,
And the morning's breeze o'er my forehead swept,

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And I rose from my matin orison,
And was stepping forth, when the loveliest form
That my eye had ever rested on,
Bounded forwards with airy feet
Towards the bower of my retreat—
She saw me not, but pass'd and flew
To the spot where the smooth stemm'd lindens grew,
And when she found no fond verse there,
She look'd such a playful and sweet despair,
That perforce, my heart o'ermaster'd me,
And I pour'd at her feet an ecstasy
Of such trembling words and hopes, as they
Whom the Boy-god for their idolatry
Hath fiercely smitten, are fond to say—

The maiden at first in terror shrank
From my vivid tones—but she did not fly,
And a smile seem'd struggling with a sigh
Of fear—and yet methought she drank
My ardent accents pleasedly—
—'Tis vain—'tis vain—I cannot tell
Of days and hours, when such scenes return'd
Only to mock me with their fleetness,
And then to fade—when my spirit burn'd
Like a light from heaven, and my heart's full swell
Labour'd with its own load of sweetness,
—That light is quench'd and that heart grows cold—
Such are the raptures of earthly mould!

One moonlight night, when the breeze was sleeping
So deep, that the light leaves could not stir,
And it seem'd the spirits of calm were keeping
Their watch o'er the universe—we had walk'd
Beneath the moon-beams, and as we talked
Of our future hopes, I turn'd to her,
And question'd of her sire and race;
But the maiden turn'd aside her face
And sigh'd as in sorrow, and said her youth
Had never known a father's blessing;
And as she spoke, some tears of ruth
For her own fate fell from her eyes;
But then she check'd herself, for she
Was gladden'd with the sympathies
Of a mother's love, whose kind caressing
Had bless'd her childhood's purity.—
She said, that in this solitude
Her years on their dove-wings had flown
Guilelessly on, and she had known
Nor friend, nor dear companion, other
Than her most gentle, tender, mother;

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'Till my harp's sounds had dared intrude
Upon her heavenly sanctitude.

Thus flew our days, when suddenly
My royal master called on me—
For he was willing that among
His palace high festivities,
My voice should raise an humble song,
And he had bade his courtiers all
Attend a mystic festival;
And he had promised that all eyes
Should brighten up with strange surprise,
When he unveil'd the mystery.—
At last the evening came—and each,
Plumed in their richest pageantry,
With asking eye and eager speech,
Hastened to the gay palace: I
Meanwhile had striven skilfully
To weave some verses that might be
Worthy that royal jubilee:—
I took my harp and hastened on,
And mingled with the jewelled throng,
That fluttered like gay flies along,
Until I reached the throne whereon
The majesty of Naples' king
Was seated, 'mid a shining ring
Of his high nobles—by his side
The young and princely Aragon
Stood smiling; and behind the throne,
Drooping in many a graceful fold
Of silk, whose threads were mix'd with gold,
A curtain fell from loops which shone
With jewel'd light, from every eye
Concealing the high mystery.
The king arose—and drew aside
The folds, and every quick heart flutter'd,
And a bright flush of youthful pride
Over the brow of Aragon,
Like the first light of morning shone,
And his lips moved, as though they utter'd
Some words his heart dare hardly own.

I saw the curtain slowly move,
And lo! the lady of my love
Was seated in sweet majesty,
The gaze and marvel of each eye—
I saw her, and with frantic start
I sought to clasp her to my heart—
To my presumptuous heart.—In vain—
My limbs refus'd to move—my brain

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Grew hot; I could not speak nor hear,
Nor move—my sight alone was left.
—Enough to tell how dark and drear
My being was, of her bereft—
I questioned if I was awake—
I saw the king advance, and take
The hand of her he call'd his daughter;
And turning to young Aragon,
He gave it him—and then besought her
To love him as her lord: upon
My love's bright cheek the roses faded—
Her eyes met mine, and in that look
Spoke such sad sympathy, that mine
Could answer them with no rebuke—
I knew no more, my eyes were shaded
With a dark film. From forth the gay
And happy precincts of that scene
I fled—and it was many a-day
Ere I became what I had been.

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

From D'Israeli's "Literary Character."

THAT the dispositions of genius in early life presage its future character was long the feeling of antiquity. CICERO, in his Dialogue on Old Age, employs a beautiful analogy drawn from nature, marking her secret conformity in all things which have life and come from her hands; and the human mind is one of her plants.—"Youth is the vernal season of life, and the blossoms it then puts forth, are indications of those future fruits which are to be gathered in the succeeding periods." One of the masters of the human mind, after much previous observation of those who attended his lectures, would advise one to engage in political studies, exhorted another to compose history, elected these to be poets, and those to be orators. ISOCRATES believed that Nature had some concern in forming a man of genius, and tried to guess at her secret by detecting the first energetic inclination of the mind. Such, too, was the principle which guided the Jesuits, those other great masters in the art of education; who studied the characteristics of their pupils with such singular care, as to keep a secret register in their colleges, descriptive of their talents, and the natural turn of their dispositions. In some cases they guessed with remarkable felicity. They described Fontenelle, *adolescens omnibus numeris absolutus et inter discipulos princeps*, "a youth accomplished in every respect, and the model for his companions;" but when they described the elder Crebellon, *puer ingeniosus sed insignis nebulo*, "a shrewd boy, but a great rascal,"

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they might not have erred so much as they appear to have done: for an impetuous boyhood showed the decision of a character which afterwards misanthropically settled in imaginary scenes of horror, and inventing characters of unparalleled atrocity.

In the old romance of King Arthur, when a cowherd comes to the King to request he would make his son a knight, "'It is a great thing thou askest,' said Arthur, who enquired whether this intreaty proceeded from him or his son? The old man's answer is remarkable; 'Of my son, not of me; for I have thirteen sons, and all these will fall to that labour I put them; but this child will not labour for me, for any thing that I and my wife will do; but always he will be shooting and casting darts, and glad for to see battles, and to behold knights, and always day and night he desireth of me to be made a knight.' The King commanded the cowherd to fetch all his sons; they were all shapen much like the poor man; but TOR was not like none of them in shape and in countenance, for he was much more than any of them. And so Arthur knighted him." This simple tale is the history of genius—the cowherd's twelve sons were like himself, but the unhappy genius in the family, who perplexed and plagued the cowherd and his wife and his twelve brothers, was the youth averse to the common labour, and dreaming on chivalry amidst a herd of cows.

A man of genius is thus dropt among the people, and has first to encounter the difficulties of ordinary men, deprived of that feeble ductility which adapts itself to the common destination. Parents are too often the victims of the decided propensity of a son to a Virgil or a Euclid; and the first step into life of a man of genius, is disobedience and grief. LILLY, our famous astrologer, has described the frequent situation of such a youth, like the cowherd's son who would be a knight. LILLY proposed to his father that he should try his fortune in the metropolis, where he expected that his learning and his talents would prove serviceable to him; the father, quite incapable of discovering the latent genius of his son in his studious dispositions, very willingly consented to get rid of him; for as LILLY proceeds, "I could not work, drive the plough, or endure any country labour; my father oft would say I was *good for nothing*,"—words which the fathers of so many men of genius have repeated.

In reading the memoirs of a man of genius, we often reprobate the domestic persecutions of those who opposed his inclinations. No poet but is moved with indignation at the recollection of the tutor at the Port Royal, thrice burning the romance which RACINE at length got by heart; no geometrician but bitterly inveighs against the father of PASCAL for not suffering him to study Euclid, which he at length understood without studying. The father of PETRARCH burnt the poetical library of his son amidst the shrieks, the groans, and the tears of the youth. Yet this neither converted Petrarch into a sober lawyer, nor deprived him of the Roman laurel. The uncle of ALFIERI, for more than twenty years, suppressed the poetical character of this noble bard; he was a poet without knowing to write a verse, and nature, like a hard creditor, exacted with redoubled interest, all the genius which the uncle had so long kept from her. Such are the men whose in-

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herent impulse no human opposition, and even no adverse education can deter from being great men.

Let us, however, be just to the parents of a man of genius; they have another association of ideas concerning him than we; we see a great man, they a disobedient child; we track him through his glory, they are wearied by the sullen resistance of his character. The career of genius is rarely that of fortune or happiness; and the father, who may himself be not insensible to glory, dreads lest his son be found amidst that obscure multitude, that populace of mean artists, self-deluded yet self-dissatisfied, who must expire at the barriers of mediocrity.

If the youth of genius is struggling with a concealed impulse, he will often be thrown into a train of secret instruction which no master can impart. Hippocrates profoundly observed, that "our *natures* have not been taught us by any master." That faculty which the youth of genius in after life shall display, may exist long ere it is perceived; and it will only make its own what is homogeneous with itself: We may often observe how the mind of this youth stubbornly rejects whatever is contrary to its habits, and alien to its affections. Of a solitary character —for solitariness is the wild nurse of his contemplations—he is fancifully described by one of the race; and here fancies are facts:

> "He is retired as noontide dew,
> Or fountain in a noonday grove."

The romantic SIDNEY exclaimed, "Eagles fly alone, and they are but sheep which always herd together."

As yet this being, in the first rudiments of his sensations, is touched by rapid emotions, and disturbed by a vague restlessness; for him the images of nature are yet dim, and he feels before he thinks; for imagination precedes reflection. One truly inspired, unfolds the secret story:

> "Endowed with all that nature can bestow,
> The child of fancy oft in silence bends
> O'er the mix'd treasures of his pregnant breast
> With conscious pride. From thence he oft resolves
> To frame he knows not what excelling things,
> And win he knows not what sublime reward
> Of praise and wonder!"

GILBERT! GILBERT!

From "The Indicator."

THE idea generally conveyed to us by historians, of Thomas a Becket, is that of a mere haughty priest, who tried to elevate the religious power above the civil. But in looking more narrowly into the ac-

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counts of him, it appears that for a great part of his life he was a merry layman, was a great falconer, feaster, and patron, as well as man of business; and he wore all characters with such unaffected pleasantness to all ranks, that he was called the Delight of the Western World.

All on a sudden, to every body's surprise, Henry the Second, from chancellor made him archbishop; and with equal suddenness, though retaining his affability, the new head of the English church put off all his worldly graces and pleasures (save and except a rich gown over his sackcloth);—and in the midst of a gay court, became the most mortified of ascetics. Instead of hunting and hawking, he paced a solitary cloister; instead of his wine, he drank fennel-water; and in lieu of soft clothing, he indulged his back in stripes.

This phenomenon has divided the opinions of the moral critics. Some insist that Becket was religiously in earnest, and think the change natural to a man of the world whose heart had been struck with reflection. Others see in it nothing but ambition. We certainly think that three parts of the truth are with the latter; and that Becket, suddenly enabled to dispute a kind of sovereignty with his prince and friend, gave way to the new temptation, just as he had done to his falconry, and fine living. But the complete alteration of his way of life,—the enthusiasm which enabled him to set up so different a greatness against his former one,—shews, that his character partook at least of as much sincerity, as would enable him to delude himself in good taste. In proportion as his very egotism was concerned, it was likely that such a man would exalt the gravity and importance of his new calling. He had flourished at an earthly court; he now wished to be as great a man in the eyes of another; and worldly power, which was at once to be enjoyed and despised by virtue of his religious office, had a zest given to its possession, of which the incredulousness of mere insincerity could know nothing.

Thomas a Becket may have inherited his portion of the romantic from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, who was afterwards a flourishing citizen, was in his youth a soldier in the crusades; and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a personage who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady, with her loving heart, followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language,—London and Gilbert; and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street, pronouncing Gilbert. A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking of course a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—Gilbert! Gilbert! She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in prosperous condition. The crowd drew the fa-

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mily to the window; his servant recognised her: and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed, his far-come princess, with her solitary fond word.

These are better histories than the quarrels of kings and archbishops.

STANZAS.

From Moore's "Sacred Songs, Duets, and Trios."

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine,
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity?

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when,
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

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THE

CABINET;

OR

THE SELECTED BEAUTIES OF LITERATURE.

PART II.

CONTAINING

THE CACIQUE OF ONTARIO.
"O LEAVE THE LILY ON ITS STEM."
ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY. EVALINE. ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.
THE PROGRESS OF INCONSTANCY.
IMPROMTU.
LINES TO MY CHILDREN. THE CAVERN OF HOONGA.
THE TOO-EARLY OPENING FLOWER.
A FRENCHMAN. MAXIM. THE DISINTERMENT.
Kilmeny.
HELL'S BRIDGE. THE FIRST OF MARCH. THE WIFE.
ELEGY. MAN. LETTER.
THE FALLS OF OHIOFYLE.
STANZAS. ERIN MAVOURNEEN. HAPPINESS.
THE TROPICAL NIGHT.
EVENING THOUGHTS OF DEATH.
LETTER.

What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How in the name of thrift
Does he rake this together!

SHAKSPEARE.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN AITKEN, ST. ANTHONY'S PLACE.

1824.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The tale pointed out by N. O. will speedily appear; but unfortunately it will occupy a whole Number:—this, we trust, our readers will excuse, it being our determination that no article shall be continued from one Number to another.

Numerous Original Pieces of distinguished merit have been sent to us; but THE CABINET being wholly a work of *selection*, we regret, that, consistent with our plan, they cannot be inserted.

We have still to apologize to many highly valued Correspondents, to whom we tender our hearty thanks for the interest they have taken in our little Miscellany; by and bye they will perceive that their communications have not been neglected: meanwhile they must not relax in their kind exertions.

Each weekly Number of the CABINET contains Sixteen Pages, closely and beautifully printed on Crown Octavo; and its object being to select and combine all the scattered excellence of our Literature, every Number contains an interesting Tale, and other pieces in PROSE and VERSE of decided merit.

A Title and general Index will be given with the last Number of each volume, when the titles of the different *Parts* may be cancelled.

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CACIQUE OF ONTARIO:

An Indian Tale.

From Adams' "Elegant Tales."

MARANO, amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She sought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were full of tender anxiety; and her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

"When will he return!" she said; "my beloved Oneyo! the husband of my affections! How I long to behold him! Ye waves of Ontario, convey him to his native shore; restore him to his friends; restore him to my tender embrace. O when shall I behold him? When will the swift canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft the hero to his gladsome isle! Yes, thou happy isle; thy rocks, thy resounding glades and thy forests shall then rejoice. Gladness shall be in the village. The elders shall come forth to receive him. The festival shall be prepared. Ah me! peradventure he hath perished! Or now expires in some bloody field! Impetuous in his valour, and eager in the ardour of youth, perchance he rushes on the foe, and falls!" While Marano thus indulged her inquietude, the venerable Ononthio was drawing nigh to console her. He had perceived the uneasiness of her soul, and had followed her unobserved from the village. He was the father of Oneyo, one of the elders of the nation, revered for his wisdom, and beloved for his humanity. Temperate in his youth, and active in his old age, he was vigorous and cheerful. The furrows on his brow were not those of anxiety, but of time. His gait was stately, and his aspect gracious. He loved Marano with the affection of a father. "Be comforted," he said; "give not thy soul to despondency. The Great Spirit who rides in the whirlwind, and speaks from the passing thunder, the father and governor of all things, will protect thee. But to merit his favour, be resigned to his will. It is impious to anticipate misery, and render ourselves unhappy before we are actually afflicted. Yet capricious, in-

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consistent mortals, timid at once and presumptuous, tremble with the imagination of danger, and complain as if their sufferings were real. They create miseries to themselves, and arrogantly charge them on the Almighty. Beware, my daughter, beware of rebellion against the Almighty Spirit. If you repine inconsiderately, if you complain without actual cause, you rebel. He hath commanded us to be happy, he is ever offended with our disobedience; but if we encourage groundless anxiety, we disobey. By destroying your own tranquillity, you are no less an enemy to the general system of happiness he hath ordained, than if you injured the peace of another. Be comforted. Oneyo may soon return loaded with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the gallant warriors of France."

"To see my husband return in safety," she replied, "is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition to my joy." The Indian seemed astonished. "Have you forgotten," she continued, "that I myself am a Briton? That I was carried violently from my father's house, when the Outagami ravaged our land, and carried terror to the gates of Albany? My parents perished. I was yet a child, but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother of riper years was rescued, but I became the prey of their fury. Since that time, many years are elapsed; yet at the name of Briton, my bosom glows with peculiar transport."

"I fondly imagined," answered the Indian, "that you loved us. We named you after the manner of our tribe. But your affections are estranged, and you languish for the land of your fathers. I called you my daughter; but, Marano, you would leave me." Uttering these words, he looked tenderly upon her. "You would leave me!" he repeated, and a tear rose in his eye. Marano was affected. She clasped his hand, and pressed it to her lips. "No, I will never leave thee. My heart is thine and my beloved Oneyo's. I revere thee. Can I forget thy compassion? Can I forget the dreadful day, when the Outagami, in an assembly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their god Areakoui. You were present on an embassy from your people. Oneyo, in the bloom of early years, had accompanied his father. He was beside you. He sighed when he beheld me weeping. Alas! I was feeble, friendless, and beset with foes. Oneyo intreated you to relieve me. Your own heart was affected, you interposed in my behalf, you redeemed me and called me yours. Oneyo hastened to my deliverance; he loosened my fetters, and clasped me to his breast. Our affection grew with our years: you beheld it with kind indulgence, and ratified our wishes with your consent. I have heard of European refinements, of costly raiment, and lofty palaces; yet to me the simplicity of these rocks and forests seems far more delightful. But if Oneyo returns not, I am undone. Many moons have arisen since, with the flower of our tribe, he departed. The matrons are already wailing for their sons.—Oneyo, alas! is impetuous, and the warriors of Albion are undaunted. The blood of their foes has already tinged the Ohio; Canada trembled at their approach, and may ere now have become the prize of their valour. Ah me! if thy son hath fallen, grief will subdue thee. I know the tenderness of thine affection, it will pull thee down to the

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grave. Who then will be a comforter to me? Who will be my friend? Among a strange people, I have no father to protect me, no brother to counsel and give me aid."

Ononthio was about to reply, when an Indian from the village accosted them. He told them with a sorrowful aspect, that the hopes of their tribe were blasted, for that some Indians of a neighbouring nation, having returned from Canada, brought certain intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends; that they had with difficulty escaped; that Oneyo was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle; that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have fallen a victim to their fury.

Marano was overwhelmed. Ononthio heaved a sigh; but the hapless condition of his daughter, and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended and relieved his sorrow. "If my son hath fallen," he said, "he hath fallen as became a warrior. His praise shall be preserved by his kindred, and descend to posterity in the war song. His name shall terrify the European, when the chieftains of future times, rushing fierce from the forests, shall surround his habitations at midnight, and raise the yell of death in his ear. Oneyo shall not die unrevenged." "He shall not," interrupted the Indian. "The messengers of our misfortune hovered after the discomfiture of their allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a party of the foe; they have brought captives to our islands: the elders of the nation are now assembled: they have doomed them a sacrifice to the memory of the dead, and defer their execution only till your arrival." "Alas!" said Marano, "the sacrifice of a captive will afford me small consolation. Will the death of a foe restore life to my husband, or heal his ghastly wounds, or reanimate his breathless bosom? Leave me to my woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely mountains. Here I will not long be a sojourner. I will away to my love. I will meet him beyond the deserts, in some blissful valley, where no bloody foe shall invade us. Leave me to my sorrow, for I will not live." She entreated in vain; the Indian was urgent, and Ononthio seconded his solicitation.

That nation of Indians of which Oneyo was a leader, inhabited an island in the lake Ontario. Their principal village was situated by a pleasant stream, issuing from a rock, and running through a narrow valley into the lake. The surrounding hills were adorned with forests. The adjacent meadows were arrayed with verdure, or enamelled with flowers. The village was of a circular form, and was fenced by a wooden palisade. The walls of the cottages were composed of green turf, with interwoven branches, and the roofs were covered with reeds and withered leaves. Every thing was simple. No pompous pillars, embellished with quaint devices, and the parade of masonry, lifted the lofty edifice to the skies. No magnificent temples, no threatening battlements, no stupendous domes nor palaces, flattered the vanity of priests, politicians, and soldiers. The young men of the nation, in the prime of health and vigour, were usually engaged in the chace. Their principal business was to provide sustenance for the community, or to defend them against any hostile assault. The women, and all who were too old or too young to engage in any toilsome or hazardous en-

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terprise, remained at the village, and had a variety of occupations, suited to their age and condition. They improved some adjacent fields for the culture of maize and other salutary plants. They also cultivated medicinal herbs, studied their virtues, and prepared them for use. The women, besides the care of their children, and other domestic concerns, were dexterous in weaving apparel, the materials of which were supplied by the rind of odoriferous trees, and in extracting tinctures from various herbs and blossoms, to stain the faces of their warriors, and render their aspect more terrible in the field. They were particularly ingenious in weaving strings and girdles of wampum. These, according as the colours were variously combined, served them as tokens of friendship to their kindred, allies, and the captives whom they adopted into their tribe. Their children were early inured to labour, danger, and fatigue; and were soon initiated in the use of the bow, the oar, the tomahawk, and the javelin. When their young men returned from the chace, or any warlike expedition, the whole village was a scene of joy and festivity. Both old and young mingled in the dance, and recorded the exploits of their warriors in the song. But when any business of consequence was to be transacted, every thing was conducted with gravity and composure. The elders of the village who were promoted to authority, not by fraud or violence, but who were revered agreeably to the simplicity of nature, for their wisdom and experience, assembled in an open space in the centre of the village, and dliberated beneath a venerable oak. The business was proposed, and every one declared his opinion sedately and without interruption. Their decrees were ratified by a majority of voices, and every one acquiesced in their decisions. In this manner they lived innocent and happy. As they had no particular property, they were untainted with the love of wealth, that bane of social felicity, that poison of the heart. As they possessed everything in common, they knew not the pangs of avarice, nor the torment of apprehended poverty. No sort of consequence was conferred by riches, and they were innocent of guile, perfidy, and oppression. Power and authority could only be obtained by superior and acknowledged merit; they were exerted without any vain parade; there was therefore no room for ambition, no occasion of envy, nor any incitement to revenge. Temperate and inured to labour, they were brave, vigorous, and active. Their affections of love and friendship, as they were unwarped by unnatural distinctions, and unrestrained by supercilious and pedantic formalities, were ardent and unaffected. They expressed their emotions with all the freedom and simplicity of nature; their joy was rapturous, and their sorrow vehement.

They were therefore no sooner informed of the death of Oneyo and of their brethren than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentation. The matrons, with rent garments, and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crowded around the captives, whom, in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The elders were assembled; the boiling caldron into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment, were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire; the knives, tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful ar-

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ray, and the prisoners, loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

Though Marano was deeply affected, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader, in the prime of youth, was comely, vigorous, and graceful. The sullenness of undaunted and indignant valour was pourtrayed by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye, full of ardour and invincible firmness, surveyed the preparations of death with indifference, and shot defiance on the foe. His followers, though valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution; their features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but turning to their leader, they were struck with his unshaken boldness, they resumed their native courage, and armed their minds with becoming fortitude. Marano sighed. The sense of her own misfortune was for a moment suspended. "Peradventure," said she in her soul, "this valiant youth like Oneyo may be lamented. Some tender maiden, to whom his faith has been plighted, may now languish for his return. Some aged parent whom he supported, and whose infirmities he relieved, may be sighing anxiously for his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and forsaken like me, may by his death be made desolate. She then reflected on her own condition, and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into captivity in her early years, she was a stranger to her people, and to her kindred. Her husband no longer existed, and he who had been to her as a father, overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into the grave. Yet alive to compassion, she was moved for the unhappy victims. She admired the magnanimity of their leader, and in regarding him she felt unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not express. She longed to accost him. He was of her nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endeavour to save him! Could she behold him tortured, nor shed a tear for his sufferings! Meantime one of the elders of the nation made a signal to the multitude. Immediate silence ensued. Then with a look of stern severity he thus addressed himself to the captive. "The caldron boils, the axe is sharpened. Be prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit of the deceased is yet among us; he lingers on the mountains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you a parent or a friend? they shall never behold thee. Prepare for torture and painful death." "Inflict your tortures," he replied, "my soul contemns them. There are no parents to lament for Sidney. In Albany they were massacred; massacred by inhuman Indians. I had a sister—I lost her. She was carried into captivity, and became the victim of your savage fury. I have friends, but they are fearless, for they are Britons. Inflict your tortures, my soul contemns them; but remember the day of vengeance shall overtake you."

Marano was astonished.—"Of Albany! Reft of his parents by the sword! And of a sister!" Suffice it to say, he was her brother. Mutual was their amazement and their affection. She fell on his throbbing breast. He received her into his arms. His soul was softened. Marano for a time was speechless. At length weeping, and in broken accents, "And have I found thee! a brother to solace and support

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me! who will soothe me with sympathizing tenderness! who will guide me through the weary wilderness of my sorrow! who will be to me as a parent! I was desolate and forlorn, my soul languished and was afflicted, but now I will endure with patience." Then turning to the astonished multitude, "He is my brother! Born of the same parents! If I have ever merited your favour, O save him from destruction." They were deeply affected. "Be not dismayed," said Ononthio; he spoke with the consent of the elders. "Be not dismayed. The brother of Marano shall be to us as Oneyo." Then addressing himself with an air of dignity to the stranger, "Young man, I have lost a son, Marano a husband, and our nation a gallant warrior. He was slain by the people of your land, and we are desirous of gratifying his spirit before it passes the mountains, by offering a sacrifice to his memory. But you are the brother of Marano; by her intercession, we have changed our design, and adopt you into our tribe. Be a brother to our people, and to me a son. Supply the place of the dead; and as you possess his valour, and steady boldness, may you inherit his renown. So saying, he presented to him the Calumet of peace, and a girdle of wampum. Sidney listened to him with respect, but expressed amazement at a change so unexpected. "To have given him his life would not have surprised him, but the transition from resentment to ardent and immediate friendship, exceeded his comprehension." "You reason," answered the Indian, "according to the maxims of Europeans, whose external guise is imposing, but whose souls are treacherous and implacable. They array their countenance with smiles, while perfidy is in their bosoms, and they give the hand of friendship while they meditate injury. As their resentments are ever mingled with malice, they are lasting. They are not satisfied with testifying a sense of injury or insult sufficient to secure them from future wrong, but endeavour to ruin the offender, and overwhelm him with utter infamy. Conscious of the bitterness of their own souls, they impute a corresponding temper to their adversaries. Their resentment, instead of being lessened by gratification, grows inveterate by fear, it waxes into hatred, and thus it becomes easier for them to forgive the wrong they suffer, than the injury they inflict. The implacable unforgiving temper produced by malevolence, timidity, and conscious weakness, ever predominates in effeminate and feeble natures. But the resentment of generous souls is liberal, and leaves room for reconciliation and future friendship. Men of mild and benevolent dispositions, unpolluted by covetous or ambitious desires, and therefore unembittered by their unhappy effects, by envy, rancour, and malice, are magnanimous without any effort, ever desirous of being forgiven, and ever apt to forgive. You were about to suffer death, and you accuse us in your heart of cruelty. But it is uncandid to pronounce of any man, to whom the Great Spirit hath imparted reason and reflection, that he is more depraved than the wild beasts of the desert: for even they are not cruel but in their own defence, and for their own preservation. Judge not, therefore, of our conduct till you are acquainted with our motives, and have reflected on our condition. He truly is barbarous and inhuman, who, to satisfy some lewd or selfish appetite, unworthy of rea-

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son, unworthy of human nature, destroys the peace of the innocent, practises guile against the unsuspecting, oppresses the feeble and defenceless, betrays the friend of his bosom, or sells the freedom of his people for gold. But the simple Indian is not inhuman. Our reason may be obscured, but our principles are innocent. Our passions may be excessive, but they are nor corrupt. Deeply afflicted for the calamity that hath befallen us, and moved with high veneration for the memory of a gallant warrior, we thought of gratifying his spirit, and of paying a tribute due to his virtues. As we grieve not for the deceased who is happy, and whose memory will be for ever revered, but for ourselves who are deprived of him, our intention was not to injure you, but to honour the dead. You was about to suffer death; but to a resolute undaunted warrior, death is not an injury; it exempts him from corporeal infirmities, and conveys him to the western vales of the blessed. Death is not a misfortune but to the feeble, to those whose lives have dishonoured their memory, who disgrace their nature by unseemly fears, and affront the Almighty with their distrust. We admired your intrepidity and perseverance; and conscious of having entertained no sentiment of hatred or malignity against you, nor any intention of exposing your memory to insult or contempt, without fear or reserve we now offer you our friendship."

"Can I," answered the European, filled with astonishment and admiration, "who am of a different origin, born of a people whom you have reason to execrate, and the votary of a different religion, can I be adopted into your nation?"

"It is the language of prejudice," replied Ononthio; "the simple unaffected Indian, the child of nature, unwarped by servile prepossessions, is a stranger to your distinctions. Is not the Great Spirit the father of us all? Are we not all children of the same family? And have we not in the structure, both of body and mind, undoubted evidence of the same original? Nature, ever wise and provident for her children, attaches us to our friends, and rivets in magnanimous souls the unshaken love of their country. But nature never commanded us to hate or contemn the stranger. Avoid the contagion of vice, avoid all those whose corrupt and degenerate nature may contaminate the purity of your innocence, and infect your bosom with guilt. But every other distinction, estranging us from mankind, and setting us at variance with society, is the offspring of pride and ignoble prejudice. That you are of a different religion I deny. Like the Indian, you acknowledge the power, wisdom, and benignity of the creating Spirit: It matters not though the external form and mode of your acknowledgement be different, or though you discover his clemency and omnipotence in extraordinary and peculiar displays. Enjoy your faith, your freedom, and the love of your country; but give us your friendship and intrepid valour.

To this he replied, "Though I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, though I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe."

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"Away with your culture and refinement!" said Ononthio. "Do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid? Do they enable you to despise pain and acquiesce in the will of Heaven? Do they inspire you with patience, resignation, and fortitude? No! They unnerve the soul; they render you feeble, plaintive, and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites? No! They promote intemperance and mental anarchy. They give loose reins to disorder. The parents of discontent and disease! Away with your culture and refinement! Do they better the heart or improve the affections? The heart despises them. Her affections arise spontaneous. They require no culture. They bloom unbidden. They are essential to our existence, and nature hath not abandoned them to our caprice. All our affections, as we receive them from nature, are lively and full of vigour. By refinement they are enfeebled. How exquisite the sensations of youth! In the early season of life ye are moved with every tale of distress, and mingle tears of sympathy with every sufferer. You are then incapable of perfidy, and hold vice in abhorrence. In time ye grow callous; ye become resigned; your feelings are extinguished: ye scoff at benevolence, and reckon friendship a dream. Ye become unjust and perfidious; the slaves of avarice and ambition; the prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away with your refinement! enjoy the freedom and simplicity of nature. Be guiltless—be an Indian."

Meantime the arrival of some canoes, filled with armed warriors, attracted the notice of the assembly. They were transported with ecstasy and surprise when they descryed the ensign of their nation, and recognized some of their brethren whom they imagined slain. The hopes of Marano were revived. She enquired eagerly for Oneyo. "He perished," answered an Indian. She grew pale; her voice faultered; faint and speechless, she fell back on the throbbing breast of Ononthio. "He perished," continued the Indian, "and with him the prime of our warriors. The armies of France and Britain were marshalled beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the havock of battle. The earth trembled with the shock of the onset. The air was tortured with repeated peals. The commanders of both armies were slain. Their fall was glorious, for their souls were undaunted. Resentment inflamed the combatants. Keen and obstinate was the encounter. Albion at length prevailed. Her sons, like a rapid torrent, overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We counselled Oneyo to retire. Raging against the foe, and performing feats of amazing valour, we saw him environed beyond all hope of retreat. We saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior, who brandished a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy him. We hastened from the field of death. We tarried some time in the adjacent forests, and observed the progress of the foe. The walls of our allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will pursue us; and our shield, our gallant warrior—our Oneyo—is no more."

This melancholy recital filled the audience with lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the sudden astonishment of the narrator. Casting his eyes accidentally on the Briton, "Seize him! tear him!" he

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exclaimed; "his was the lifted sword I beheld! It was he cleft the breast of our chieftain! It was he that destroyed him."

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed. "I am innocent of his blood," said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of Ononthio in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and invectives. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. Marano distracted with contending woes, "Spare him! spare him!" exclaimed, "He is my brother!" fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, "whose hands are red with the blood of my husband! and was there none but thee to destroy him?" "Tear him!" exclaimed the multitude. Marano clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanour, "Bloody, bloody though he be, I will defend him or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred gore shall be mingled." The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the resistless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness, and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. Ononthio took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with parental love and authority. His hoary locks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his countenance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent; spoke the language of feeling, and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted Marano, and conveyed the captives to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, "Tell me," said he to the Briton, "are you guiltless of the death of my son?" "I know not," he replied; for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage. "I know not whom I have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt." "Young man," said Ononthio, full of solicitude and parental tenderness, "O reflect on a father's feelings. I had an only son. He was valiant. He was the prop and solace of my old age: if he hath gone down to darkness and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the Great Spirit shall reward thee." While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed,—"O tell me if my son survives."

"I slew him not," he replied. "I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I was a stranger. In the heat of the encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life." "Briton," said he, with a resolute tone, "think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose life depends upon mine: the wife of my bosom is a stranger among my people, and I alone can protect her." "Generous youth," I replied, "go, comfort and protect thy friends. I sent him forthwith from the field. I never enquired into his condition; for in preserving him I obeyed my heart." Marano and Ononthio

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were overjoyed. But reflecting that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture of their allies, and that hitherto they had received no intelligence of Oneyo, their joy suffered abatement.

Meantime Ononthio counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till by his influence and authority he had appeased the violence of his brethren. "Judge not unfavourably of my nation," said he, "from this instance of impetuosity. They follow the immediate impulse of nature, and are often extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will soon abate, and reason will resume her authority. You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted; luxuriant, but not corrupt. My brethren are wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they are utter strangers."

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm and unclouded. The full-orbed moon, in serene and solemn majesty, arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The grey nills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons, who lamented the untimely neath of their sons. Marano with the captives, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow, unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. Marano conversed long with her brother; she poured out her soul in his sympathizing bosom; she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprised them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocently on the lips of Marano; her countenance was ineffably tender, and her tresses lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of Sidney, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacence. Calm and unruffled was their repose, they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory had now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boatmen, silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear, armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was Oneyo. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skilful application of herbs and balsams, his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

"I will return secretly," he said. "I will enjoy the sorrow and re-

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gret of Marano and of my brethren, who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy the ecstasy of their affection, and their surprize on my unexpected arrival. My lovely Marano now laments unconsoled; I will hasten to relieve her, and press her weeping with joy to my faithful, transported bosom."

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture that occupied the soul of Oneyo, when he discovered Marano in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling, he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognised her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, "Faithless and inconstant!" he cried, "and is this my expected meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence!" Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognised his deliverer. Surprise and horror seized him. "Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life he preserved. Would to Heaven he had slain me! Thus injured and betrayed, Oneyo shall not live. Thou great Universal Spirit, whose path is in the clouds! whose voice is in the thunder! and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for Oneyo will not live." He sighed. "One look, one parting look of my love. I believed her faithful—for her I lived—for her I die." He advanced towards her—he gazed on her with anguish and regret. She will not weep for me! faithless and inconstant! she will exult! Exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed! To give her love to a stranger!" He paused—trembled—his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild; he grasped his javelin.—Marano named him: her voice was soft and plaintive, her visions were of Oneyo. "O come!" she said; "hasten to thy love! Tarry not, my Oneyo! How I long to behold thee!" "For this," said he, "I'll embrace thee!" He embraced her—she awaked, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. "Away!" he cried; "go cherish thy stranger! Away perfidious!" She followed him trembling and aghast. "He is my brother." "Thy brother!"—"Stranger!" said he to the Briton, who now approached him, "you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me, then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life?"

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the village. Ononthio received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

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FRAGMENT.

O LEAVE the lily on its stem,
O leave the rose upon the spray,
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids,
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough,
This morn around my harp you twin'd,
Because it fashioned mournfully,
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear what cruel wrongs
Befel the Dark Ladie.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve,
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

O ever in my waking dreams,
I dwell upon that happy hour,
When midway on the Mount I sate,
Beside the ruined Tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve.

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my harp,
Amid the lingering light.

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I played a sad and doleful air,
I sung an old and moving story;
An old rude song, that fitted well
The ruins wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight who wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And how for ten long years he wooed
The Ladie of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
In which I told another's love,
Interpreted my own!

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And how he roamed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night:

And how he crossed the woodman's path,
Through briars and swampy mosses beat,
How boughs, rebounding, scourged his limbs,
And low stubs gored his feet:

How sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An Angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And how unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a lawless band,
And saved, from outrage worse than death,
The Ladie of the Land:

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And meekly strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain:

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And how she nurs'd him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When, on the yellow forest leaves,
A dying man he lay:

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice, and pausing harp,
Disturb'd her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long:

She wept with pity and delight,—
She blushed with love and maiden shame,
And like the murmurs of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs,—
I could not chuse but love to see
Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glowed, she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept,
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She flew to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms—
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see
The swelling of her heart!

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

And now once more a tale of woe,
A woeful tale of love I sing,
For thee, my Genevieve! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

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When last I sung the cruel scorn
  That crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And how he roamed the mountain woods,
  Nor rested day nor night:

I promis'd thee a sister-tale
  Of Man's perfidious cruelty;
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
  Befel the Dark Ladie.
* * * * * *

COLERIDGE.

ADDRESS

TO THE

MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

From the "New Monthly Magazine."

AND thou hast walk'd about, (how strange a story!)
  In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnomium was in all its glory,
  And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
  Thou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
  Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts, or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
  To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
  Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
  By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,
Then say what secret melody was hidden
  In Memnon's statue which at sunrise play'd?

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Perhaps thou wert a *Priest*—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has nob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman Soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have above ground seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears down that dusky cheek have rolled:—
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

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EVALINE.

From "The Druid."

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE pernicious effects of too much indulgence to children are, in general, obvious to all but the over-fond parent. The neglect of a little salutary discipline, during the period of youth, proves, indeed, very frequently the bane of happiness throughout every after stage of life. It is, however, an evil which proceeds not from corrupt dispositions, but is rather what might be called an amiable weakness. Yet it ought to be carefully guarded against, even for the sake of the objects so dearly beloved.

We seldom fail to find a child losing the regard of every one else, just in proportion as he receives improper indulgence from his parents. He of course becomes untoward, haughty, and petulant; and is in danger of growing up like Esau, with a hand raised against every one, and every one's hand upraised against him. Accustomed to the gratification of all his desires, he can ill brook control or disappointment, and is apt to become impetuous upon every occasion of restraint and provocation, either real or imaginary.

The lasting influence of these intemperate early habits too often mars the happiness of social connexions. From them proceeds the turbulent and overbearing husband, and the self-willed and undutiful wife. It is, therefore, the duty of the guardians of youth,—as they love them and prize their future prosperity, to guard against this fatal error. They ought, also, to watch over, and study the different dispositions of their minds, and to endeavour, accordingly, to arrange their mode of individual treatment.

Evaline was the only daughter of respectable parents. Engagements in an extensive business kept her father much from home; and her mother was of a weakly and delicate constitution. Evaline was their all; and their affection for her knew no bounds. She was, therefore, brought up with every indulgence which this excess of fondness could draw forth. She early contracted an intimate friendship with Agnes, the daughter of a widow lady, who had been left with a numerous family, and lived in the immediate neighbourhood. Agnes was educated with ideas very different from those of her young friend, having been,

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of necessity and from principle, taught the profitable lesson of industry, and frugal economy, and to consider health and intellectual powers as given for higher purposes than the amusement of the possessor. The mispending of time, and the misapplication of these precious endowments, was impressed upon her mind as being a source of never-failing unhappiness and calamity to the infatuated abusers of such inestimable blessings. As she had learned from experience, that useful employment constitutes pleasure, and is pregnant with advantage, it prevented time from appearing tedious; and ennui was only known to her by name.

The two friends were nearly of an age, and happened to be married much about the same time. Agnes was united to a deserving man, whose dispositions exactly coincided with her own. They had not wealth, but enjoyed a competency, and were contented and happy. Evaline became the wife of a worthy man, possessed of an ample fortune. He was enamoured of her beauty, which in a great measure blinded him to her foibles, although these were but too obvious to others. Her conduct after marriage, however, proved so glaring, that his eyes, though reluctantly, were at last opened. *Dress, equipage, and visiting*, engrossed all her thoughts and attention. Her disappointed husband fondly cherished the expectation, that time and reflection might bring round a reform; but in this he found himself greatly mistaken. In due time she brought him a son. He now hoped that the career of folly would be at an end, and flattered himself that her attention would naturally be turned to an object so interesting. But no change in the lady's conduct took place. She soon informed him that a nurse must be provided for the child, because she would undergo neither the fatigue nor the confinement which the discharge of that duty required. He ventured to expostulate, but was upbraided with an unfeeling disregard of her happiness.

She next became the parent of a lovely daughter, without being diverted from her injurious propensities by a concern for her tender charge. Matters daily growing worse; and, although she saw her husband unhappy, she did not wish to consider herself the cause. As she could not endure the want of company, she became less select in her choice, and more extravagant in her follies, until the tongue of censure at length began to exaggerate them into enormous crimes. Her husband could no longer remain silent; and, as she did not choose to be admonished, a very unpleasant altercation took place. In the course of this, she branded him with want of affection, and questioned his ever having entertained for her the regard which he professed. She supposed his motives from the beginning were mercenary; and that now, having obtained her fortune, he began to discover his dislike of her person. She had, however, been always accustomed to gratify and follow her own inclinations, and had never, even when a child, met with either check or remonstrance from those who had a much better title to apply them, had they thought such interference necessary. She concluded with adding, that he might spare himself the pain and trouble of expressing them, as she was not disposed either to listen to his dictates, or attend to his admonitions. To the last part of her speech he made no reply, but throughout the remainder of the day appeared thought-

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ful and reserved; and when he addressed her, it was with a studied civility which she could not help feeling. Next morning he ordered his horse; and having put a paper into her hand, and told her that he would not return until the following day, he mounted and rode off. She hastily broke the seal and read the following letter:—

"My dear Evaline—For such you still are, in despite of your errors and my sufferings; I do not yet consider you wicked, although I much fear you are on the high-way to ruin and infamy. As I, therefore, feel myself unequal to the task of combating the evil effects of your early habits, I have now resolved to restore you to the charge of those, under whose auspices they were formed. I shall give you these three reasons, by which I have been influenced in forming this resolution. The first is, that your ruin may not be accomplished while under my protection; the second, a dread of the evil consequences your giddy example may have upon our little ones; and the third, a desire of mutual peace. Alas! how soon have my high-formed hopes of conjugal felicity passed away like a morning cloud: and left me forlorn and wretched! My house is become *a scene of riot*, and the beloved of my bosom cannot spare an hour's attention to a fond husband and his helpless children.

"I shall, however, satisfy you that my motives in forming the connection have been every thing but mercenary. You shall carry back the full sum I received as your dowry: and as you set a much higher value upon it than I do, to this shall be added another, not unworthy of your acceptance. Although your improvidence and *profusion* might soon have put it out of my power, I have still enough for my own wants, and wherewith to educate my children in the way I approve. With these wrecks of my blasted prospects, I shall retire to some peaceful seclusion; where, by devoting my whole attention to the formation of their youthful minds, I will endeavour to guard them against those habits, by the effects of which I am now overwhelmed with distress. The plan of your departure I expect will be arranged before my return; and may you ever be happier than is your sorrowful, but affectionate HUSBAND.'

Evaline was thunder-struck. She had no idea of matters being brought to such a crisis. While she could not repress a sensation of conscious shame, she at the same time knew not how to act, as it would be so humiliating to make the matter known to any of her fashionable acquaintances. She now thought of Agnes, who, since her marriage, had been by her forgotten and neglected. She instantly set out to call upon her early friend, and found her busily engaged in the management of her family, with a lovely child in her arms, and another at her knee. Agnes received her with unaffected kindness; and after repeated efforts, learned from her the object of her visit, and was permitted to read the letter. This being done, she remained silent until her friend, having urged her to speak her mind freely, begged her counsel and advice. "My dear Evaline," said Agnes, hesitatingly, "then, I must say I think you are to be blamed, very much to be blamed." "Well then," replied Evaline in faltering accents, "allowing that to be the case, what would you advise me to do?" "Just,"

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answered Agnes, "the only thing you can do to reestablish yourself in the regard of your husband, and in the esteem of the world, and to secure your own happiness and honour;—you ought to receive your husband on his return, with every mark of penitence and submission. You ought to make a thousand concessions, though he do not require them. But you must first resolve firmly within yourself, that your future life shall be devoted to make atonement to him for the errors of the past."—"But do you think," replied Evaline, with tears streaming from her eyes, "that he can receive me with forgiveness, or love me as formerly?" "Yes," said Agnes, "I think he will. His affection seems to be still within your reach; but one step farther might put it for ever out of your power. Do but read that letter dispassionately, and see what an affectionate husband you have rendered unhappy."

Evaline was silent, and appeared much humbled. She took an affectionate leave of Agnes, and returned home, secluded herself to ponder over the past, and to prepare her mind for future conduct. Upon a serious retrospection, she felt extremely dissatisfied. The longer she considered her own imprudences, an increasing respect for her husband gradually arose in her mind, and she now anxiously longed for an opportunity of making those concessions to which she at first felt so much reluctance. Her husband returned, and before the repentant Evaline had completed an acknowledgement of her errors, she was inclosed in an embrace of forgiveness and love. She has now become as remarkable for conjugal affection, maternal solicitude, and every social virtue, as she had formerly been for levity and extravagance. Agnes is her confident and counsellor. She is a tender mother, and a dutiful wife. "Her husband is known in the gates, her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."—and in the words of the elegant Thomson,

They flourish now in mutual bliss, and rear
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.
Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
Iv'e seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.
The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow. WALTER SCOTT.

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ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER

IN THE FOREST OF DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE, ARGYLLSHIRE.

MAGNIFICENT Creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight:
For what hath the child of the desart to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—
—Hail! King of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! Idol divine!—whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up! up to yon cliff! like a King to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast—
Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest,
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright Apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestical mirth:
In daliance with danger, he bounded in bliss,
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean!
Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath pass'd on the wind,
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind!

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But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the sea—
Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around!
Each sight how sublime! and how awful each sound
All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams,
The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,—
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.
Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear—
—Aye! Time the destroyer in power hath been here;
And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
Like a black thunder cloud on the arch of the sky,
Hath gone, like that cloud, when the tempest came by.
Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decay'd,
Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are display'd
Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,—
The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
O'erhanging the desert the forests of old!
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
Like the heavens above them they never may fade.
The sunlight is on them—in silence they sleep—
A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.
—Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,—
And the hill-side is swinging, and roars with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound.
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore,
When the sea is at ebb; not a leaf nor a breath
To disturb the wild solitude, stedfast as death.

From his eyrie the eagle hath soar'd with a scream,
And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream;
—Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now?
—Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night!
Serene on thy travel—as soul in a dream—
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream,
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd as with light,
And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

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—His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison enclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold
Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!
How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life.
The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake,
Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake!
Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay springs:
'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,
The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf—
Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,
And circling the antlers, booms far far away.
While high up the mountains, in silence remote,
The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note,
And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies,
Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.
With wide-branching antlers a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest!
'Mid the grandeur of nature, compos'd and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
As if in his soul the bold Animal smil'd
To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, even hush'd in repose—
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
With a haughty defiance to come to the war!
No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.

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In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,—
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
In the wide ranging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
The new waken'd daylight, so bright and so still;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment all swim in an ocean of light:
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurl'd,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
The lightening of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him, that growls from the cloud,
To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noon-tide, with glittering motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aerial ocean—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told;
O'er the mountains a thousand plum'd hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.

Yes! child of the desert! fit quarry wert thou
For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer,
In splendour the tents on the green summit stood,
And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
And, silently built by a magical spell,
The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.
All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,
When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.

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Not lonely and single they passed o'er the height—
But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight;
And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread
Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.
—"Fall down on your faces!—the herd is at hand!"
—And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand;
Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain,
And rolling along with a crash to the plain;
Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock
With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock;
Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,
So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.
Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
Which still the rude bard in his solitude sings.
Oh reign of magnificence! vanish'd for ever!
Like music dried up in the bed of a river,
Whose course hath been chang'd! yet my soul can survey
The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
Yes! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to the shore.

I wake from my trance!—lo! the Sun is declining!
And the Black-mount afar in his lustre is shining.
—One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail!
Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale,
Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,
Or the floor is alive to her white twinkling feet.
Down, down like a bird to the depth of the dell!
—Vanish'd Creature! I bid thy far image farewell!

JOHN WILSON.

ON

THE INCONVENIENCES RESULTING FROM

BEING HANGED.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

"*To the Editor of the Reflector.*"*

SIR, I AM one of those unhappy persons whose misfortunes, it seems, do not entitle them to the benefit of pure pity. All that is bestowed upon me of that kindest alleviator of human miseries, comes dashed with a

* London 1810.

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double portion of contempt. My griefs have nothing in them that is felt as sacred by the bystanders. Yet is my affliction in truth of the deepest grain. The heaviest task that was ever given to mortal patience to sustain. Time, that wears out all other sorrows, can never modify or soften mine. Here they must continue to gnaw, as long as that fatal mark——

Why was I ever born? Why was innocence in my person suffered to be branded with a stain which was appointed only for the blackest guilt? What had I done, or my parents, that a disgrace of mine should involve a whole posterity in infamy? I am almost tempted to believe, that, in some pre-existent state, crimes to which this sublunary life of mine hath been as much a stranger as the babe that is newly born into it, have drawn down upon me this vengeance, so disproportionate to my actions on this globe.

My brain sickens, and my bosom labours to be delivered of the weight that presses upon it, yet my conscious pen shrinks from the avowal. But out it must——

O, Mr Reflector! guess at the wretch's misery who now writes this to you, when, with tears and burning blushes, he is obliged to confess, that he has been—HANGED——

Methinks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst from you, as your imagination presents to you fearful images of your correspondent unknown,—*hanged!*

Fear not, Mr Editor. No disembodied spirit has the honour of addressing you. I am flesh and blood, an unfortunate system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like yourself.

Then I presume you mean to be pleasant. That expression of yours, Mr Correspondent, must be taken somehow in a metaphorical sense.——

In the plainest sense, without trope or figure. Yes, Mr Editor, this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,—these hands have tremblingly held up the corroborative prayer-book,—these lips have sucked the moisture of the last consolatory orange,—this tongue has chaunted the doleful cantata which no performer was ever called upon to repeat,—this face has had the veiling night-cap drawn over it.

But for no crime of mine. Far be it from me to arraign the justice of my country, which, though tardy, did at length recognise my innocence. It is not for me to reflect upon the judge or jury, now that eleven years have elapsed since the erroneous sentence was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, and perhaps circumstances did appear at the time a little strong——

Suffice it to say, that after hanging four minutes, (as the spectators were pleased to compute it,—a man that is being strangled, I know from experience, has altogether a different measure of time from his friends who are breathing leisurely about him, I suppose the minutes lengthen as time approaches eternity, in the same manner as the miles get longer as you travel northward), after hanging four minutes, according to the best calculation of the bystanders, a reprive came, and I was cut DOWN——

Really, I am ashamed of deforming your pages with these technical phrases, if I knew how to express my meaning shorter.——

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But to proceed.—My first care, after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods, (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions, but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science), my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me; my next care was to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as the place where wounded honour (I had been told) could lurk with the least danger of exciting enquiry, and stigmatised innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

But alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connection which links together the head and members of this great community, my scheme of lying *perdu* was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish lawsuit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time, I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been candid enough to explain my perfect innocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that of all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether, were persons of strong but coarse minds; and from the absence of all delicacy in them, I suffered almost as much as from the super-abundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled, by the fidelity which they had shown towards me, to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude (because faithful) Achatesses. As they passed me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion and say, pointing to me, smoke his cravat, and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would enquire, what news from * * * Assizes? (which you may guess, Mr Editor, was the scene of my shame) and whether the sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would teaze me with enquiries how I felt when I was swinging, whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher, who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the

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person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a *few facts relative to resuscitation*, had the modesty to offer me —— guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! Mr Editor, the women,—whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,—the women began to shun me—this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldest thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Serephina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse of the rope, the leavings of the cord? Or that any analogy could subsist between the knot which binds true lovers, and the knot which ties malefactors.

I can forgive that pert baggage Flirtilla, who, when I complimented her one day on the execution which her eyes had done, replied, that to be sure, Mr ** was a judge of those things. But from thy more exalted mind, Celestina, I expected a more unprejudiced decision.

The person whose true name I conceal under this appellation, of all the women that I was ever acquainted with, had the most manly turn of mind, which she had improved by reading and the best conversation. Her understanding was not more masculine, than her manners and whole disposition were delicately and truly feminine. She was the daughter of an officer who had fallen in the service of his country, leaving his widow and Celestina, an only child, with a fortune sufficient to set them above want, but not to enable them to live in splendour. I had the mother's permission to pay my addresses to the young lady, and Celestina seemed to approve of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my overcharged soul in the presence of Celestina, complaining of the hard and unfeeling prejudices of the world; and the sweet maid has again and again declared, that no irrational prejudice should hinder her from esteeming every man according to his intrinsic worth. Often has she repeated the consolatory assurance, that she could never consider as essentially ignominious an *accident*, which was indeed to be deprecated, but which might have happened to the most innocent of mankind. Then would she set forth some illustrious example, which her reading easily furnished, of a Phocion or a Socrates unjustly condemned; of a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to whom late posterity had done justice; and by soothing my fancy with some such agreeable parallel, she would make me almost to triumph in my disgrace, and convert my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive conversations the time passed on, till I importunately urged the mistress of my affections to name a day for our union. To this she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I surprised one

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morning on the receipt of the following billet from my charmer :—

"SIR,—You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled by irresistible arguments to recal a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are in my own breast, and you must everlastingly remain a stranger to them. Assure yourself that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought. CELESTINA."

At the sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were, (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me), I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision, by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before three months were at an end, I learned from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another!

Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken; and it was not till some years after, that I learned the true reason from a female relation of hers, to whom it seems Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me (she was pleased to say) to all mankind; but when she came to lay the matter closer to her heart, she found that she never should be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words they were detailed to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a nightcap, who had appeared on a public platform; it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, to which this last and heaviest might well render me callous, behold me here, Mr Editor! in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation), cut off from all respectable connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community,—who in my case alone seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex; punished because I was once punished unjustly; suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling,

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stake in Barbary,—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scymetar of an executioneering slave in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to enquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic: for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance, be brought to view the real scene,—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed; but as a topic of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes which pass current in every street. But why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous? Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggar's Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollet it is a perfect *bon bouche*.—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn executions* in his time:—"Mr Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn-hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriffs men, parson, pickpockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one."—In this sportive strain does this misguided wit think proper to play with a subject so serious, which yet he would hardly have done, if he had not known that there existed a predisposition in the habits of his unaccountable countrymen to consider the subject as a jest. But what shall we say to Shakspeare, who, (not to mention the solution which the *Gravedigger* in *Hamlet* gives of his fellow workman's problem), in that scene in *Measure for Measure*, where the *Clown* calls upon *Master Barnardine* to get up and be hanged, which he declines on the score of being sleepy, has actually gone out of his way to gratify this amiable propensity in his countrymen; for it is plain, from the use that was to be made of his head, and from *Abhorson's* asking, "is the axe upon the block, sirrah?" that beheading, and not hanging, was the punishment to which *Barnardine* was destined. But Shakspeare knew that the axe and block were pregnant with no ludicrous images, and therefore falsified the historic truth of his own drama (if I may so speak) rather than he would leave out such excellent matter for a jest as the suspending of a fellow-creature in mid air has been ever esteemed to be by Englishmen.

One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd

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posture into which a man is thrown who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

As the wind you know will wave a man ;*

to behold the vacant carcase, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weather cock, serving to shew from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown; these are uses to which we cannot without a mixture of spleen and contempt behold the human carcase reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasels. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than with any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which an old prescription has thought fit to clothe the exite of malefactors in this country. Let a man do what he will to abstract from his imagination all idea of the whimsical, something of it will come across him when he contemplates the figure of a fellow-creature in the day-time (in however distressing a situation) in a nightcap. Whether it be that this nocturnal addition has something discordant with daylight, or that it is the dress which we are seen in at those times when we are "seen," as the Angel in Milton expresses it, "least wise;" this I am afraid will always be the case; unless indeed, as in my instance, some strong personal feeling overpower the ludicrous altogether. To me, when I reflect upon the train of misfortunes which have pursued me through life, owing to that accursed drapery, the cap presents as purely frightful an object as the sleeveless yellow coat and devil-painted mitre of the San Benitos.—An ancestor of mine, who suffered for his loyalty in the time of the civil wars, was so sensible of the truth of what I am here advancing, that on the morning of execution, no intreaties could prevail upon him to submit to the odious dishabile, as he called it, but he insisted upon wearing, and actually suffered in, the identical flowing periwig which he is painted in, in the gallery belonging to my uncle's seat in ——————shire.

Suffer me, Mr Editor, before I quit the subject, to say a word or two respecting the minister of justice in his country; in plain words, I mean the hangman. It has always appeared to me, that, in the mode of inflicting capital punishments with us, there is too much of the ministry of the human hand. The guillotine, as performing its functions more of itself, and sparing human agency, though a cruel and disgusting exhibition, in my mind, has many ways the advantage over *our way*. In beheading, indeed, as it was formerly practised in England, and in whipping to death, as is sometimes practised now, the hand of man is no doubt sufficiently busy; but there is something less repugnant in these downright blows, than in the officious barber-like ministrings of the other. To have a fellow with his hangman's hands

* Hieronimo in the Spanish tragedy.

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fumbling about your collar, adjusting the thing as your valet would regulate your cravat, valuing himself on his menial dexterity——

I never shall forget meeting my rascal,—I mean the fellow who officiated for me,—in London last winter. I think I see him now,—in a waistcoat that had been mine,—smirking along as if he knew me——

In some parts of Germany that fellow's office is by law declared infamous, and his posterity incapable of being ennobled. They have hereditary hangmen, or had at least, in the same manner as they had hereditary other great officers of state, and the hangmen's families of two adjoining parishes intermarried with each other, to keep the breed entire. I wish something of the same kind were established in England.

But it is time to quit a subject which teems with disagreeable images.——

Permit me to subscribe myself, Mr Editor, your unfortunate friend,

PENSILIS.

SONG.

From Jones' "Garden of Delights." 1610.

THE fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
Starres shine all night, though undeserned by day,
The trees doe spring, yet are not seene to growe,
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay,
In winter's woe is buried summer's blisse,
And Love loves most when love most secret is.

The stillest streames descrie the greatest deepe,
The clearest skie is subject to a shower,
Conceit's most sweete when as it seemes to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower,
The silent groves sweete nymphes they cannot misse,
For Love loves most where love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden vertue yeeld,
The sweete of traffique is a secret gaine,
The yeare once old doth shew a barren field,
And plants seeme dead, and yet they spring again.
Cupid is blind,—the reason why is this,
Love loveth most when love most secret is.

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THE PROGRESS OF INCONSTANCY.

" Sweet, tender sex! with snares encompassed round,
" On others hang thy comforts and thy rest."

HOGG.

NATURE has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet how often is the appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and, unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite; may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, she exercises merely a negative upon the most important event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age with almost equal advantage; but woman must improve the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel, then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

William Arbuthnot was born in a remote county of Scotland, where his father rented a few acres of land, which his own industry had reclaimed from the greatest wildness to a state of considerable fertility. Having given, even in his first attempts at learning, those indications of a retentive memory, which the partiality of a parent easily construes into a proof of genius, he was early destined for the Scottish Church, and regarded as a philosopher before he had emerged from the nursery. While his father pleased himself with the prospect of seeing his name associated with the future greatness of his son, his mother, whose ambition took a narrower range, thought she could die contented if she should see him seated in the pulpit of his native church; and, perhaps from a pardonable piece of vanity, speculated as frequently upon the effect his appearance would have upon the hearts of the neighbouring daughters, as his discourses upon the minds of their mothers. This practice, so common among the poorer classes in Scotland, of making one of their children a scholar, to the prejudice, as is alleged, of the rest, has often been remarked, and sometimes severely censured. But pro-

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bably the objections that have been urged against it, derive their chief force from the exaggerations upon which they are commonly founded. It is not generally true that parents, by bestowing the rudiments of a liberal education upon one of the family, materially injure the condition or prospects of the rest. For it must be remembered, that the plebeian student is soon left to trust to his own exertions for support, and like the monitor of a Lancastrian seminary, unites the characters of pupil and master, and teaches and is taught by turns.

But to proceed with our little narrative.—The parish schoolmaster having intimated to the parents of his pupil, that the period was at hand when he should be sent to prosecute his studies at the University, the usual preparations were made for his journey, and his departure was fixed for the following day, when he was to proceed to Edinburgh under escort of the village carrier and his black dog Cæsar, two of the oldest and most intimate of his acquaintance. Goldsmith's poetical maxim, that, "little things are great to little men," is universally true; and this was an eventful day for the family of Belhervie—for that was the name of the residence of Mr Arbuthnot. The father was as profuse of his admonitions as the mother was of her tears; and had a stranger beheld the afflicted group, he would have naturally imagined that they were bewailing some signal calamity, in place of welcoming an event to which they had long looked forward with pleasure. But the feelings of affectionate regret occasioned by this separation, were most seasonably suspended by the receipt of a letter from Mr Coventry, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, in which that gentleman offered to engage their son for a few years, as a companion and tutor to his children. This was an offer which his parents were too prudent to reject, particularly as it might prove the means of future patronage, as well as of present emolument. It was therefore agreed upon that William should himself be the bearer of their letter of acceptance, and proceed forthwith to his new residence. On this occasion he was admonished anew: the advices were different from those formerly given, and were delivered by a different person. His mother was now the principal speaker; and instead of warning him against the snares that are laid for youth in a gross city, she furnished him with some rude lessons, on the principles of good breeding, descending to a number of particulars too minute to be enumerated here. William listened to the harangue with becoming reverence and attention; and on the following morning, for the first time, bade farewell to his affectionate parents.

On the afternoon of the same day he arrived at Daisybank, where he was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. His appearance was genteel and prepossessing; and it was not long before his new friends discovered, that the slight degree of awkwardness which at first clung to his manners, proceeded more from bashfulness and embarrassment than natural rusticity. But as he began to feel himself at home, this embarrassment of manners gradually gave place to an easy but unobtrusive politeness. Indeed it would not have been easy for a youth of similar views, at his first outset in life, to have fallen into more desirable company. Mr and Mrs Coventry were proverbial among their neighbours for the simplicity and purity of their manners; and they had

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laboured not unsuccessfully to stamp a similar character upon the minds of their children. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were confided to the care of William.

Mary, the eldest of the four, now in her sixteenth or seventeenth year, was in every respect the most interesting object at Daisybank. To a mind highly cultivated for her years, she united many of those personal graces and attractions which command little homage in the crowd, but open upon us in the shade of retirement, and lend to the domestic circle its most irresistible charms. In stature she scarcely reached the middle size. To the beauty derived from form and colour, she had few pretensions; yet, when her fine blue eyes, moistened with a tear at a tale of distress, or beamed an unaffected welcome to the stranger or the friend, he must have been more or less than man who felt not for her a sentiment superior to admiration. Hers, in a word, was the beauty of expression, the beauty of a mind reflected, in which the dullest disciple of Lavater could not for a moment have mistaken her real character. Her education had been principally conducted under the eye of her parents, and might be termed domestic rather than fashionable. Not that she was entirely a stranger to those acquirements which are deemed indispensible in modern education. She had visited occasionally a great metropolis, though, owing to the prudent solicitude of her parents, her residence there had been comparatively short. Yet probably long enough to acquire its useful or elegant accomplishments, without any admixture of its fashionable frivolities.

From this hasty portraiture of Miss Coventry, it will easily be believed that it was next to impossible for a youth nearly of the same age, and not dissimilar in his dispositions, to remain long insensible to charms that were gradually maturing before his eyes, and becoming every day more remarkable. Fortunately, however, the idea of dependence attached to his situation, and a temper naturally diffident determined him to renounce for ever a hope which he feared, in his present circumstances, would be deemed ungrateful, and even presumptuous. But this was waging war with nature—a task which he soon found to be above his strength. He had now, therefore, to abandon the hope of victory, for the safety of retreat, and content himself with concealing those sentiments he found it impossible to subdue. Yet, so deceitful is love, that even this modest hope was followed with disappointment. One fine evening in June, when he was about to unbend from the duties of the day, and retire to muse on the amiable Mary, he encountered the fair wanderer herself, who was probably returning from a similar errand. He accosted her in evident confusion, and, without being conscious of what he said, invited her to join him in a walk to a neighbouring height. His request was complied with in the same spirit it had been made; for embarrassment is often contagious, particularly the embarrassment arising from love. On this occasion he intended to summon up all his powers of conversation, and yet his companion had never found him so silent. Some common-place compliments to the beauty of the evening, were almost the only observations which escaped his lips; and these he uttered more in the manner of a sleep-walker, than a lover. They soon reached the limit of their walk, and

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rested upon an eminence that commanded the prospect of an extensive valley below. Day was fast declining to that point which is termed twilight, when the whole irrational creation seem preparing for rest, and only man dares intrude upon the silence of nature. Miss Coventry beheld the approach of night with some uneasiness, and dreading to be seen with William alone, she began to rally him upon his apparent absence and confusion, and proposed that they should immediately return to the house. At mention of this William started as from a dream, and being unable longer to command his feelings, he candidly confessed to her the cause of his absence and dejection. He dwelt with much emotion on his own demerit, and voluntarily accused himself for the presumption of a hope which he never meant to have revealed, until the nearer accomplishment of his views had rendered it less imprudent and romantic. He declared that he would sooner submit to any hardship, than incur the displeasure of her excellent parents, and entreated, that whatever were her sentiments with regard to the suit he was so presumptuous as to prefer, that she might assist him in concealing from them a circumstance which he feared would be attended with that consequence. To this tender and affectionate appeal, the gentle Mary could only answer with her sighs and blushes. She often indeed attempted to speak, but the words as often died upon her lips; and they had nearly reached home before she could even whisper an answer to the reiterated question of her lover. But she did answer at last; and never was a monarch more proud of his conquest, or the homage of his tributary princes, than William was of the simple fealty of the heart of Mary.

In the bosom of this happy family William now found his hours glide away so agreeably, that he looked forward with real regret to the termination of his engagement. His condition was perhaps one of those in which the nearest approach is made to perfect happiness,—when the youthful mind, unseduced by the blandishments of ambition, confines its regards to a few favourite objects, and dreads a separation from them as the greatest of evils. The contrast between the patriarchal simplicity of his father's fireside, and the comparative elegance of Mr Coventry's parlour, for a season dazzled him with its novelty; while the ripening graces of Mary threw around him a fascination which older and more unsusceptible minds than his, might have found it difficult to resist. In his domestic establishment, Mr Coventry aimed at nothing beyond comfort and gentility. William was therefore treated in every respect as an equal, and was never banished from his patron's table to make room for a more important guest, or condemned to hold Lent over his solitary meal, while the family was celebrating a holiday.

All our ideas are relative, and we estimate every thing by comparison. Upon this principle, William thought no female so lovely or amiable as Miss Coventry, and no residence so delightful as Daisybank. And he would not have exchanged his feelings, while seated, on a winter evening, amidst his favourite circle, scanning for their amusement a page of history, or the columns of a newspaper, while the snugness and comfort that reigned within, made him forget the storm that pelt-

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ed without, for the most delicious paradise an eastern imagination ever painted.

It will thus readily be imagined, that the saddest day of our tutor's life was that on which he parted from this amiable family. He had here, he believed, spent the happiest moments of his existence; and instead of rejoicing that he had passed through one stage of his apprenticeship, he dwelt upon the past with pleasure, and looked forward to the future with pain.

Fortune, however, presented an insuperable obstacle to his spending his days in the inaction of private study; and he knew that he could neither gain, nor deserved to gain, the object of his affection, without establishing himself in life, by pursuing the course which had been originally chalked out to him. After, therefore, "pledging oft to meet again," he bade adieu to Daisybank, loaded with the blessings of the best of parents, and followed by the prayers of the best of daughters. He now paid a farewell visit to his parents, and after remaining with them a few days, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and for a short period felt his melancholy relieved, by the thousand novelties that attract the notice of a stranger in a great city. But this was only a temporary relief; and as he had no friend in whom he could confide, he soon felt himself solitary in the midst of thousands. Often, when the professor was expatiating upon the force of the Greek particles, his imagination was hovering over the abodes he had forsaken; and frequently it would have been more difficult for him to have given an account of the lectures he had been attending, than to have calculated the probability of what was passing at a hundred miles distance. But this absence and dejection at last wore off, and as he possessed good natural talents, and had been an industrious student formerly, he soon distinguished himself in his classes; and, before the usual period, was engaged as a tutor in one of the best families in Scotland.

This event formed another important era in his life. His prospects were now flattering, and as vanity did not fail to exaggerate them, he soon dropped a considerable portion of his humility, and began to regard himself as a young man of merit, to whom fortune was lavish of her favours. In his leisure hours he was exposed to mingle much in society; and as his manners and address were easy and engaging, scarcely a week elapsed that did not add to the number of his friends. The affections, when divided into many channels, cannot run deep in any; and probably, for every new acquaintance whom William honoured with his esteem, it required a sacrifice of friendship at the expence of love, and produced some abatement of that devotion of soul which accompanies every true and permanent attachment. At Daisybank he had seen a simple favourite of the graces, but here he beheld the daughters of wealth and of fashion, surrounded with all the gloss of art, and soon began to waver in his attachment, and even to regard his engagement as little more than a youthful frolic. Still this temper of mind was not attained without many struggles between love and ambition, honour and interest; nor could he ever for a moment commune with himself, without feeling remorse for his inconstancy and ingratitude. He could not annihilate the conviction, that Miss Coventry was as faithful and

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worthy as ever; and had she been present to appeal to his senses, it is probable he might have been preserved from the crime of apostacy. But these were fits of reflection and repentance which repetition soon deprived of their poignancy. The world returned with all its opiates and charms, to stifle in his bosom the feelings of honour, and obliterate every trace of returning tenderness. After this he became less punctual in his correspondence with Miss Coventry, and in place of anticipating the arrival of her letters as he was wont to do, he allowed them to be sent slowly to his lodgings, opened them without anxiety, and read them without interest. Of all this inconstancy, ingratitude, and neglect, the simple Mary remained a silent, though not unconcerned spectator. Kind and generous by nature, and judging of others by herself, she framed a thousand excuses for his negligence; and when he did condescend to write to her, answered him as she had been unconscious of any abatement in his attentions.

Matters remained in this uncertain state for the space of three long years,—at least they seemed long to Miss Coventry,—when William received his licence as a preacher. He now, therefore, thought of redeeming a pledge he had given to the minister of his native parish, to make his first public appearance in his pulpit; and after giving due intimation, he departed for the parish of ———, with his best sermon in the pocket of his best coat. The account of his visit spread with telegraphic dispatch, long before telegraphs were invented, and was known over half the country many days before his arrival. This was another eventful day for his mother. She blessed Providence that she had lived to see the near fulfilment of her most anxious wish, and rising a little in her ambition, thought she could now die contented, if she should see him settled in a living of his own, and be greeted by her neighbours with the envied name of grandmother. As William was expected to dine with his parents on his way to the parsonage, or as it is called in Scotland, the manse of ———, great preparations were made for his reception, and for the appearance of the whole family at church on the following Sunday. Mrs Arbuthnot drew from the family-chest her wedding gown, which had only seen the sun twice during thirty summers; and her husband, for the first time, reluctantly applied a brush to his holiday suit, which appeared, from the antiquity of its fashion, to have descended, like the garments of the Swiss, through many successive generations of the Arbuthnots.

The little church of H—— was crowded to the door, perhaps for the first time, long before the bellman had given the usual signals. Mr Coventry, though residing in a different parish, had made a journey thither with several of his family, for the purpose of witnessing the first public appearance of his friend. In this party was the amiable Mary, who took a greater interest in the event than any one—save the preacher—was aware of.

William on this occasion recited a well written discourse with ease and fluency, and impressed his audience with a high opinion of his talents and piety. Some of the elder of them, indeed, objected to his gestures and pronunciation, which they thought "newfangled" and theatrical; but they all agreed in thinking him a clever lad, and a

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great honour to his parents. His mother was now overwhelmed with compliments from all quarters, which she received with visible marks of pride and emotion. Mr Coventry waited in the church-yard till the congregation had retired, to salute his friend, and invite him to spend a few days at Daisybank. Mary, who hung in her father's arm, curtsied, blushed, and looked down. She had no well-turned compliment to offer on the occasion, but her eyes expressed something at parting, which once would have been sweeter to his soul than the applause of all the world beside.

Ambition from the beginning has been the bane of love. War and peace are not more opposite in their nature and effects than those rival passions; and the bosom that is agitated with the cares of the one, has little relish for the gentle joys of the other. William beheld in the person of Miss Coventry all he had been taught to regard as amiable or estimable in women; but the recollection of the respect that had been shown him by females of distinction, mixed with exaggerated notions of his own merit, made him undervalue those simple unobtrusive graces he once valued so highly, and think almost any conquest easy, after he had been settled in the rich living of B————, which had been promised him by his patron.

On the following day he paid a visit to Daisybank, and received the most cordial welcome from a family who sympathized almost equally with his parents in his prospects and his advancement. During his stay there, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Coventry alone, but he neglected, or rather avoided them all; and when rallied on the subject of marriage, declaimed on the pleasures of celibacy, and hinted with a good deal of insincerity, his intention of living single. Although these speeches were like daggers to the mind of her who regretted she could not rival him in inconstancy and indifference, they produced no visible alteration in her behaviour. Hers was not one of those minds in which vanity predominates over every other feeling, and where disappointment is commonly relieved by the hatred or resentment which it excites. Her soul was soft as the passion that enslaved it; and the traces of early affection are not easily effaced from a mind into which the darker passions have never entered.

William bade adieu to Miss Coventry without dropping one word upon which she could rear the superstructure of hope, and carried with him her peace of mind, as he had formerly carried her affections. From that hour she became pensive and melancholy, in spite of all her efforts to appear cheerful and happy. She had rejected many lovers for the inconstant's sake; but that gave her no concern. Her union with him had been long the favourite object of her life; and she could have patiently resigned existence, now that its object was lost. But she shuddered at the thought of the shock it would give her affectionate parents; for the softer feelings of our nature are all of one family, and the tenderest wives have ever been the most dutiful daughters.

It was impossible for Mary long to conceal the sorrow which consumed her. Her fading cheeks and heavy eyes gave daily indications of what her lips refused to utter. Her parents became deeply alarmed

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at these symptoms of indisposition, and anxiously enquired into the cause of her illness; but her only answer was, that she felt no pain. The best physicians were immediately consulted upon her case, who recommended change of air and company; but all these remedies were without effect. The poison of disappointment had taken deep root in her heart, and defied the power of medicine.

Her attendants, when they found all their prescriptions ineffectual, began to ascribe her malady to its real cause, and hinted to her parents their apprehensions that she had been crossed in love. The good people, though greatly surprised at the suggestion, had too much prudence to treat it with indifference; and they left no means untried, consistent with a regard for the feelings of their child, to wile from her the important secret. At first, she endeavoured to evade their inquiries; but finding it impossible to allay their apprehensions without having recourse to dissimulation, she confessed to her mother her attachment to William, concealing only the promises he had made to her, and every circumstance that imputed to him the slightest degree of blame. At the same time she entreated them with the greatest earnestness, that no use might be made of a secret which she wished to have carried with her to the grave. This was a hard task imposed on her parents. They felt equally with herself the extreme delicacy of making the disclosure; but, on the other hand, they contemplated nothing but the probable loss of their child—an event, the bare apprehension of which filled their minds with the bitterest anguish. After many anxious consultations, Mr Coventry determined, unknown to any but his wife, to pay a visit to William, and ascertain his sentiments with regard to his daughter.

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he found that his friend had departed for the manse of B——, with which he had been recently presented. This event, which in other circumstances would have given him the liveliest pleasure, awakened on this occasion emotions of a contrary nature, as he feared it would make his now reverend friend more elevated in his notions, and consequently more averse to an union to his daughter. He did not, however, on that account conceal the real object of his journey, or endeavour to accomplish his purpose by stratagem or deceit. He candidly disclosed his daughter's situation and sentiments, requesting of his friend that he would open to him his mind with equal candour; and added, that although he held wealth to be an improper motive in marriage, and hoped that his daughter did not require such a recommendation, that in the event of this union, whatever he possessed, would be liberally shared with him.

On hearing of the situation of Miss Coventry, William became penetrated with the deepest remorse; and being aware that his affection for her was rather stifled than estranged, he declared his willingness to make her his wife. These words operated like a charm upon the drooping spirits of the father, who embraced his friend with ardour, and besought him immediately to accompany him home, that they might lose no time in making a communication which, he fondly hoped, would have a similar effect upon the spirits of his daughter.

They departed accordingly together, indulging in the pleasing hope,

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that all would yet be well; but on their arrival at Daisybank, they were seriously alarmed to hear that Miss Coventry had been considerably worse since her father left home. She was now entirely confined to her chamber, and seemed to care for nothing so much as solitude, and an exemption from the trouble of talking. As soon as she was informed of the arrival of their visitor, she suspected he had been sent for, and therefore refused to see him; but upon being assured by her mother, who found deceit in this instance indispensable, that his visit was voluntary and accidental, she at last consented to give him an interview.

On entering the room which had formerly been the family parlour, William was forcibly struck with the contrast it exhibited. Every object seemed to swim before his sight, and it was some moments before he discovered Miss Coventry, who reclined on a sofa, at the further end of the room. He advanced with a beating heart, and grasped the burning hand that was extended to meet him. He pressed it to his lips, and wept, and muttered something incoherent, of forgiveness and love. He looked doubtingly on Mary's face for an answer; but her eye darted no reproach, and her lips uttered no reflection. A faint blush, that at this moment overspread her cheek, seemed a token of returning strength, and inspired him with confidence and hope. It was the last effort of nature; and ere the blood could return to its fountain, that fountain had closed for ever. Death approached his victim under the disguise of sleep, and appeared divested of his usual pains and terrors.

William retired from this scene of unutterable anguish, and for a long period was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy and remorse. But time gradually softened and subdued his sorrow, and, I trust, perfected his repentance. He is since married and wealthy, and is regarded by the world as an individual eminently happy. But amidst all his comforts, there are moments when he would exchange his identity with the meanest slave that breathes, and regards himself as the murderer of Mary Coventry. MACDIARMID.

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE HELEN OF CANOVA.

IN this beloved marble, view,
Above the works and thoughts of man—
What Nature *could* but *would not do*—
And Beauty and Canova *can*:
Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the bard's defeated art—
With immortality her dower
Behold the Helen of the Heart!

Venice, Nov. 20, 1816. BYRON.

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LINES TO MY CHILDREN.

Written under the influence of great depression of spirits, 11th June 1819.

Heu ! quam minus est reliquis versari, quam vestrorum meminisse.

MY babes, no more I'll behold ye,
Little think ye how *he* ye once lov'd—
Your father, who oft did enfold ye,
With all that a parent e'er proved.

How with many a pang he is saddened,
How many a tear he has shed,
For the eight human blossoms that gladden'd
His path, and his table, and bed.

None knows what a fond parent smothers,
Save he who a parent has been,
Who once more, in his daughters, their mother's,
In his boys has his own image seen !

And who——Can I finish my story ?——
Has seen them all shrink from his grasp ;
Departed the crown of his glory,
No wife, and no children to clasp !—

By all the dear names I have utter'd,
By all the most sacred caresses,
By the frolicksome nothings I've mutter'd,
In a mood that sheds tears while it blesses ;

By the kisses so fond I have given,
By the plump little arm's cleaving twine,
By the bright eye, whose language was heaven,
By the rose on the cheek pressed to mine ;

By its warmth that seemed pregnant with spirit ;—
By the little feet's fond interlacing,
While others pressed forward to inherit
The place of the one thus embracing ;

By the breast that with pleasure was troubled,
Since no words were to speak it availing ;
Till the bliss of the heart was redoubled
As in smiles on the lips 'twas exhaling ;

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By the girl, who, to sleep when consign'd,
The promised kiss still recollected;
And no sleep on her pillow could find,
If her father's farewell were neglected;

Who asked me, when infancy's terrors
Assail'd her, to sit by her bed;
And for the past day's little errors
On my cheek tears of penitence shed.

By those innocent tears of repentance,
More pure e'en than smiles without sin,
Since they mark with what delicate sentence
Childhood's conscience pronounces within.

By the dear little forms, one by one,
Some in beds closely coupled half-sleeping,
While the cribb'd infant nestled alone—
Whose heads at my coming all peeping,

Betrayed that the pulse of each heart
Of my feet's stealing fall knew the speech;
While *all* would not let me depart,
Till the kiss was bestowed upon *each*;

By the boy, who, when walking and musing,
And thinking myself quite alone,
Would follow the path I was chusing,—
And thrust his dear hand in my own;

(Joy more welcome because unexpected,
By all this fond store of delights,
Which, in sullen mood, had I neglected,
Every curse with which Heaven requites,

Were never sufficient for crushing
A churl so malign and hard-hearted)
But by the warm tears that are gushing,
As I think of the joys that are parted;

Were ye not as the rays that are twinkling
On the waves of some clear haunted stream,
Were ye not as the stars that are sprinkling
Night's firmament dark without them?

My forebodings then hear!—By each one
Of the dear dreams through which I have travell'd
The cup of enjoyment from none
Can I take, till the spells, one by one,
Which have wither'd ye all, be unravell'd.

CHARLES LLOYD.

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THE CAVERN OF HOONGA.

From "Mariner's Tonga Islands."

THERE is a spacious cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands in the south Pacific Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally, while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language,—so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse. Mariner, during his residence among these islands, visited the cavern, and gives the following romantic story connected with it, as an authentic tradition.

In former times there lived a tooi (governor) of Vavaoo, who exercised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people; at length, when it was no longer to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being, however, treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with his plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank, and she also would have sunk, the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who a short time before had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank, and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost; he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would trust to his honour, and, with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his; the shades of evening favoured their escape, whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum, till an oppor-

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tunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji islands. She who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he might think promotive of their ultimate escape: her heart being full of gratitude, love, and confidence, found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock; he lept into the water, and she (for the Tonga women swim like mermaids) instructed by him, followed close after: they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion; but did not fail in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him: he brought her mats to lie on, the finest *gnatoo* for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal wood, oil, cocoa nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions at the risk of his own: and how much was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favourable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late sad misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due. How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power now no longer reached them;—shut out from the world and all its cares and perplexities;—secure from all the eventful changes attendant upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition;—themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each others company, it was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every enjoyment and comfort which her amiable qualifications so well entitled her to: nor was it a great while before an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and matabooles, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji islands, and he wished them to accompany them with their wives and female attendants; but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for the voyage. As they were on the point of departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no! but he should probably

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find one by the way: this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more; and every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to a certain point, and having come close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was exceedingly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane: and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the utmost concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swum round and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise them,—their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, on seeing him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person, whom they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family; and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern and the whole circumstance of her escape. All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness, in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji islands, and resided with a certain chief during two years: at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant of Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last-mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness.

THE

TOO-EARLY OPENING FLOWER.

From "Bowring's Batavian Anthology."

NOT yet, frail flower! thy charms unclose;
Too soon thou ventur'st forth again;
For April has its winter rain,
And tempest clouds, and nipping snows.
Too quickly thou uprear'st thy head;
The northern wind may reach thee still,

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And injure, nay, for ever kill
Thy charming white and lovely red.
And thou perchance too late wilt sigh,
That, at the first approach of spring,
Thou mad'st thy bud unfold its wing,
And show its blush to every eye;
For March a faithless smile discloses.
If thou wouldst bloom securely here
Let Phœbus first o'ertake the steer:
Thou'rt like the seaman, who reposes
On one fair day—one favouring wind,
Weighs anchor, and the future braves:
But sighs, when on the ocean waves,
For that calm port he leaves behind,
As with an anxious eye he sees
His shatter'd hull and shiver'd sail
Borne at the mercy of the gale
Wherever winds and waters please;
And deems, as he is sinking fast,
The sands and brine and foam beneath,
That every wave contains a death,
That every plunge will be his last.
Thou'rt like the courtier, who, elate
When greeted first by favour's ray,
Begins to make a grand display:—
But, ah! it is a fickle state.
A court is like a garden shade;
The courtiers and the flowers that rise
Too suddenly, 'neath changeful skies,
Oft sink into the dust and fade.
In short, we all are like thy flower,
And ever, both in weal and woe,
With strange perverseness, we bestow
Our thoughts on time's swift fleeting hour.
And 'tis the same with those who pine,
And deem that grief will never flee,
And those who, bred in luxury,
Think the gay sun will always shine:
For every joy brings sorrow too,
And even grief may herald mirth;
And God has mingled life on earth
With bitterness and honey dew.
Thus winter follows summer's bloom,
And verdant summer winter's blight;
Thus reign by turns the day and night,—
Change is the universal doom.
Then, floweret! when thy charms have fled,
All wither'd by a fate unkind,
Call wisdom's proverb to thy mind,—
Soon green, soon gray—soon ripe, soon dead.

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A FRENCHMAN.

THE present French, then, is nothing but an old Gaule moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as head-strong, and as hair-brained. A nation whom you shall winne with a feather and loose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing: in one hour's confidence you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis*; when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any honour in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favour which he confesseth, and I beleeve him, he is unworthy of,) himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeate it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two dayes together, for in that time he will be thred bare. *Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere*, saith Velleius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chynois, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness, he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German: himself is the only courtier and compleat gentleman; but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellencie, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very lyable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be, draweth his sword, and a minute's pause, sheatheth it to your hand: afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly and cry *Serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent, a little resistance putteth them to their heeles, or makes them your spaniels. In a word (for I have held him too long) he is a walking vanitie in a new fashion.

DR. HEYLIN, 1679.

WHEN I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of Autumne, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance, but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is an happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

ARTHUR WARWICK, 1637.

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THE DISINTERMENT.

From "Ollier's Literary Miscellany."

> ——— My late espoused saint,
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave;
> * * * * * * * *
> Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
> MILTON.

ON a fine day in the month of June, a funeral procession issued from the park gates of Woodley Hall, in the county of Gloucester. The poor inhabitants of the neighbouring village hovered about the train with mute reverence, paying the last sad testimony of respect and affection to one who had been endeared to them by many acts of kindness and solicitude. They were following to its cold home the corpse of Eliza, wife of Sir William Fanshaw.

Never was there a lovelier summer-day than the one appointed for this dismal ceremony. The trees looked proudly in the lustiness of their young green; the dark blue of the sky was unspotted by a single cloud; and the sun shot out his sultry strength, making the birds wanton and noisy with the exuberance of their joy.

Alas! what was all this glory of nature to the sad company who were moving along the road, thinking of the tomb, and the premature death of that young, beautiful, and virtuous one, whom they were conveying thither? How could they enjoy the quick carols of the birds, when the death-bell, gaining in strength as they proceeded, smote their ears and startled their secret sorrowing with its measured and obstinate recurrence? The glad colour of the grass and of the leaves was not in harmony with their mourning garments: and the vital sun could scarcely be rejoiced in, shining as it did on their tears, and on that dark slow-moving hearse.

The service for the burial of the dead is not easily endured by even an unconnected auditor; so oppressive is the obscure and gloomy imagination in which it is written. What then must our mourners have felt, (their loss being unexpected, and sorely afflicting,) when the priest, meeting the dull coffin at the church porch, walked on before it, repeating his solemn words? Then the agony of grief burst forth in sobs and hysterics; and then did the dreary thought arise, that there was nothing but corruption and mortification in the world!

But we are slaves of circumstances, for these ideas which seemed to lie down immoveably in despair, were soon lifted into happy aspirations on the swell of the organ's sounds; and the cottagers who stood

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moodily in the church-yard, while the silence continued, were also relieved by the music, and blest it as it trembled out into the sunny ir.

When the lady of whom I write was stricken with illness, which was only a week before her death, she begged her husband to bring her the gold chain and locket enclosing his hair, which he had given her before their marriage. This she hung round her neck, and solaced her weary and painful hours with contemplating it, and by force of the association of ideas it excited, living again in times gone by. One evening she beckoned Sir William, who was sitting in the chamber, to her side, and said, "Reach me your hand, my dear husband; I am growing much worse. I feel a perilous sinking in my frame, and death is in my thoughts. If this be nothing more than womanly timidity, bear with it, dearest, for my sake, and give me courage by staying by my side through the night."

"Be comforted, my love," replied her husband. "This weakness is common enough. You will be better in the morning; and in the mean time I shall not stir from your bed. You will talk to me in a different manner, when, after you have had a good sleep, I shall show you the cheerful sun-light stealing on the dawn. I see, even now, your eyes are closing; compose yourself, therefore, dear one, and sleep."

The chamber was hushed, the patient lay still, and seemed in so profound a repose that her breathing was not heard. The curtains were softly adjusted round her bed; and Sir William, happy and full of favourable omens, in the idea that his wife had at length a remission of pain, took a book, and fixing as much attention on it as he could command, wore the night-hours away. Every thing within and without continued in deep stillness, broken only towards the morning by the pleasant sounds of awakening nature, which might be heard in so removed a place—the shrill birds, the wheeling hum of the bees darting from their hives in the garden below, and the leaves dallying with the morning breath. These, together with the strong white lines which intersected the shutters, admonished Sir William and the nurse, of the time their patient had slept. The light was therefore admitted into the room, and they looked into the bed.

"How is this?" said Sir William. "She has not moved a hair's breadth, since we saw her last night. Good God! how pale her face and lips are! Heaven grant all may be well; but I tremble under my fears. Go instantly, and bring the physician."

The physician came; he was alarmed at her appearance; a feather was placed on her lips, and Sir William bent with keen eyes over it. It did not move. Alas! alas! her spirit had passed away, while her husband, sitting close to her, was congratulating himself on the prospect of her recovery.

She *must* have stirred once in the night, though it was done with such gentleness as not to be perceived; for one of her hands was found inside her garment, pressing the locket of which I have spoken, on her naked breast.

I will not attempt to describe the swelling of her husband's heart,

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and the gush of his tears, when this touching instance of her love was made known to him. His soul brooded over it night and day. He saw in her action the wish she had not strength to utter in words, and determining it should not be violated, he gave directions that she should be placed in her coffin, without disturbing the locket or her hand.

It will be readily imagined that so affecting a circumstance could not escape being much talked of; and as in these cases no particulars are ever omitted, the value of the trinket which was set round with brilliants found a place in the story.

The sexton of the church containing the family vault, was one of the persons to whom this anecdote became known; and he was not long in conceiving a plan by which he might possess himself of the buried jewels which glittered so temptingly in his mind's eye. I do not think he would have meditated a common theft—a theft capable of injuring any living creature: nay, although he was in business, he was never known to practise any of the usual tricks or deceptions of trade. He was a charitable well-meaning man; but he could not comprehend the sentiment which ordained those love-tokens to lie in hallowed immoveability on a dead breast. It was in his opinion a silly waste of treasure; no harm could come of his appropriating it; and he therefore determined that on the night of the funeral he would enter the vault, open the coffin, and remove the jewels. The church was well situated for his purpose; it stood apart from the village to which it belonged, and was a solitary edifice in the midst of fields.

Behold him then in the darkness of the night, with his lantern at the lone church-door. He unlocks it, and passes in. He was at first rather awe-struck by the dead stillness—the sudden cold smell so different from the genial air without, and the vacant pews standing in deep shadow, like melancholy and drear recesses. The nature of his office had given him a familiarity with the building, but had not worn away the idea in his mind of its sacredness; and he quaked to think that it should be the spot where he was to perpetrate the first deed in his life, which he would be ashamed to own. As he went along the aisle with his lamp, the white tombstones on the walls glared, as it were, reproachfully upon him one by one, and his perturbation was increased by the dart of a bat close to his face. He almost regretted he had come, but he went on nevertheless, and passed into the lady's sepulchre.

Having laid down his lamp upon a coffin close by, he proceeded with his instruments to take off the lid of the one he sought, which was soon effected. This was the first moment of real irresolution and terror. The sight of the corpse lying there by that dim light, in the heavy stillness of death, with its white and placid countenance, made his heart swell, and his nerves powerless. The sublimity of the sight made him feel the meanness of his action with double force; he almost fainted, and, with the intention of abandoning the business, he returned into the body of the church. There he supported himself for a time, while the coolness of the air refreshed him, and he was at length about to depart, when, re-

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collecting that the lid of the coffin should be replaced, he summoned a strong effort, and went again into the vault for that purpose.

But the sight of the corpse was not now so awful to him as before. The consternation had done its utmost. There was an imperceptible return of the original intention in his mind, and by a quick effort he lifted the body, drew the chain over the head, disengaged the locket from under the hand, and then lowered the corpse again into its place. As he did this, the arm which before lay upon the breast, fell with a strange flexibility over the side of the coffin, and a faint sigh came from the body.

Had a thunder-clap broken in upon the silence, the man would not have been more staggered than he was at this little sigh. He rushed hastily forth, left the sepulchre unclosed, and opened the church door to go out, when, as if to increase his bewilderment, the first thing which met his eyes was the great moon lifting itself in the unabated power of its light over the horizon's edge. It shone right opposite, and seemed looking at and coming to expose him. He did not dare to lift his eyes again; but, without stopping even to lock up the church, he flew over the fields pursued by his fears.

It was at this time about eleven o'clock. The domestics at Woodley-Hall had not yet retired to rest. Their minds were agitated and unsettled by the funeral; and they found relief in sitting up together, and talking over the circumstances connected with their lady's illness and sudden death. With hearts so full, they could not endure the silence of their chambers, and it would have been vain to try to sleep; therefore, about the time I have just mentioned, they left their room and dull candles, to go out under the portico of the house, and enjoy the balmy night air and the bright moon.

The subject of their talk continued the same:—the youth of their lady, her gentleness, her unaccountable illness, the sublime testimony she gave of her love even in the grasp of death; and then of what would become of their heart-broken master, who had been secluded in his room all day, scarcely admitting any one even to bring him needful refreshment—when one of them with a low voice said, "What can that white thing be which is fluttering about the beech trees there, at the farthest end of the long walk?" They looked, and nothing was seen. It was, however, only leaf-hidden for a time, for presently it emerged altogether from the obscurity of the trees, and they saw it plainly enough.

The walk was about a quarter of a mile in length. The object advanced down it, and soon a fearful sight was seen by the company under the portico; an apparently human figure, with long trailing white garments, staggering and stumbling across the open park at that solemn hour, and under the keen moonlight.

They did not stop to see any more; but, hastening to their master's room, told him what they had witnessed.

He answered them with his faint voice from within: "Go to rest, my friends; go to rest. Your minds are disturbed: and, to tell you the truth, my own is too much subdued just now to bear the hearing of such things. Shut up the house; good night."

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But they all persisted so strenuously in avouching the truth of what they had stated, that Sir William came from his chamber, and said he would go with them into the park, and see whether the apparition was yet visible. Poor man! he was at this time ill calculated to dissipate the terror which had taken hold of his servants. Sorrow, want of food, long privation of sleep, the dismal business of the day, and then this phantom story, had almost bewildered his faculties; and he descended the stairs trembling and uncollected.

Before they had reached the bottom, one of the servants cried out with a wild voice, "Look, sir, look!"

Sir William cast his eyes downwards, and lo! there—upon the cold stone-floor of the hall, lay a figure entangled in unseemly clothes, moaning and sobbing naturally. The face was partially exposed. Sir William saw it. His faculties seemed suddenly scattered, for in a confused manner he dropped on his knees by the side of the figure, and there remained a few moments with clasped hands and vacant and immoveable looks. At length a weak faltering female voice was heard:

"I am afraid I have done wrong," it said; "but I must have been in a dream; do not be angry with me."

"God! God! my wife!—How is this?—No, no, no, it cannot be. She is in her tomb!—And yet this countenance and these grave-clothes strike away my senses with wonder!—Eliza! Eliza!—She cannot speak again. Yet she is not quite cold. What can this mysterious visitation portend?—Eliza!—Let me once more hear that voice.—Silent! silent! Lift her up. Look! it is herself, her own self; her lips move; and see, her poor face is wet with tears. God alone knows how this has come to pass; but I will thank him for it for ever. There—gently, move her gently; lay her in my arms, and some one go before me with a light."

It was indeed his wife whom he embraced. He carried her to his chamber, laid her in the bed, and ordered warm restoratives to be prepared. These he administered himself, and she slept for two hours. On awaking she said:—

"Are you there, my dear? let me hear you speak. Something strange has happened to me, I am sure. Have I been delirious? I wish they had watched me better; for I am certain that I have been wandering out in the open air. It terrifies me to think of it. The dream I have had since I saw you, dear husband, last night, presses on me with an intolerable sense of reality. It must have been those ghastly visions which scared me out of the house in my sleep. I am full of pain. My feet are sore and bleeding. Reach me your hand, and comfort me with your voice. I fancied that I was just now staying obstinately, and yet unwillingly, in a painful, dreary, dark place, and was startled there by a sudden rush of cold wind. I seemed to fall many times, and to bruise myself exceedingly in endeavouring to struggle out towards the light. This must have been a dream; but I am certain I have been wandering out of doors in my sleep, for I thought I should have gone mad when my perceptions came to me and I found myself alone, barefooted, and the wide and silent park stretch-

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ing far around me. I have endeavoured, but it is in vain, to recollect any circumstance connected with my leaving the house.

Her husband shook from head to foot at this. The coffin and the hearse swam instantly in his eyes. He was sick at heart with the oppression of a mystery; but he looked at his wife again, and blessed Heaven.

Having addressed a few cheering words to her, and promised not to leave her side, he exhorted her to be composed, and to endeavour to sleep.

In the morning the whole thing was explained. Some rustics passing by the church, had observed it to be open, and going in, saw that one of the family vaults was unclosed, and that there was an empty coffin in it. This information they carried forthwith to the sexton, who, alarmed at the probability of being detected, (as some one might have seen him escaping by the moonlight,) and fearing that his guilt would seem greater than it was, went to Woodley Hall, and confessed the whole business, making a restitution of the locket, but declaring that he knew nothing whatever of the removal of the corpse.

He was readily enough forgiven, and, I believe, rewarded. It was plain now that Lady Fanshaw had been buried in a trance. It was of the utmost consequence that the subject of the interment should be kept from her knowledge. The sexton was enjoined to silence; but it was not so easy to quell the tongues of the village. Besides, when the lady recovered sufficiently to go out, every object she saw in the direction of the church perplexed her with some dim and uncomfortable reminiscence. She might some day stumble on the truth, and Sir William, in the fear of this, sold his estate, and purchased another in a distant part of the country. In this latter place, Lady Fanshaw gave birth to a large family, and lived many years with her husband in health and comfort.

KILMENY.

From "Hogg's Queens' Wake."

O list the tale, ye fair and young;
A lay so strange was never sung!

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be;

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It was only to hear the Yerlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But long may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell and the wind never blew;
But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night:
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

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In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane:
And down in you green-wood he walks his lane.
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay:
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.
She 'wakened on couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped with the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life,
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"
"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain,
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn this countrye.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken."—
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For its they who nurice th' immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone:
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.

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We have seen ! we have seen ! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom !
" O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye !
O sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth !
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kyth as the body fair !
" O bonny Kilmeny, free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here ;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see ;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day :
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light :
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade,
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered bye.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn :
" O ! blest be the day Kilmeny was born !
Now shall the land of spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be !
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have died away ;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !"—
They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below :
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight ;

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They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven:
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.
They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies.
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light.
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again and the scene was new.
She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye,
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had vallies and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.
Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

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She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee;
With a silver wand and melting ee,
Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.
Then a gruff untoward bedeman came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the boniest flower of the world lay dead.
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.
Then the gruff grim carle girned amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and the clover-leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed with the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.
She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.
With a mooted wing and waefu' main,
The eagle sought her eiry again;

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But lang may she cour in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw in a winter day.
Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and stedfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered:
The wolf played blythly round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.

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And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstacy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion.
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The huzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gone,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

HELL'S BRIDGE.

A DEADLY feud subsisted almost from time immemorial between the families of M'Pherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down "unimpaired" even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies.—But in our own day the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries—the heart of

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the North Highlands—although it could not distinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of M'Pherson and Grant, threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or at least to exist only in some vexatious lawsuit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends—not friends by *blood*—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honour to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action the ancient feud of his family.—This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country side; the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the lowlands, were seen to shake their heads as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors: but the grey-headed seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house, "I bide my time."

There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow that it cannot admit of two persons passing along side; and indeed none but natives accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a Highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its sound echoing the while like

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a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the arch, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side: and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! The two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hill side, turned deadly pale at this fatal rencounter. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first—lie down, that I may pass over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant, "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Pherson." This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated.

They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other. They were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position—standing fixed on a rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy; but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk farther, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice.—Grant had caught with a death-gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach!—His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold—and the next, his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe; the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted, signifies Hell's Bridge. ANON.

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THE FIRST OF MARCH.

From the "New Monthly Magazine."

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will over-run, in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful the thought of the wonders underground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent dark profound,
How each thing upward tends, by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed.

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her sway;
Go back thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping earth till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

The vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave,
And the summer tribes that creep or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the vallies and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny First of March, be it dedicate to thee.

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THE WIFE.

From the "Sketch Book."

> The treasures of the deep are not so precious
> As are the concealed comforts of a man
> Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
> Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
> What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
> The violet bed's not sweeter.
>
> MIDDLETON.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidities and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world, than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that, though all abroad is

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darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favour and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doted on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage, with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks, and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired, "Does your wife know all this?"—At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have

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any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love, soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart, it will break her heart——"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary ——."

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, believe me she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

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There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. —In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind; for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl!" added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniencies nor elegances. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

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"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I, "has any thing happened her?"

"What!" said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humour. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a foot path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us: she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George!" cried she "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here.—Oh!" said

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she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome.—He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

THE GRAVE OF ANNA.

I WISH I was where ANNA lies;
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! for, when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
A waste unlovely, and unloved.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the rugged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who, with pious hand, shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mold?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name, for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I DID IT: and, would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

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And can thy soft persuasive look,
  Thy voice, that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
  Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,
  Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,
  Thy gay good-humour—can they "fade?"

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye:
  Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
  A long, a last, a sad adieu!" W. GIFFORD.

MAN.

From the "New Monthly Magazine."

AFFLICTION one day, as she harked to the roar
  Of the stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore,
  With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
  As he roam'd on the verge of the ocean,
Breath'd on the figure, and calling it Man,
  Endued it with life and motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
  So stamp'd with each parent's impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
  Each claiming the right of possession.

He is mine, said Affliction:—I gave him his birth,
  I alone am his cause of creation:—
The materials were furnish'd by me, answered Earth;—
  I gave him, said Jove, animation.

The gods all assembled in solemn Divan,
  After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive verdict on Man,
  And thus settled his fate's disposition.

Let Affliction possess her own child, till the woes
  Of life cease to harass and goad it;
After death give his body to Earth, whence it rose;
  And his spirit to Jove, who bestowed it.

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LETTER

FROM

THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF NITHSDALE,* TO HER SISTER THE COUNTESS OF TRAQUAIR,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE EARL'S ESCAPE OUT OF THE TOWER IN 1716.

From the "Transactions of the Antiquarian Society."

DEAR SISTER,

MY Lord's escape is now such an old story, that I have almost forgotten it; but, since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recal it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can; for I owe you too many obligations to refuse you any thing that lies in my power to do.

I think I owe myself the justice to set out with the motives which influenced me to undertake so hazardous an attempt, which I despaired of thoroughly accomplishing, foreseeing a thousand obstacles which never could be surmounted but by the most particular interposition of Divine Providence. I confided in the Almighty God, and trusted that he would not abandon me, even when all human succours failed me.

I first came to London, upon hearing that my Lord was committed to the Tower. I was at the same time informed, that he had expressed the greatest anxiety to see me, having, as he afterwards told me, nobody to console him till I arrived. I rode to Newcastle, and from thence took the stage to York. When I arrived there, the snow was so deep, that the stage could not set out for London. The season was so severe, and the roads so extremely bad, that the post itself was stopt: however, I took horses, and rode to London through the snow, which was generally above the horse's girth, and arrived safe and sound, without any accident.

On my arrival, I went immediately to make what interest I could among those who were in place. No one gave me any hopes; but all, to the contrary, assured me, that although some of the prisoners were to be pardoned, yet my Lord would certainly not be of the number. When I enquired into the reason of this distinction, I could obtain no other answer, than that they would not flatter me: but I soon perceived the

* This amiable and devoted woman was of the blood of the Herberts, being daughter of William Marquis of Powys. William fifth Earl of Nithsdale joined the Rebel standard in 1715, was taken prisoner at Preston in Lancashire, and sent to the Tower. Having been tried by his peers, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed, along with Lords Derwentwater and Kenmuir, on the 24th February following; but by the courage and resolution of his spirited Lady, he effected his escape the preceding evening. Lady Nithsdale survived her husband five years—both dying at Rome; he in 1744, and she in 1749.—ED.

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reasons which they declined alleging to me. A Roman Catholic upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party; a man whose family had always signalised itself by its loyalty to the Royal House of Stewart, and who was the only support of the Catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland, would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Calaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up only by the express command of his royal master. Now having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands.

Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intentions to nobody but to my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my Lord, which they refused to grant me, unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design: however, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my Lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that, we were allowed, for the last week, to see and take our leave of them.

By the help of Evans, I had prepared every thing necessary to disguise my Lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them: however, I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God.

On the 22d February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the House of Lords, the purport of which was, to intreat the Lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed the day before the petition was to be presented; for the Duke of St Albans, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point, failed in his word: however, as she was the only English Countess concerned, it was incumbent upon her to have it presented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the Duke still promised to present the petition; but, for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by the one or the other. I then went in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the Lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to employ his interest in our favour, and honourably kept his word, for he spoke in the House very strongly in our behalf. The subject of the debate was, Whether the king had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by parliament? And it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech that it passed in the affirmative. However, one of the Lords stood up and said, that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to

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subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my Lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought, that, if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things in my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my Lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had every thing in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my Lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for a Mrs Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans has introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs Mills, as she was to lend her's to my Lord, that, in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly the same size as my Lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the stair-case; and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I dispatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my Lord might go out in the same manner. Her eye-brows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my Lord's were dark, and very thick: however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as her's; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide

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his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my Lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, my dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid: she certainly cannot reflect how late it is: she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night; and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes. Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my Lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my Lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my Lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand; and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging; and, if ever you made dispatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with this disappointment. The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the centinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the dispatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stair I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together; and having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my Lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that

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every body seemed sincerely to sympathize with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my Lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close, that they could not look in. I bid my Lord a formal farewel for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened, to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles, that I saw no other remedy than to go in person: That if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened in the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master, till my Lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my Lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was.

I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home; and they answered, that she expected me, and had another Duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her Grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her Grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her, that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me, when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more adviseable to present one general petition in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her Grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person.

I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She

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came to me; and, as my heart was in an ecstacy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frighted; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security; for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her Grace said she would go to court, to see how the news of my Lord's escape were received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly dispatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another: The Duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

When I left the Duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my Lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my Lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs Mills came and conducted my Lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My Lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell, (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives,—little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my Lord's escape; but my Lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory; and you may rely on the truth of it.

For my part, I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained, till I were assured of my Lord's safe arrival on the continent. I then wrote to the Duchess of Buccleugh,

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(every body thought till then that I was gone off with my Lord), to tell her that I understood I was suspected of having contrived my Lord's escape, as was very natural to suppose; that, if I could have been happy enough to have done it, I should be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me; but that a bare suspicion, without proof, could never be a sufficient ground for my being punished for a supposed offence, though it might be motive enough to me to provide a place of security; so I entreated her to procure leave for me to go with safety about my business. So far from granting my request, they were resolved to secure me if possible. After several debates, Mr Solicitor General, who was an utter stranger to me, had the humanity to say, that, since I showed so much respect to government as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any search after me: upon which it was decided, that if I remained concealed, no farther search should be made; but, that if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I should be secured. But that was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to expose my son to beggary. My Lord sent for me up to town in such haste, that I had no time to settle any thing before I left Scotland. I had in my hands all the family papers: I dared trust them to nobody. My house might have been searched without warning, consequently they were far from being secure there. In this distress, I had the precaution to bury them under ground; and nobody but the gardener and myself knew where they were. I did the same with other things of value. The event proved, that I had acted prudently; for after my departure they searched the house; and God knows what might have transpired from these papers.

All these circumstances rendered my presence absolutely necessary, otherwise they might have been lost; for, though they retained the highest preservation, after one very severe winter; for, when I took them up, they were as dry as if they came from the fire-side; yet they could not possibly have remained so much longer without prejudice. In short, as I had once exposed my life for the safety of the father, I could not do less than hazard it once more for the fortune of the son. I had never travelled on horseback but from York to London, as I told you; but the difficulties did not now arise from the severity of the season, but from the fear of being known and arrested. To avoid this, I bought three saddle horses, and set off with my dear Evans and a very trusty servant, whom I brought with me out of Scotland. We put up at all the smallest inns on the road that could take in a few horses, and where I thought I was not known; for I was thoroughly known in all the considerable inns on the north road. Thus I arrived safe at Traquair, where I thought myself secure; for the lieutenant of the county, being a friend of my Lord's, would not permit any search to be made for me, without sending me previous notice to abscond. Here I had the assurance to rest myself for two whole days, pretending that I was going to my own house with the leave of the government, and sent no notice to my own house, lest the magistrates of Dumfries might make too narrow inquiries about me: so they were ignorant of my arrival in the country till I were at home, where I still feigned to have permission to remain. To carry on the deceit the better, I sent for all my neighbours, and invited them to come to my house. I took

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up my papers at night, and sent them off to Traquair. It was a peculiar stroke of Providence that I made the dispatch I did; for they soon suspected me; and, by a very favourable accident, one of them was overheard to say to the magistrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would insist upon seeing my leave from government. This was bruited about; and, when I was told of it, I expressed my surprise that they had been so backward in coming to pay their respects; but, said I, better late than never: be sure to tell them that they shall be welcome whenever they choose to come. This was after dinner; but I lost no time to put every thing in readiness, but with all possible secrecy; and the next morning before day-break I set off again for London with the same attendants; and, as before, I put up at the smallest inns, and arrived safe once more.

On my arrival, the report was still fresh of my journey into Scotland, in defiance of their prohibition. A lady informed me, that the King was extremely incensed at the news; that he had issued orders to have me arrested; adding, that I did whatever I pleased, in despite of all his designs; and that I had given him more anxiety and trouble than any woman in all Europe. For which reasons, I kept myself as closely concealed as possible, till the heat of these rumours had abated. In the meanwhile, I took the opinion of a very famous lawyer, who was a man of the strictest probity; he advised me to go off as soon as they had ceased searching for me. I followed his advice; and, about a fortnight after, I escaped without any accident whatever.

The reason he alleged for his opinion was this, that although, in other circumstances, a wife cannot be prosecuted for saving her husband; yet, in cases of high treason, according to the rigour of the law, the head of a wife is responsible for that of a husband, and, as the King was so highly incensed, there could be no answering for the consequences; and he therefore intreated me to leave the kingdom.

The King's resentment was greatly augmented by the petition which I presented, contrary to his express orders; but my Lord was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would be at least serviceable to me. I was, in my own mind, convinced that it would answer no purpose; but, as I wished to please my Lord, I desired him to have it drawn up; and I undertook to make it come to the King's hand, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So the first day I heard that the King was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs Morgan, (the same who accompanied me to the Tower); because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She staid by me, and told me when he was coming. I had also another lady with me; and we three remained in a room between the King's apartments and the drawing-room; so that he was obliged to go through it: and, as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition,

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I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me on my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the *drawing-room*. At last one of the *blue ribbons* who attended his Majesty, took me round the waist, whilst another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment.

One of the gentlemen in waiting picked up the petition; and, as I knew that it ought to have been given to the Lord of the Bed-Chamber who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and intreated him to do me the favour to read the petition which I had had the honour to present to his Majesty. Fortunately for me it happened to be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room, and delivered him the letter which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the Prince; but, as soon as ever the game was over, he read it, and behaved, as I afterwards learned, with the warmest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the antichamber, and wanted to speak to me. But I made him a sign not to come near me, lest his acquaintance might thwart, my designs. They read over the petition several times, but without any success; but it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening; and the harshness with which I had been treated, soon spread abroad, not much to the honour of the king. Many people reflected, that they had themselves presented petitions to the late king, and that he had never rejected any, even from the most indigent objects; but that this behaviour to a person of my quality was a strong instance of brutality.

These reflections, which circulated about, raised the king to the highest pitch of hatred and indignation against my person, as he has since allowed: for when all the ladies whose husbands had been concerned in the affair, presented their petition for dower, mine was presented among the rest; but the king said I was not to be entitled to the same priviledge; and, in fact, I was excluded; and it was remarkable, that he would never suffer my name to be mentioned. For these reasons every body judged it prudent for me to leave the kingdom; for, so long as this hatred of the king subsisted, it was not probable that I could escape from falling into his hands. I accordingly went abroad.

This is the full narrative of what you desired, and of all the transactions which passed relative to this affair; nobody living, besides yourself, could have obtained it from me; but the obligations I owe you, throw me under the necessity of refusing you nothing that lies in my power to do.

As this is for yourself alone, your indulgence will excuse all the faults which must occur in this long recital. The truth you may depend upon. Attend to that, and overlook all deficiencies.

My Lord desires you to be assured of his sincere friendship.—I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, yours most affectionately, (Signed) WINEFRED NITHSDALE.

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THE FALLS OF OHIOPYLE.

From "December Tales."

Blow breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

ON the west of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog and gun, amid uninhabited solitudes, almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters.

On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport; and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered into the deminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my four-footed companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water—a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overcome, he entered into the boat, and I rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which forbade my leaving the element on which I glided along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon those sad and melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind when nature, in her garb of decay, presents herself to the eye: It reminds me that human pride and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their deline; that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passes away; and that the autumn of our

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existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death, which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the water, curled its surface in waves that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds: his last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow and sombre lustre the embrowned foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased: immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches, covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees and thick shrubs filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range, and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forest assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightening-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant, about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would give way to another—and another—and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances: distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of fantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions; thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moonbeams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the dense masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance, while, rising above them, the evening star twinkled amid its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure—it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view: my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me, at thus beholding, in the pride of loveliness, the works of the Creating Spirit.

In the mean time, the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased, that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had, since his entrance into the boat, lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land; and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness, he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

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Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an uninterrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear, or of bodily pain. I now remarked that, though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought, with considerable anxiety, for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them, by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time my dog sprung over the side of the boat, and I saw him, with considerable difficulty, obtain a safe landing; still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to retain his secure situation, or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered and grew cold, to think of the fate to which I was hurrying, without hope of succour, or a twig to catch at, to save me from destruction. In a few moments I should, in all probability, be dashed to atoms on the rock, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death; I had seen him in various forms; I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible. Still the beautiful face of nature, which had tempted me to my fate, was the same: the clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds, were above me, and far high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightness shone the stars of evening, and, in their tranquillity, seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects; a mist was over my eyes; but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind: things of whose shape I could form no idea, would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled: then I would start from the delusion as from a dream, and again the roar of the cataract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity; for more than a very few minutes could not have elapsed from the time I became insensible, to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly I seemed rapt along inconceivably swift; and in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity; then a shock, as if my frame had been rent in atoms, succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars, dimly shining through the mist and foam, and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted up from the water; but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained; I heard no

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longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep; but my memory was totally ineffectual to explain what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorance of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in the situation I have supposed, would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure; but some allowance will, I trust, be made, in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was; I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity, but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation; of my sailing on the river, of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohiopyle—I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it; but no one was visible.

My next thought was, to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, my limbs were, I found, too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time; yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing forward about me; I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who I thought had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form which flitted round me. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow; and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was music to me; her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld. During the whole time of my illness, those white fingers, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that obscured my mind and memory passed away. I was again sensible, and could call to mind, with some little trouble, a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, the idea of my passing over the brink of the rocks over which the river precipitates itself; of the shock which I experienced when dashed upon the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one from whom I might gather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree

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recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, I examined the room in which I lay; but no one was there: my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes, which I found deposited on a chair: being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. My first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, likewise destitute, as I thought, of inhabitants, and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention; and, turning round, I beheld, with no small satisfaction, my old fellow-traveller Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog; and I was busily engaged in patting him, when, turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded upon. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt, stood looking at us, supporting, with one arm, the old man, her father; while on the other hung a basket of flowers. I stood gazing at them without speaking; I know not what magic made me dumb, but not a word escaped my lips. She was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch, chiding me at the same time for so doing, without leave. "I," said she, smiling, "am at present your physician; and I assure you I shall exercise the power which I have over you as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible." "Aye," added the father, "like all your sex, you love to make the most of the little power you have. But," added he, "we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection: he is our guest, and not our captive." By this time I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for their kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned to them; but my politeness was cut short, by the frank assurance of my host that I was welcome, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly, by his lovely daughter. Carlo and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both; but my fair physician was inexorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman's phrase, till to-morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curiosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the falls of Ohiopyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the moanings and lamentations of a dog, and, descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation he had great difficulty, first in rescuing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in conveying me to his father's dwelling, where I found I had lain several days, till, by his daughter's unremitting attention, (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business) I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength, which promised to terminate in complete restoration. Such were the facts which I contrived to

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gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over every thing, the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praise. As to themselves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, again cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me (which they assured me was not the case). Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget; for—shall I confess it?—the idea that all that had been done for me was the effect of mere general philanthropy, displeased me. When I looked at the lovely woman who had nursed me, with sister-like affection, I could not bear to reflect that any other, placed in a similar situation, might have been benefited by the same care; being watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good-natured smile; in short, that I was cared for no more than another, and valued and taken care of merely as a being of the same species with themselves, to whom, equally with any other, their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two, my health was so much improved, that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden which surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling. Its thatched roof, with patches of dark green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls and chimney, with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the neat glazed windows, the porch and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass plat, edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with "wee modest" daisies, and the moss rose in the middle,—were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever; and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man; his white-washed cottage, his garden, and his beautiful and good daughter:—"And yet it cannot be helped," I repeated again, and again. "How happy I should be," I thought, "in this lovely spot, and perhaps the daughter—dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself, that he is in love. And why should I not be be happy?"

I am married—need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, have the same attractions for me—nay, more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me, my wife loves me, and her father is happy in seeing her happy. Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohiopyle.

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STANZAS

From the Spanish.

BLOW light, thou balmy air,
My lady's couch above;
Blow lightly there, ye winds, and spare
The slumbers of my love.
Let no rude blast be found
To mar her gentle sleep;
But all around a dreamy sound,
And drowsy murmur, creep.

O fly! thou balmy air,
And by her couch remain;
Go, blend thee with her breath, and bear
Its balm to me again;
But lightly go, and gently blow—
Blow softly as my strain.

Blow gently, do not break
The stillness of her sleep;
I would not make my love awake,
Nor raise those lids to weep.
Ye winds, that, borne in happier hour,
May wanton as ye will;
If round her bower ye have the power,
To creep and murmur still,
O lightly go, and gently blow,
And let her slumber still.

EDIN. REV.

ERIN MAVOURNEEN, FAREWELL!

From the "European Magazine."

THE last breeze from Erin
Has pass'd o'er my brow,
The gale of the ocean
Is over me now;
I leave thee, my country!
Farewell!—though thou art
The life pulse that stirs me,
The veins of my heart:
Erin Mavourneen, farewell!

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I gaze where the bright sun
Falls back to the west,
And tinges the blue clouds
That hang o'er thy breast:
The barque bears me from thee
To sail o'er the deep,
While on thy green bosom
I gaze,—and I weep;
Erin Mavourneen, farewell!

I weep, for thy spring-time
Of beauty is o'er;
And feel, while my dimm'd eye
Is on thy loved shore;
Like the mourner, when, fixing
His gaze on the dead,
He bends o'er the cold earth
Whose spirit is fled;
Erin Mavourneen, farewell!

The tear-drooping willow
Hangs over thy lyre;
The chill-blast hath broken
Each soul-stirring wire:
Through the gloom of thy darkness
No day-beam appears;
And thy sweet type, Ierne,
Is gemm'd by thy tears;
Erin Mavourneen, farewell!

Farewell! for no longer
I gaze on thy shore;
The mists are between us,
I view thee no more!
Perhaps to my country
I breathe the last strain;
Perhaps I may never
Behold thee again;
Erin Mavourneen, farewell!

Though in darkness, Ierne,
Thy sun may have set;
Thy emerald bosom
I ne'er can forget;
And while o'er the deep ocean
The breeze bears my barque,
My heart, like its billow,
Heaves deeply and dark:—
Erin Mavourneen, farewell!

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HAPPINESS.

From "Colton's Lacon."

WHAT is earthly happiness? that phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession, deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but Disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience that *must*. Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither; although, like some other gallants, they all boasted of more favours than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit; he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed, that, by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm, but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected, often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion;—the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She dispatches, however,

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her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power; to Avarice, Wealth; to Love, Jealousy; to Revenge, Remorse; alas! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment. Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes: she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them indeed with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is travelling incognita to keep a private assignation with Contentment, and to partake of a *tete a tete*, and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear then, mighty queen! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, not desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstance, and an ephemeris of time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent even to thine own subsistence! nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by Content on the one hand, and by Health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated pageant to the ground.

THE TROPICAL NIGHT.

THE tropical night keeps pace with the tropical day. The nights are uncommonly bright and serene. The stars which spangle the etherial vault emit a radiance which is unknown in Europe, and gild the hemisphere with an inconceivable brilliancy. Constellations, which are invisible in England, here display their beauties, and shine through all the summer without being intercepted with a shade. The magnitudes of these stars appear to be enlarged; and many which, through obstructing mediums are invisible in the northern latitudes, are here conspicuous through the purity of the air. Some stars of the first magnitude, which the peculiar position of the heavens conceal from the higher latitudes, are not only visible in these climes, but shine with a lustre peculiar to themselves. The planets put on a more resplendent appearance, and display a refulgence which is exclusively applicable to the Torrid Zone. Their aspects are bolder and more striking than in other climates: and their radiance increases as well as that of the fixed stars. They glow with a brightness which, in this season, is sullied with no obstruction, and intermitted only by the periodical revolutions of the system. To increase the glory of this enchanting scene, "the moon makes her appearance, not in "clouded majesty," but in re-

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splendent brilliancy; diffusing a light which seems to originate in native lustre. In her presence the stars, both erratic and fixed, are apparently eclipsed, and deprived of half their honours; while her light is sufficient for the transaction of almost any business in the open air. The smallest print may be read without difficulty, and distant objects may plainly be seen. By her light the finest landscapes in nature are presented to the eye of the spectator; he gazes with admiration and wonder on the beauties which swarm around him, and wanders into the pathless regions of fancy without satiety or disgust. At the same time the air is tranquil and serene, and contributes greatly to heighten the general beauties of the night. Not a single cloud hides any portion of the vast expanse, or interrupts the contemplative mind in its pursuit of those meditations, which the solemnity of the scene and the stillness of the night had conspired to raise. It is a season which invites to serious thought, while it soothes the perturbations of the heaving bosom, and spreads tranquillity through all the powers of the soul. It is a season which awakens the mind to serious reflections; and carries the intellectual powers beyond the horizon which circumscribes the scene. It is a season calculated to convey the soul into futurity; to anticipate realities which lie beyond the grave; to connect what is past with that which is to come, and to make the mind deeply susceptible of consolation or remorse. In every country inhabited by man, the silence of night has been esteemed as congenial to meditation; but though "night has been fair virtue's immemorial friend," yet, perhaps, there is no region on the earth, of which it can be said with more propriety, that "the conscious moon, through every distant age, has held a lamp to wisdom."

The beauty of the tropical night, in the summer season, surpasses all the powers of description. The lustre of the planets seem to increase in proportion to that of the fixed stars; the bodies of all appear magnified; and, on account of that appearance, they seem to approximate towards the earth. The brightness of Mars, of Jupiter, and of Venus, is so transcendent as to outshine the most splendid appearance that the heavens ever presented to our view in this country. Venus, in particular, occasionally appears horned like a little moon, and her light is so transcendently beautiful, as even to cast a shadow from the houses, trees, and other objects which tend to offer obstruction.

And when to these appearances, we add the moon rising in solemn and silent grandeur to heighten the magnificent scenery, it brightens the prospect while it expands the mind; and raises the sublime phenomena to the summit of more than earthly grandeur. There are, perhaps, but few places on the globe to which these lines of Homer can apply with greater exactness than to a West Indian summer's night:—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,

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O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed;
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light." ANON.

EVENING THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

From "Bowring's Matins and Vespers."

THE good man dies—it grieves us:
Why should the good man die?
He dies—but, dying leaves us
A lasting legacy.
And this becomes our comforter;
And sweeter is the thought
Of him who is departed,
Than all that death has left:—
No longer broken-hearted,
Deem that thou art bereft;
For O! the good man's memory
Is sweeter far than aught.

No sorrows now disturb him,
No disappointment there;
No worldly pride to curb him
In his sublime career;
Heaven's azure arch is over him,
Earth's tranquil breast beneath.
The stars are brightly glowing,
The breezes play around,
The flowers are sweetly blowing,
The dew is on the ground,
And emerald mosses cover him;—
How beautiful is death!

His life—a summer's even,
Whose sun of light, though set
Amidst the clouds of heaven,
Leaves streams of brightness yet;
And thus he sinks victoriously
Into his ocean throne:
Then darkness gathers round him—
'Tis but a night:—again
He bursts the chains that bound him;
He rises from the main,
And marches heavenward gloriously,
In splendours of his own.

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Yon gems so sweetly sparkling
On heaven's cerulean deep,
What time the twilight darkling
Bring's Nature's hours of sleep,
Are perhaps the bright receptacles
Of disembodied souls:
Of souls that, long desiring
Some more than mortal joy,
Burst in their proud aspiring,
And fix themselves on high;
And on this earth look tenderly,
That low beneath them rolls.

Yes! in those orbs of glory
Methinks I see the ray
Which wisdom's sages hoary
Have scatter'd o'er my way,
With brighter wisdom perfected,
All strength—all purity.
In yonder gentle star-light
I see the holy tear,
Glistening in fair though far light,
Which once consol'd me here—
Till I was left in wretchedness,
And none to weep with me.

Roll on, fair worlds! and over
Earth's vale your torches blend:—
In each my thoughts discover
Smiles of some cherish'd friend,
Whose melancholy pilgrimage
Wearies the heart no more.
O yes! I hear their voices,
O yes! their forms I see;
And then my soul rejoices,
And, raptured, seems to be
Their momentary visitant;
But soon the dream is o'er.

I'll build a fane elysian
Among those towers divine,
And there in hallow'd vision,
When gloomy thoughts are mine,
Will soar in gloomy ecstacy—
There shall my joys be stored;
And there my soul reposing
On contemplation's breast,
When earthly scenes are closing,
Shall find a place of rest,
And leave this lowly solitude
Forgotten—undeplored.

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LETTER

FROM

DR JOHNSON TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

February, 1755.

My Lord,

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the World, that two papers in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge. When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

Sam. Johnson.

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THE

CABINET;

OR

THE SELECTED BEAUTIES OF LITERATURE.

PART III.

CONTAINING

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
STANZAS. POLYCARPA SALABARRIETA. DREAMS.
PEACE AND WAR.
ELEGY. THE VOICE OF SPRING. A TRUE STORY.
A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
CANZONETTO. UNFORESEEN PLEASURES. TEMPLETON.
A POET'S EPITAPH.
REMEMBRANCE. THE PAINS OF SLEEP. MORTALITY.
The Stout Gentleman.
THE LAST HOURS OF SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.
STANZAS. SONNET. LEONORA.
NOCHE SERENA.
THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.
THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.
A GOOD OLD MAN.

What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How in the name of thrift
Does he rake this together!

SHAKSPEARE.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN AITKEN, ST. ANTHONY'S PLACE.

1824.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have still to apologize for the non-insertion of many valuable pieces; but we trust our correspondents will have a little patience.—The tale by Napoleon Bonaparte *will certainly appear in our next number.*

Each weekly Number of the CABINET contains Sixteen Pages, closely and beautifully printed on Crown Octavo; and its object being to select and combine all the scattered excellence of our Literature, every Number contains an interesting Tale, and other Pieces in PROSE and VERSE, of decided merit.

A Title and general Index will be given with the last Number of each volume, when the titles of the different *Parts* may be cancelled.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

From the "New Monthly Magazine.

IT was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a college chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London, Tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anarcharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in style—went ball-pitch to the play—and after a quiet breakfast at the St James's, set out with my own horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warmhearted, but severe and peppery, uncle, Sir Thomas ——?

To escape was impossible.—A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George? what the —— do you here? Tandem too, by ——" (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments which dropped from his mouth like pearls, and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible it could be me he was addressing.—"What! you don't know me, you young dog? Don't you know your uncle? Why, sir, in the name of common sense—Pshaw! you've done with that.—Why in —— name a'nt you at Cambridge?" "At Cambridge, sir?" said I. "At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment; "why I suppose you never were at Cambridge! Oh! you young spendthrift: is this the manner you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard? you young profligate, you young —— you ——" Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a *scene*; and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance."—His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment.—"I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me; but, to my knowledge, I never saw you before."—A torrent, I perceived, was coming.—Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate, though your finding your country cousin in London is like looking for

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a needle in a bundle of hay.—Bye, bye, old buck." The cart was removed, and I drove off, yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim—"He disowns me! the jackanapes! disowns his own uncle by ——."

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, *d'un mouton qui rêve*, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in "Principia." "Well! you've done it.—Dished completely. What could induce you to be such a blockhead?" said he. "The family of the blockheads, my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party." "Pshaw! this is no time for joking. What's to be done?" "Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he is in trouble? However, adieu to *badinage*, and hey for Cambridge instantly." "Cambridge?" "In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly; and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him.

Without settling the bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched, the traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress; but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the college in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas —— been here?" said I to the porter, with an agitation I could not conceal. "No, sir." Phil "thanked God, and took courage." "If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving *veracious* Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't shew your face out of college for this fortnight. You twig! God bless you."—I had barely time to get to my own room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics, strewed around in learned confusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I wish to see Mr ——," said he; "is he in his rooms?" "Yes, sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago." This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known through college, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for. "Ay! very likely; reads very hard, I dare say?" "No doubt of that, I believe, sir," said Thomas, as bold as brass. "You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell me such a deliberate falsehood?" You know he's not in college!" "Not in college! sir, as I hope——" "None of your hopes or fears to me. Shew me his rooms.—If two hours ago I did not see——. See him,—Yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly

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came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?"—"Whist, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes!"—"How happy I am to see you!" I continued; "How kind of you to come! How well you're looking!"—"How people may be deceived! My dear George, (speaking rapidly,) I met a fellow, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you in ever particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts? I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your tutor; to tell the master; to tell all the college, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to inclose you fifty pounds and disown you for ever"—"My dear sir, how singular!"—"Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow's mother were acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and—that was *not* yours. No, no, you never would have treated your old uncle so."—"How rejoiced I am, that—" "Rejoiced; so am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Ecod! I can't tell you how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet, never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons, they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking: and that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, had shewn me a caricature, taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, 'Oh! that I had had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!' But,—it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle!—I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he, musing; "yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is—" I moved instantly—"But it's impossible, you know, it's impossible. Come, my dear fellow, come; I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people so like!"

We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother *was* a handsome man; and there *was* a Lady Somebody, who, the world said was partial to him. She *may* have a son. Most surprising likeness. God bless you. Read hard, you young dog; remember. Like as two brothers!" I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet, contracted when he was a "little elevated," left me the heir to his fine estate; I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no re-

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proaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated: and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honours, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure —pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened, cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straightforward path of life, that of AN OLD STUDENT.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

From "The Edinburgh Magazine."

AND it hath gone into the grave of time—
The past—the mighty sepulchre of all!
That solemn sound the mid-night's mournful chime,
Was its deep dead-bell!—but within the hall,
The old and young held gladsome festival—
What hath it left them, thus to cause such joy?
Gray hairs to some—and hearts less green to all,
And fewer steps to where their fathers lie,
Low in the church-yard cell—cold—dark—and silently.

Strange time for mirth!—when round the leafless tree
The wild winds of the winter moan and sigh,
And while the twilight saddens o'er the lea,
Mute every woodland's evening melody—
Mute the wide landscape, save where hurrying by
Roars the dark torrent on its headlong flight,
Or, slowly sailing through the blackening sky,
Hoots unto solitude, the bird of night,
Seeking the domeless wall, the turret's hoary height:—

And yet with Nature, sooth, we need not grieve;
She does not heed the woes of humankind;
No; for the tempests howl—the waters heave
Their hoary hills unto the raging wind,
And the poor bark no resting place can find;
And friends on shore shall weep and weep in vain,
For, to the ruthless elements consigned,
The seaman's corpse is drifting through the main,
Ne'er to be seen by them, nor heard of e'er again.

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Now o'er the skies the orbs of light are spread,
And through yon shoreless sea they wander on:
Where is the place of your abode, ye dead?
To what far regions have your spirits gone?
But ye are silent—silent as the stone
That gathers moss above your bed of rest,
And from the land of souls returneth none
To tell us of the place to which we haste:
But time will tell us all, and time will tell us best.

How still—how soft—and yet how dread is all
The scene around!—the silent earth and air!
What glorious lamps are hung in night's high hall,
Her dome so vast, magnificent, and fair!
Oh! for an angel's wing, to waft me there!
How sweet, methinks, e'en for one little day,
To leave this cold, dull sphere of cloud and care,
And, midst the immortal bowers above to stray
In lands of light and love—unblighted by decay.

Surely there is a language in the sky—
A voice that speaketh of a world to come;
It wells from out thy depths, Immensity!
And tells us this is not our final home,
As the tossed bark amidst the ocean's foam,
Hails, through the gloom, the beacon o'er the wave;
So from life's troubled sea, o'er which we roam,
The stars, like beacon lights beyond the grave,
Shine through the deep, o'er which our barks we hope to save!

Now gleams the moon, o'er Arthur's mighty crest,
That dweller of the air—abrupt and lone;
Hushed is the city in her nightly rest;
But hark! there comes a sweet and solemn tone,
The lingering strains, that swell'd, in ages gone,
The music of the wake—Oh! many an ear,
Rais'd from the pillow, gentle sleep hath flown,
Lists with delight, while blend the smile and tear,
As recollections rise of many a vanish'd year.

It speaks of former scenes—of days gone by—
Of early friendships—of the lov'd and lost—
And wakes such music in the heart, as sigh
Of evening wooes from harpstrings gently crost;
And thoughts and feelings crowd—a varied host,
O'er the lone bosom from their slumbers deep,
Unfelt amidst its winter's gathering frost,
Till the soft spell of music o'er it creep,
And thaw the ice away, and bid the dreamer weep!

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POLYCARPA SALABARRIETA.

From Rafter's "Memoirs of Sir Gregor M'Gregor."

POLYCARPA SALABARRIETA was a young and beautiful girl of respectable connections in Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of New Grenada. Enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, the sentiments of which she had imbibed from her infancy; but incapacitated, by her sex, from a display of those noble ideas with which her bosom laboured, she could only muse in secret on the sufferings of her country, and weep unavailing tears for the ravages of the Goths.*

Fate at length, in giving her a lover, afforded to Polycarpa an opportunity of serving her country, and dying in the cause of freedom. A young gentleman in the secretary's department of the government of Santa Fe, became enamoured of, and paid his addresses to her: his reception was favourable, and he was easily prevailed upon, by the entreaties of his beloved mistress, to betray to her the secrets of the government, and the plans and resources of the viceroy; which she communicated, from time to time, to the patriots of Casanaré, who thus received, for a considerable period, the most interesting intelligence, and obtained, in consequence, several important advantages. One of Polycarpa's letters was at length unfortunately intercepted, and she was arrested and thrown into a dungeon.

The Spanish authorities could not be convinced that the intercepted letter was the production of a young and inexperienced female; and the suspicion that an extensive plot existed, to undermine the foundation of their power, was immediately followed by the most active measures to discover it.

The world has long been acquainted with the intrigues, cruelties, and legal atrocities resorted to in cases of this kind, by the disciples of the Inquisition; and can duly appreciate the heroic firmness with which Polycarpa withstood them all. Neither the intreaties, the promises, nor the tortures inflicted by her merciless judges, could for a moment shake her constancy; but, true to the faith she had plighted, while writhing in agony, and shrinking beneath the scorn and threats of her heartless persecutors, she never, by look, word, or gesture, betrayed the secret of the man she loved.

Baffled by her constancy in assuming the whole odium and responsibility of the act for which she suffered, the wily judges of the unfortunate Polycarpa, trained in the Machiavelian school of legal artifice, sought a discovery from other sources: her lover was arrested, and being confronted with her, his anxiety to save the life of his adored mistress, betrayed their secret, and they were both condemned to be executed.

* Los Godos. A name deservedly bestowed, by the South Americans, upon the Spaniards, for the horrible cruelties and devastations which have marked their conquests.

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Then it was, that, disdaining all mortal considerations, and feeling herself already an inhabitant of heaven, the noble Polycarpa, in a strain of eloquence more than human, addressed herself to her judges, upbraiding them for their cruelties; condemned and execrated the tyrants of her country, and defended the justice of the cause for which she was proud to die.

Such was the horror which this admirable woman felt for the European Spaniards, that, when it was necessary to receive the last awful ceremonies of the church, she refused to have them administered by a Spanish priest, who had been sent to her by the viceroy, for that purpose; and though believing, in common with all her countrymen, that the omission of those ceremonies would be fatal to her soul's salvation, she steadily adhered to her resolution, until an American priest was introduced, who admininistered the sacraments, and accompanied her to the place of execution.

The patriotic sentiments of this heroine continued unabated to the last. On the way from the prison to the final scene of her existence, the priest happening slightly to touch upon political affairs, and to condemn all opposition to the constituted authorities, Polycarpa said to him in a mild reproachful tone, "Alas! holy father, have you too become a royalist?"

On the scaffold, she addressed the crowds assembled to witness the execution, "Ungrateful people! I am going to suffer for an attempt to recover your most sacred rights. Can you be base enough to tolerate such a scene of infamy? Can you listen patiently to my cries? Are you so lost to humanity as to witness my sufferings and death with calm insensibility?"

The multitude is easily held in awe. Sighs and groans were the only answer to this pathetic address; and the heroic Polycarpa and her lover were hurried into eternity.

DREAMS.

From "The Graces," for 1824.

> ——— We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Oh, Man! before thy feverish brain
What thousand visions rise!
Like colours on the evening main,
Each loveliest—till it dies.
First, bends the burning heart of youth
Before some heart untried:
Deems, like its own a stranger's truth,
And scorns the world beside!

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Then life is one enchanted dream,
The hours too swift roll on;
The heart is on the fatal stream,
We haste to be undone:
Pray but for life our faith to prove,
And call the early folly—LOVE!

But soon life's dangerous morn is past,
And well for us 'tis so—
And well if o'er its sun be cast
No cloud or lasting wo.
Then tears must fall, as sad as vain,
The homage to our pride;
Yet, broken once the worthless chain,
That bond no more is tied.
We wake, the light is round us shed,
The priz'd are priz'd no more,
The passion of the hour is fled,
The fondness, frenzy, o'er;
In wisdom we our idol fly,
And this is call'd—INCONSTANCY!

Then worldly dreams the spirit sway,
And still the waking's pain;
And hopeless still we turn away,
And hopeless turn again.
And faster, as the phantoms fly,
Pursues their willing slave,
And while their lustre fills the eye,
O'erlooks the op'ning grave.
But years will stoop the brow at last,
The wint'ry hour will come,
Then remnant, ruin, of the past,
And trembling o'er the tomb,
To Heav'n, a last resource, we fly,
And dare to call it—PIETY!

ELEGY.

FAIR was thy blossom, tender flower,
That opened like the rose in May,
Though nursed beneath the chilly shower
Of fell regret, for love's decay.

How oft thy mother heaved the sigh
O'er wreaths of honour early shorn,

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Before thy sweet and guiltless eye
Had open'd on the dawn of morn.

How oft above thy lowly bed,
When all in silence slumbered low,
The fond and filial tear was shed,
Thou child of love, of shame, and woe!

Her wronged but gentle bosom burned
With joy thy opening bloom to see;
The only breast that o'er thee yearned;
The only heart that cared for thee.

Oft her young eye, with tear drops bright,
Pleaded with heaven for her sweet child,
When faded dreams of past delight
O'er recollection wandered wild.

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,
Fair as the softest wreaths of spring,
When late I saw thee seek the bower
In peace thy morning hymn to sing.

Thy little foot across the lawn,
Scarce from the primrose pressed the dew;
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the greenwood flew;

Even then the shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever,
A tear of pity wet the string
That twanged, and sealed thy doom for ever.

I saw thee late, the emblem fair
Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
Start tiptoe on the verge of air,
'Twixt childhood and unstable youth;

But now I see thee stretched at rest:—
To break that rest shall wake no morrow!
Pale as the grave flower on thy breast!
Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow!

May thy long sleep be sound and sweet;
Thy visions fraught with bliss to be;
And long the daisy, emblem meet,
Shall shed its earliest tear o'er thee!

HOGG.

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PEACE AND WAR.

From "Prose by a Poet."

ABOUT three weeks before the battle of Waterloo, while the writer of these pages was one day turning over some old papers, he was startled by a strange and portentous expression of his own, which he had long forgotten, and the very meaning of which did not immediately strike his comprehension; "*Peace is only the sleep of war.*" The phrase had been used on occasion of the failure of Lord Malmesbury's negociation at Lisle in 1797. The recollections of eighteen years of subsequent hostility throughout Europe, in which *peace*, when we fancied we had it under the Addington administration, was literally only war asleep, rushed upon his mind, and awakened sensations so awful and transporting, that the images of thought became embodied, and passed in vision before him.

Rapt into by-gone times, he saw a goose's egg lying in the middle of a highway, on which multitudes were travelling; indeed it was the highway *to* and *through* all nations. A careless foot happening to break this egg; instead of a gosling, out crawled a reptile, which at first sight seemed a *centipedes*, but increasing in bulk every moment, it presently grew up into a monster as hideous to look upon as a Hindoo divinity. It was the demon of war in his own person, never before revealed to mortal eye. His figure might have been fashioned in mockery of the human form; his stature reached the clouds, and his shadow darkened the fairest provinces of the globe. He had two heads, which, unlike those of Janus, were placed front to front; innumerable arms, branching out all round his shoulders, sides, and chest; with legs as multitudinous, resembling in colour and motion the pillars of sand in an African whirlwind. His twin faces were frightfully distorted; they glared, they grinned, they spat, they railed, and hissed, and roared; they gnashed their teeth, and bit, and butted with their foreheads at each other. His arms, wielding swords, and spears, and shields, were fighting pell-mell together, each against its neighbours, right and left, so that every one had to contend with two. Often were they broken, paralysed, or cut sheer off; yet they were quickly restored to strength and activity, or reinstated by others that sprouted from the stumps. His legs, in like manner, were indefatigably at variance, striding contrary ways, trampling on each other's toes, or kicking shins, by universal consent, in the most ludicrous and horrible manner. Beneath them the nations of Christendom were like mole-hills overturned, where the inhabitants, like ants when their nests are broken up, were running to and fro in

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consternation, and perishing by thousands at every change of his station.

Among the victims, however, there were some splendidly apparelled, whose business it was to preserve the rest from being crushed by his steps, yet who appeared to delight in the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, whom they urged to push one another down in the path of the monster, for their own amusement. At the same time, with goads in their hands, which had been entrusted to them expressly for the purpose of keeping him off, they incessantly pricked him on, even when he would have been quiet, or have taken a different road. One of these especially distinguished himself; he was a little man, in a green coat, with an eagle's head on his shoulders, and a cock's comb upon it, of which he was prodigiously vain. This nondescript being had the power of driving the destroyer whithersoever he pleased,—except across the straits of Dover.

After the giant had thus exercised himself (with one short interval of slumber) for more than twenty years,—twenty years in a reverie may be passed in twenty seconds,—he appeared utterly exhausted. Suddenly, as if he had been struck with apoplexy, he lay down, and stretching himself out at full length, from the rock of Gibraltar, across the whole continent of Europe, and beyond the arctic circle, he made his pillow of the Polar ices, and fell fast asleep,—for "Peace is only the sleep of war."

The deponent in this case followed him into his slumber; for, lo! the monster dreamed; and the first thing he dreamed was, naturally enough, that he was awake. He imagined himself standing upright upon his forest of legs, with all his arms spread out in the sky, amidst the breezes, the dew, and the sunshine of a lovely spring morning. The songs of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, the glory of the heavens, and the beauty of the earth ravished his senses, and renovated his very existence; he found himself, notwithstanding his former consciousness, a different being, with new feelings, affections, and desires. His opposite faces, reciprocally gazing and admiring, by degrees grew so amiable in each other's eyes, that they smiled, and blushed, and kissed, and said the softest, sweetest things that his four ears had ever heard. His manifold arms embraced, shook hands together, and exchanged rings in token of eternal reconciliation. His legs all stood up in one phalanx; all ran in one direction, and at last fell to dancing, till he was forced to sit down upon the Alps with fatigue of enjoyment. Meanwhile this chimera of chimeras, who before had frozen the beholder of his person and performances with fresh horror at every look, grew so gentle, intellectual, and graceful, in manners, in aspect, and in form, that the present witness (though slow to believe any good of him) became as fully persuaded as he himself was, that he could be no longer the same, but that he must actually have undergone a metamorphosis as marvellous as any thing in OVID, from the Demon of War being transformed into the Angel of Peace: and so in truth he was, for he was asleep, and "peace is only the sleep of war."

As soon as he could divert his attention from his own altered character and novel situation, he began to look round him, and was en-

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chanted to find, that the world had been happily regenerated in the transition from war to peace as he was. Instead of mourning and poverty, rapine, devastation, and carnage, violence in every shape, and misery in every degree, that could be inflicted or endured, there was one face of gladness, one heart of affection, among millions and millions of beings, of divers claims, and languages, and governments, who had been heretofore fellow-sufferers without sympathy, and mortal enemies without knowledge of each other. The plough was following in the track where armies had marched; the battle-fields were already green with the creeping herbage of spring; nature herself was scattering flowers on the graves of those whom man had first murdered, and then abandoned; cities burnt or demolished were rebuilding with more than original splendour; people were travelling in every direction into foreign countries, not to plunder and depopulate, but for purposes of pleasure, or in pursuit of knowledge; ships were sailing on the ocean, not to burn, sink, and destroy, but to convey the peculiar riches of every land to all the rest. In a word, order and harmony, love and sincerity appeared to prevail universally.

On a nearer inspection, indeed, the giant in his dream saw that there were yet many roots of bitterness left in the soil of Europe, and many tares sown by an enemy among the good seed of concord, which might spring up and ripen into future mischiefs. There were certain things also, (easily discovered,) which stirred his former spirit within him, but he resolutely kept it down; for while he beheld the little man in the green coat, with the eagle's head, but without the cock's comb, busily employed, in building, farming, and legislating, on an island of the Mediterranean, no longer than the palm of one of his own pacific hands, he felt a tranquillity of soul, which all the wrongs of Norway, Saxony, Poland, or Italy could not destroy—though they *did* occasionally disturb it; and he sometimes wondered how his blood came to be so cool, that he could endure the sight of such enormities, and not move earth and ocean to redress them. As for the perpetuation of the slave-trade, by a solemn treaty of Christian potentates, the revival of the Holy Inquisition, and its concomitant plagues in Spain; the reluctant and hollow submission of a profligate soldiery to a family of princes whom they hated and despised in France,—whenever these exasperated his feelings beyond that moderate pitch of indignation which evaporates in invective, but never breaks out into blows, he instantly turned for consolation towards the august congress of sovereigns and statesmen at Vienna, who were calmly, solemnly, and deliberately setting the boundaries of nations never to be passed, and dividing the "souls" of men among themselves with more than paternal solicitude, and the nicest mathematical precision. In *their* wisdom, magnanimity, and disinterestedness, he welcomed, with all the ardour of inexperience, the pledges of universal and everlasting amity among all the families of the civilized world.

Ten months had already elapsed in this charming illusion,—for time in a dream is as evanescent as it hath already been shown to be in a brown study,—when, all in an instant, our ruminator felt a shock on his left side, as if the man in the moon, from that astounding elevation, had lept upon him, broken through his ribs, and crushed his

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heart; while a voice more terrible than he had ever heard during the French Revolution, from the tribune, the guillotine, or the throne, thundered in his ears, "*Le congrès est dessous.*"

He started up, and the first object he saw, (for instinctively he looked that way,) was the little man in the green coat, with the eagle's head, who had jumped on shore, in the south of France. The giant fixed his eye intensely upon *him*, and never winked, nor withdrew it, day nor night, for two whole weeks, while he watched his old tormentor carried in the arms of Fortune herself, seated again, without resistance, on the throne of France, and the cock's comb replaced by her on the eagle's crest. Every moment of this ghastly interval, the phantom himself was visibly relapsing into his former ferocity; and no sooner was the audacious adventurer re-established, than his two heads began to frown, and snarl, and snap; his hands to combat, and his feet to wrestle. The demon of war was alive, awake, and in action again; "for peace is only the sleep of war."—When will he sleep, and what will be his dream, next time?

P. S. After an interval of eight years, (Midsummer, 1823,) every reader may answer this question in the way that will best satisfy himself.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

From the "New Monthly Magazine."

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers,
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture-free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

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I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye! ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
—Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed! and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay,
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslips head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills past?
—Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!

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Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you the bright and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair:
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight—
I shall find them there with their eyes of light!
Where death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell—
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore,—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's,—fare-ye-well, farewell!

A TRUE STORY.

From the "Indicator."

WHEN I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight, in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favourite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled by the sight of a tall slender female who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me, as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot; but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and altogether she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and when I looked again she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not on my return speak of this beautiful appearance, nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot that I might see her. She

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always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly at me, and silently passed on; and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learnt that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman; not young, though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R——, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist; but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and pronounced that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise, for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the first opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked brightly and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute, and how many fresh flowers were brought to one whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself, and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honour of her guest's recovery;" "And it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest so tended and so honoured, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which, even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward?" To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate; but, when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond enquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her, sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited till the day of her death the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her.

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A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.

From "May You Like It."

"Thou know'st, that in my desert halls
The pride of youth and hope is o'er;
That, sunk, defac'd, my crumbling walls
Repose or shelter yield no more.

Yet, on this dark and dreary pile,
Thy love its tender wreaths hath hung;
And all it asks is still to smile,
Bloom, fade, and die where once it clung."

C. H. TOWNSEND.

"I WILL wait," said an old man, as he stopped under a grove of tall forest trees, "I will wait till all this splendour is past. Poor young creature! she will hear it soon enough." He looked towards the superb palace which shone out one blaze of light amid the darkness of the night. He saw the doors crowded with persons; and carriages rolled rapidly past him. He recognized the imperial equipage, by the light of the flambeaux borne around it. He drew nearer, and heard the sound of music and song. "No, no," he exclaimed, "I cannot enter yet." He turned back and sought the little inn where he had left his horse. There the happy peasantry were assembled. Unwearied with a long day of rejoicing, they were dancing, and singing, and laughing. The whole house rung with merriment.—The old man entered one of the least crowded rooms: there he found a large party sitting round a long table, covered with fruit and cakes. They were all talking, and laughing; all but one little girl, who had dropped fast asleep with joyful fatigue. Her arms were crossed upon the table, and her bright cheek rested on them; her eyelids looked heavy with slumber, but her fresh rosy lips were partly unclosed, and her cheek was dimpled with smiles. The old man sat down beside her, and leaned his folded arms also on the table; but he did not sleep.

The palace of the Countess Florenheim was on that evening thronged with lordly company. Every splendid saloon had been thrown open: but among the beauteous forms assembled there, the young Countess herself was the most admired. It might be that every eye looked in almost determined admiration upon one so gentle, and so distinguished by birth and fortune. But the young and innocent Bianca was very lovely. The usual expression of her large hazel eyes was eloquent tenderness, her features were beautiful, and every movement of her tall and delicate form was by nature graceful: though her dress was adorned by jewels of immense value, its appearance was less magnificent than simple.

That day she had taken possession of her princely wealth; and for the first time, she appeared as the mistress of her own palace: her

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manner was perfectly dignified and easy, but, during the whole evening, the rich bloom of her cheek was heightened by a continued blush.

The Empress remained some hours at the Florenheim palace, delighted with the appearance and conduct of the young and noble orphan. The parents of the Countess had deserved and enjoyed the favour of their sovereigns, and Maria Theresa loved to distinguish their child.

Every guest had departed; and the young Countess stood alone in her spacious and magnificent saloons. She pressed her hand for a moment over her eyes, for they ached with the glare of the tapers still blazing around her. She looked at the beautiful flowers which hung in fading garlands round the room, and sighed. With a true girlish fancy, she took down a long drooping branch of roses from the tall candelabra beside her; the blossoms were all faded: she sighed again; her heart had not been in the gaiety and splendour of the evening, and now she had leisure to attend to the silent thoughts of her bosom. She thought of her betrothed husband, and she could not help reproaching herself for having shared in any way the festivities around her, while Ernest Alberti was exposed to the dangers of war.

As the young Countess was retiring to rest, the arrival of a person, who earnestly requested to see her that very night, was announced; she hesitated at first, but after a few moments consideration, she consented to appear. She returned to the deserted saloon, and there waited till the man was introduced to her presence. She recognized at once the servant of the Count Alberti, and dismissed her attendants. How often did she tremble, how often did she turn pale with horror, during that short interview! Ernest had fought with his general officer against the positive commands of the Emperor; the general had been mortally wounded, and Alberti was disgraced; a high reward was set upon his life. He had however escaped, but his servant knew not whither.

Many months passed away, months of doubt and sorrow to the hapless Bianca. The young deserter was never heard of; and the festive magnificence which had flashed for a moment in the palace of the Countess, entirely disappeared. All Vienna talked of her engagement with Ernest, and many pronounced the engagement to be dissolved. It was said, that the Empress had herself forbidden the young Countess to think of the disgraced Alberti. Bianca was certainly commanded to appear at court, and she did not refuse.—Many of the young courtiers determined to pay more than usual attention to the very beautiful and very wealthy heiress. She appeared, but none presumed to insult her sorrow with their addresses: her real, artless grief, invested her with a dignity which no one dared to infringe upon. She did not attempt to conceal how severely the blow had fallen upon her; but her grief, though silent, and seeming to claim no interest, was quietly majestic. Calm and pale, she stood among the ladies of the court, an object of respect and admiration even to the Empress herself.

A year passed away. The general whom Alberti had wounded was not dead, but he had met with so many relapses that his recovery was still pronounced uncertain. Bianca continued a quiet mourner, but now her alliance was sought by many of the noblest houses of Austria;

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gently, but firmly, every proposal was declined. For the first time, the Empress interested herself in the suit of the Prince, one of Bianca's enthusiastic admirers. The young Countess did not repel the confidence which her sovereign sought; she disclosed with affecting earnestness the feelings of her heart, and the principles on which she acted: before she quitted the Empress, she perceived that her feelings were understood,—she guessed that her principles were approved.

The mother of the Count Alberti was living; and still presided over the household of her son. The Countess Bianca was now a constant visitor at the Alberti palace; and a few days after the above mentioned interview with the Empress, the aged Countess and Bianca were conversing almost cheerfully together: they were elated with hope, for the petitions which had been presented in behalf of Ernest seemed to be successful. The Empress had herself written to the Countess Alberti; the letter was in Bianca's hand. Suddenly a person entered the saloon: it was the old and faithful servant of Alberti; he told them news that almost overwhelmed them. The young Count had returned, he had been brought to Vienna with a gang of desperate banditti, he was said to be the captain of men who were outlaws, robbers, and murderers.—"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the old Countess, and she gazed with a look of heart-broken sorrow on a magnificent portrait of her late husband; "this is to be the end of the house of Alberti. Your only son, my beloved Conrad, the child of our hopes, will he prove a shame to his father's name? It is well you are not here; it is enough that I survive to witness our disgrace."—"Ernest will never disgrace you," cried Bianca, eagerly. "We know him much better," she added, clasping the trembling hands of the Countess, with tender affection; "there is much to be explained in this story. Dear rash Ernest," she faltered, leaning her head on his mother's shoulder, and burst into tears. "*We* know him better: he may be wild and faulty, but *he* will never disgrace any one." "He never will, you are right," replied the Countess; "I spoke hastily. I ought to hope, I ought to believe, better things of my beloved son. Daughter of my love, I was very wrong to doubt him for a moment; you judge him rightly. Bless you, bless you, my sweet Bianca." Alberti had been indeed brought to Vienna among the banditti of Istria; every proof was strong against him. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel, and there seemed no hope that the sentence would be mitigated. Ernest himself told an improbable story about his not being connected with the banditti; but nobody listened to it, and he mentioned it no more. Bianca and his mother did believe him. The account was perfectly true.

Ernest had seen his antagonist fall, and he stood in stupified horror, with the bloody sword in his hand; a cold and sickening chill crept through his frame, and thought and memory seemed to forsake him. The friend who had accompanied him to the spot where the duel was fought, roused him from his reckless stupor: he led up to him his charger, which had brought him to the spot; he conjured, he commanded him to fly. Ernest heeded him not, but rushed to the place where the wounded general was lying: he had swooned, and the ashy paleness of death was already on his countenance. Ernest flung himself on the ground and groaned with anguish. The general revived, he

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beheld the young man, he called to him with a feeble voice, he stretched out his clammy hand to him. Ernest half rose from the ground, he drew near the dying man, and with downcast eyes he took the extended hand. Again the general spoke, "I was in fault," he said; "I should have known better than to be provoked by a youth like yourself. Forgive me, Alberti. If you wish that I should recover, leave me. Fly instantly—I shall be anxious, I shall have no rest, I shall die, if I think that you are in danger. Leave me, I entreat you." The young soldier obeyed; he kissed the cold hand of his general, and his friend hurried him away; he pointed towards the south, as if insinuating the direction which Ernest should take. Once again, Alberti looked round: he saw the arm of the wounded man raised, as if to wave him away; his hand was on the rein of the impatient charger; he leapt into the saddle and fled.

It was nearly sunset when the Count Alberti stopt at the entrance of a desolate valley. Immense masses of rock descended to the banks of a rushing stream, on one side of which a narrow path wound apparently up the valley. For some miles before he reached this spot, Ernest had beheld no traces of man. He looked behind, and the broad barren moor which he had passed over, marked out a uniform horizon, against the clear crimson heavens. The standing rays of the sun spread in a thread-like blaze of golden glory over the plain. He turned again towards the mountains and waters. There all was dark and awful; the shadows of evening had cast even a terrific gloom over the valley; the loud and rising wind came rushing down it, and blew the foam of the torrent over his face. Ernest threw the reins on his horse's neck, and proceeded slowly along the winding path. The valley became narrower as he advanced, the rocks more precipitous, and the darkness increased. At last the valley appeared to be closed in entirely by one steep precipice, over which the torrent fell with a deafening roar. The charger stopt, and Ernest dismounted; he climbed the rocks beside him; the path which he had lost sight of, again appeared: it seemed to lead in to a chasm of impenetrable blackness: he sprung forward, and felt the path firm and level under his feet. Returning to his horse, he led it after him, till they had reached what seemed to be the end of the cavern, for he saw the stars shining above him, and the ground beneath was spread with thick grass. The horse stooped down his head to graze, and Ernest unbridled it. The fugitive threw himself down among the rocks, and slept.

When he awoke, the moon was shining brightly on the plain before him, and the wind had died quite away. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night, except a faint murmur of distant waters, and the ceaseless chirping of innumerable grasshoppers. The plain seemed to be enclosed by mountains partly covered with dark pine woods; but the black and deepened shadows which enveloped every spot not lighted by the silvery moonshine, prevented his accurate observance of the scenes he gazed upon. He listened in vain, to hear if his horse were grazing near; he then wandered on, but forgot entirely that he was seeking his horse,—he forgot every thing but the thoughts most nearly connected with his own dreary sorrows.

"At this moment," thought he, "the blood that I have shed, may

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be crying up to God for vengeance." In the heat of passion he had found a thousand excuses for himself: he had been among gay and thoughtless young men, and they seldom troubled themselves with reasoning, where a laugh or sarcasm convinced more easily. Alberti had often in his heart despised their silliness, but he had allowed his mind to be governed by their opinions, just because his passions and those opinions agreed; he had stooped to the palliation of crime, under the screen of worldly custom; he had become probably a murderer, and for what? because his temper had been provoked—for a trifle, that was not worth remembering. He was now alone, in calm, undisturbed solitude. He had leisure to search the very ground of his heart; and he did so. Calmly and clearly he called up all the excuses which he had framed; and with firm but grieving severity he condemned them all. He sought for the principle on which he acted, but he found that he sought for a shadow. He looked up into the boundless heavens above him, and the thought which he strove to fix upon his soul, was "I am alone with God, and in condemning myself, I will not, dare not, encourage a single excuse." A rush of agonizing thoughts passed over his bosom; they confused and distracted him. He leaned his burning head against the rocks near him, their dewy coldness relieved its throbbing heat; he then felt how contrasted a creature he was to all around and about him, the magnificent stillness of the scene abashed him; he felt as if his presence were a pollution to its sublime solitude: the objects that he beheld, seemed to shadow forth their viewless Creator; they seemed to speak of His purity and grandeur; and he felt himself more a creature of sinful and lawless passions, than he had ever done in the haunts of men.

Ernest was roused from his meditation; his charger galloped past him, he called to it, and the animal stopped; but suddenly it started again: he looked for the cause, and beheld a party of men within a few yards of the place where he stood. The moon-beams glittered upon the weapons which they wore. Alberti had advanced into the full moon light, and they perceived him; he did not appear to notice them, but again called to his horse. The animal came up to him, but at that instant one of the men approached to seize it. Ernest lifted up his arm and struck the man down; he wreathed the mane round his hand, and demanded loudly, but calmly, the reason of their interference. An insulting shout was the only reply he received, and they rushed towards him. In an an instant, Ernest had lept upon his horse; the men threw themselves before him; they commanded him to dismount, they attempted to drag him down. He swept them away with his arm, he urged on his charger, and bounded from the midst of them; but another party sprung up before him. He had burst from them, his way seemed unimpeded, when he felt the whir and report of a bullet, as it flew past his head. He heard again the report of a loud volley and *he* was yet unwounded. At once his charger reared and snorted; then its legs staggered, its head plunged forward into the earth; it struggled in vain to rise, and rolled heavily over. Ernest heard not, cared not, for the crowd that gathered round him. He lifted up the head of his dying horse from the earth, and wiped away the foam and dust from his mouth and nostrils. The poor animal was dying: the

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sweat streamed out from its reeking sides, and mingled with its spouting blood. Ernest saw an expression, almost human, turned for a moment on him from its staring eye. Once again, the faithful creature struggled to throw out its quivering limbs, and to strike its head into the earth: it gasped, and gasped, and its head slipt away from the arms of its master. Alberti raised it again, but his loved charger lay motionless and dead beside him. The tears gushed from his eyes; but he saw the men who surrounded him, who had for some minutes gazed on him in silence. In a frenzy of rage he started up, and strove to draw his sword; it seemed glued to the scabbard, and at first resisted his efforts. Wild with fury, he wrenched it forth. The blade had already struck against another sword, when it rivetted his look, for it was smeared with what he knew to be the dark blood of his general. The sight calmed him at once; the sword dropt from his grasp; and he called out in a voice of horror, "Enough, enough! I have had blood enough!" His antagonist started with wonder; but suddenly a blow struck him from behind. He turned his head, and beheld a man drawing from his shoulder a streaming dagger: He saw the face of this man; he knew him. The man was a deserter from his own regiment. "It is right that *I* should fall thus," he cried out; and sunk lifeless on the body of his horse.

Ernest unclosed his eyes, and found that he was lying upon a mat, in a spacious cavern, partly roofed in from the open sky, by a shelving rock at a great height above him. By the dim light, his eye could not measure the vast extent of the cavern. He endeavoured to rise, but the pain and weakness which he felt in his shoulder reminded him of his wound, and he sunk back again. He listened; but faint and indistinct sounds alone met his ear. At length, amid the black shadows which hung about the vault-like roof, at the farther end of the cavern, a light appeared: it shone out one red sparkle from the gloom: it moved downwards; and he thought he heard the clanking tread of a person descending a flight of steps. Nearer and nearer the light came; and he beheld a figure approaching. The moon, whose light had been gradually fading, had now set; the first dun light of morning scarcely dispelled the darkness which succeeded. The man placed the lamp on a ledge of the rock, and drawing his cloak round him, stood leaning against the wall. The chill morning air rushed through the cavern, and almost extinguished the flame; the man bent down over the lamp to trim it, and the light flared over the face of the deserter, who had stabbed Alberti. Ernest spoke to the man: he addressed him by his name. The man answered churlishly.—"Do you not know me?" said Alberti. "I know you? not I: I only know, that I wish I had killed you; or that the fellows who took the trouble of bringing you here, would have staid with you, and not sent me down to this dismal den, while they are drinking above." "Bring your lamp, and look me in the face, said Ernest, in a tone of command. The man brought the lamp, and held it carelessly before his face. He turned pale as he gazed; and although Alberti was a helpless and imprisoned man, for a while he thought of him only as the officer whom he had served under and obeyed. He faltered out a few words of excuse, dictated by the feeling of the moment. "There is no occasion for excuse, Michael," said Alberti;

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"I do not think you would have stabbed *me* intentionally; but I want no excuses. I see what you now are, while I am here, a dying man perhaps, and in your power; but I ask no favours. The man spoke not, as he stood without moving and in silence at the feet of Alberti, who turned away and closed his eyes. Ernest looked round again, and the man was still standing before him. "Will you answer me one question?" enquired the deserter.—"Speak then."—"Did (you come hither in search of me?"—"In search of you!" replied Alberti in a tone of evident surprise.) "No, alas! I thought not of you till this night." The man did not raise his head, but said slowly, "I was sorry when I saw that I had stabbed my commander. I don't forget that I have met with much kindness from you, signor; but now I know that you came not here to take me, I would do any thing to save you. Alberti was proud, but he felt ashamed in the presence of the man whose hand had been raised against his life, who was a deserter, and a common robber. "I am justly punished," he said; "I am more guilty than yourself. *I* have lifted my arm against my commander. I left him dying: perhaps he is now dead. I *too am* a deserter: at this moment I am pursued; and if I should be taken, my life will be forfeited for my crime. If you are inexcusable, what am I?"

The man took up the lamp, and walked hastily from the cavern. He returned in a short time, and with him came a young woman, whose countenance displayed a strange mixture of boldness and feminine beauty. She brought with her a basket of provisions, and with the assistance of the deserter, they dressed the wound in Alberti's shoulder, which had been before bound only with handkerchiefs.

For days and weeks, Alberti was kindly and constantly attended by the banditti. They heard his history from Michael; and his manners and martial appearance, all they observed about him, commanded respect, and even confidence. His wound was healed, and his strength was gradually returning, when the cavern was entered one night by a party of the banditti, among whom was the leader of the band. Ernest had been treated before with attention; but the request which the band then made, astonished him. They told him, that they knew he could not return to his rank, and to his former associates. They told him that they admired, respected, and could trust him. They were still speaking, when Alberti raised his eyes, and fixed them on the man who addressed him, with a look of calm, and almost stern surprise. The fellow looked down and hesitated; he had begun to speak in a tone which seemed to declare, that he was *conferring* a favour; as he continued, he felt that he was *asking* a favour. He had proposed to Alberti, that he should take the command of their band. "Never," replied Ernest, in a tone of resolute decision. A murmur of angry disapprobation passed through the band. He observed it, and walked into the midst of them. "Hear me," he said, "I am speaking to men, and I expect to be heard as a man. You have been kind to me, and I thank you heartily. I am still weak in body, but I have not learned to fear any of you. I thank you for the admiration and respect you declare to me, but I never will be one of your band. I wish not to offend you; but I will tell you the plain truth. I will never countenance your mode of life.—It is perfectly true, that I am a disgraced

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man, and an outlaw. I feel it. But I feel that, bad as I am, I might be worse.—I pretend to no superior virtue.—In my own opinion I am the most sinful man among you; surely then I have gone far enough in guilt. I will not go farther. You have me in your power, kill me if you please; life cannot be very joyful to me in future.—I have nothing more to say. I would not have you forget, that I am grateful to you; but remember at the same time, that I know as little of fear as any man among you."

The men had listened to him in silence; and after a pause, the leader asked, rather impatiently, "What do you expect from us, Count?" "Nothing," replied Ernest, coolly. "What would you do, were you permitted to follow your own will?" "Leave this place, and betray us," said one of them, "instantly."—"I could have answered that question more warmly," replied Ernest, with a look of calm disdain (turning to the captain of the band:) "had no suspicions been uttered by that man, I might have told you that the same principles which forbid my becoming your companion, would prevent my becoming a pitiful informer. I ask my freedom as a man, entitled, equally with yourselves, to the common right of air and liberty. I do not insult you or myself by entreaties. You may best judge if you can believe and trust me."

It is a fact, that Alberti was released a few days after the above interview; the captain of the band came to the cavern where Alberti had been kept, and told him that his freedom was granted to him. Ernest thanked him even with tears, and before he followed him out, he said, "I was brought to this place senseless; I have never quitted it since that time. Bind your cloak round my head, and lead me till I am at some distance from the entrance of these caverns. I will never betray you."

Ernest from that time had no intercourse with the banditti, but he still remained among the mountains which they haunted, never molested by them. Once he ventured from his retreat to a town at some distance from it; and he learnt there, that search had been made, and was still making, for him by the imperial command. With some difficulty he effected his return to the mountains of Istria. In the magnificent solitudes of woods and waters he learnt to examine his own heart, and to meditate on the follies and faults which had diverted his mind from higher and more ennobling subjects. It was there that he was seized by the imperial troops. He declared in vain, that he had no connexion with the banditti which had been taken. He was brought with them, and as one of them, to Vienna.

The Countess Alberti, with her young and lovely friend, used every exertion to prevent the execution of Ernest; but the verdict appeared irrevocable. The day, the dreadful day of death was fixed, and they implored an audience of the Empress: the aged mother, the betrothed wife, lay at her feet in speechless agony; they entreated, they clung to her in the delirium of their grief. Their gentle sovereign wept with them, she endeavoured to console them; but although her whole frame trembled, and her voice faltered with agitation, as she replied to their entreaties, her answer left them quite hopeless. They obtained, however,

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permission to see the prisoner once before his execution, and even this had been hitherto denied to every one.

An unforeseen circumstance saved the life of Alberti. The captain of the banditti, who had not been taken with his companions, heard that Ernest was condemned to die. He had been once a man of honour himself; and he gave himself up to justice, relating clearly every particular of the Count's refusal to join his band. The sentence was changed. Was it a merciful change? the noble and gallant Count Ernest was condemned in the prime of youthful manhood to become a workman for life, in the quicksilver mines of Idria.

The first surprise, which made known to the aged Countess her son's safety, was joyful; but her grief soon returned as she thought upon the dreadful termination which still awaited all her hopes for him. But Bianca was young and ardent, and the worst that would now happen was a joy to her. She devoted her whole heart, and every energy of her mind, to a plan which she instantly resolved to execute.—Since her childhood she had been a privileged favourite with Maria Theresa, but she now dreaded the opposition of her royal mistress to her intention. After mature deliberation, she decided that the most certain method of succeeding would be to confide her plan to the Empress herself, before it could be told to her by any other person.

The Countess Florenheim was beloved as an own child by the good and venerable confessor of Maria Theresa. She went to him, and he listened to her kindly, and with earnest attention. He was accustomed to examine the principles of actions, rather than their effects; to consider whether they were really right, not whether they might be approved according to worldly opinions.

The father, Antonio, left the Countess in doubt as to his opinion; but a few hours after his departure, he again visited the Florenheim palace, and he brought with him a message from the Empress. She commanded the immediate presence of the Countess Bianca, at the imperial palace. The confessor declined answering any of Bianca's anxious questions: and departed, declaring his intention of seeing her, when she returned from the Empress.

The young Countess ordered her carriage, and in a short time after she had received the imperial summons, she was admitted into the private apartments of her sovereign. She remained alone for a sufficient time to perplex herself with attempting to discover why she had been summoned to the presence of the Empress. Maria Theresa appeared; she was simply dressed, and unattended; she smiled as she bowed her head to Bianca, and then sat down, fixing the full gaze of her eyes on the blushing countenance of the young Countess. She spoke at once on the subject which the latter was most interested about. "I have been conversing with the father Antonio," she said; "you, Countess Bianca, were the subject of our conference.—I have requested your presence; for, although I am your friend, I would now speak to you as your monarch; as such, I ask not your confidence. Tell me only, have you considered, do you know, that if you accompany the disgraced Count Alberti to the mines of Idria, you must literally share his fortunes? You will be, from the moment that you become his wife, simply the wife of an Idrian miner. Your title, your estates, all your

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rank and wealth, will be forfeited. You will be forced to perform even the duties of a menial servant to your husband.

"Countess Bianca of Florenheim," she proceeded, "can you dare to undertake such a sacrifice? Are you aware that your mind may now be upheld by an uncertain enthusiasm? Have you thought upon the drear dull calm of poverty, and decaying health? Do you feel assured that when the first tumultuous feelings of self-applause have worn themselves out, when there are none around to wonder at your extraordinary devotion to Alberti, when your name will be almost forgotten in the circles where you have hitherto lived, quite forgotten indeed, by all but a few friends whom you will never behold again, do you think you will then rejoice at the decision you have made? When perhaps your husband may be dying, in the morning of his age, with no attendant but a weak helpless wife, who may be then too ill even to stand beside him, then what will your feelings be?" The Empress repeated her question; for the words which preceded it had absorbed Bianca's thoughts. She pictured to herself the young and vigorous Ernest wasting away, dying in her presence; she forgot herself, and all but his sufferings. Slowly she raised her head, as the Empress again addressed her. "What will my feelings be? Ah! I can scarcely imagine what they will be. Sorrow, certainly sorrow, but only for him; that must be the pervading feeling at such a moment. Happiness," her whole face brightened with smiles as she spoke, "real joy on my own account, to know that I am with him *then*, to hope, to believe, that I shall soon be with him *for ever!*" Bianca continued to speak, and it was evident that her mind had anticipated and dwelt on the miseries that awaited the wife of Alberti.

Maria Theresa listened to her with profound attention; she asked, once again, "Do you determine to follow Ernest Alberti to the mines of Idria as his wife, and to resign your rank and possessions?" Bianca sunk on her knee, she raised her clasped hands, and exclaimed, "I am but too favoured by God and my sovereign, if I may follow him. I resign my rank and my property with joy, with gratitude." Again, once again, the Empress fixed on Bianca an earnest and searching look, and appeared to think deeply:—"I am satisfied—I am *quite* satisfied," she said at length, and the sternness of her look disappeared; "I cannot countenance, but I shall not oppose, your marriage." Bianca had been comparatively calm before, but now she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed almost hysterically. Maria Theresa would have raised her, but Bianca sprung up from the ground, her face beaming with delight, though the tears hung upon her cheeks. "Oh! forgive me," she said eagerly; "your highness will forgive me. Do not mistake my tears for sorrow; I am so happy, that I must weep."

The empress opened the door by which she had entered the room, and led the trembling Countess into a small oratory. "I must converse with you here, before we part," she said; and at once her look, her voice, her manner, became expressive of the tenderest affection. "I have spoken as the sovereign, now listen to your friend. Here we should forget all distinctions of worldly rank. Here, my sweet Bianca, an Empress may feel herself inferior to the wife of a poor miner. Tell me really, my dear child," she said, tenderly clasping her companion's

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hands, as she drew her nearer, and gazed with a look of affectionate inquiry in her face; "confide in your friend. Must you, will you, pursue this rash plan? What is the chief motive that determines you?"—"I love," she replied; and these two words, spoken as they then were, needed little comment to the heart of Maria Theresa; "I love Ernest for himself. I did not love his rank or his riches; he is still Ernest Alberti, he is still himself, and therefore I still love him. I can live with him in disgrace and misery, I can die with him. My words may seem like those of a romantic girl, but they are not idle sounds. I do feel that I am speaking to a friend. I open all my heart to you, when I tell you, that I see but one simple path before me, and that, in deciding to tread it, my principles confirm the decision of my heart."—"And I," said the Empress, "yes, I confess that I understand and approve you. My child, you must leave me, or ———." Bianca sunk at the feet of the Empress. She hoped, she implored for a moment. The words died upon her lips, when she beheld the calm but changeless refusal expressed in the look of Maria Theresa, who said instantly, "I have now only to bid you farewell. In this oratory I shall pray for you constantly. Think of me, not as your sovereign, but as your friend, and love me." A missal lay upon the altar; its leaves were kept open by a rosary of pearls; the Empress had left it there, it was the rosary she always wore: she pressed the crucifix suspended from it to her lips, and gave it silently to the young Countess. Silently she kissed her cheek and forehead, and they parted.

That very evening Bianca visited the cell of Alberti; she had been there once before, it was to receive his last embrace. Now she looked round on the gloomy courts, and smiled. Joyfully she passed on to the massy doors, which separated her from him whom she loved, and the grating of the bolts no longer sounded harshly. Ernest heard with astonishment the cry of delight, with which Bianca threw herself on his bosom. He looked in vain for explanation on his mother, and the Father Antonio, who slowly entered the cell. He moved not, as she unwound her slender arms, and looked up tenderly, but almost reproachfully in his face. "My love," she said, "I am very bold; but it was not always thus. Do you look coldly on me? Dear, dear Ernest, must I remind you of our long-plighted affection? Are you still silent? Then I must plead the cause which has so often made you eloquent. I do not blush," she said, "to make my request;" while a deepening blush spread over her downcast face, and completely belied her assertion. "Will you not understand me? Will you not recall the time when I should have waited like a bashful maid, to be entreated like all bashful maids? then you have often called me too reserved. But now," she exclaimed, fixing her ardent and innocent gaze upon him, "a wife offers her hand to her husband. Dear Ernest, will you not take this hand?" She smiled, and held out her small white hand. He took her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and continued to hold it trembling in his own. "My sweet Bianca," he said, and as he looked at her, the tears streamed from his eyes, "I was prepared for this. I knew that you would speak as you do now. It is heart-breaking to see you here, to hear you speak, as I knew you would. I almost wish you had been less true, less like yourself. Ah! how can I refuse the slightest of your

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chaste favours! But I must be firm. We must part. My love, I will not speak of poverty, although the change would be too hard for you, a young and delicate lady, of high rank, accustomed to affluence and to ease. But, Bianca, you are a woman; and shall a tender helpless woman be doomed to pine away in dark and horrid caverns, whose very air is poison?" "Alberti," said she, with eager earnestness, "have not the miners wives?" "It may be so," he replied; "but those women must be poor neglected wretches, inured to the sorrows and hardships of their life; they must be almost callous to distress." Bianca looked at him as if she had not heard him rightly; her tall figure seemed to dilate into unusual majesty; her whole face beamed with intelligence as she spoke. "And do you think, Ernest, that cold and deadened feeling can produce that fortitude, that patient heavenly fortitude which the gospel, the spirit of God, alone inspires? Dearest, when I become your partner, the happy partner of your misery, I think not of my woman's weakness; (and yet I hardly believe that it would fail.) No; I look to another arm for strength, to him who now supports the burden of all his children's sorrow. He will hear our prayers, and He will never forsake us. A miner's hut may be a very happy home: it must be so to me, for my happiness is to remain with you. Would you have me wretched with my wealth and titles? I am pleading for my happiness, not so much for yours. Must I plead in vain?"

It was not her language, it was the almost unearthly eloquence of tone and manner, that gave to the words of the Lady Bianca an effect which it seemed impossible to resist. When she finished speaking, her hand extended to Ernest, and her face, as she leaned forward, turning alternately to the aged Countess and the Friar, her eyes shining with the light of expression, and the pure blood flooding in tides of richer crimson to her cheek and parted lips, lips on which a silent and trembling eloquence still hung, they all sat gazing on her in speechless astonishment. One sunbeam had darted through the narrow window of the cell, and the stream of light, as Bianca moved, at last fell upon her extended hand. When Ernest saw the pale transparent red, which her slender fingers assumed, as the sunbeams shone through them, he thought with horror, that the blood now giving its pure clearness to her fair skin, and flowing so freely and freshly through her delicate frame, would in the mine's poisonous atmosphere become thick and stagnant: he thought how soon the lustre of her eyes would be quenched, and the light elastic step of youth, the life which seemed exultant in the slight and graceful form of Bianca, would be palsied for ever. Ernest was eager to speak, but the old priest interrupted him, by proposing that nothing should be finally settled till the evening of the fourth ensuing day. Then the Lady Bianca, he observed, would have had more time to consider the plan she had formed: and till then the young Count would be permitted to remain in Vienna. "I will consent; but on this one condition," said Bianca, "that my proposal, bold as it is, shall not be then opposed, if, as you say, my resolution be not changed. You know, dear Ernest, that I cannot change."

Bianca went, and with her husband, to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria, was but a poor exchange for

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the magnificent palace of the Count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected Countess during her life. But Bianca smiled with a smile of satisfied happiness, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their future home. Their conductor opened the door, but the Count had forgotten to stoop, as he entered the low door-way, and he struck his lofty forehead a violent blow. Bianca uttered a faint shriek, her first and only complaint in that dark mine. The alarm which Bianca betrayed at his accident, banished the gloom which had begun to deepen on her husband's spirits: to remove her agitation, he persuaded himself to speak, and even to feel, cheerfully: and when Bianca had parted away his thick hair, to examine the effects of the blow, and had pressed her soft lips repeatedly to his brow, she said playfully, as she bent down with an arch smile, and looked into her husband's face, "After all, this terrible accident and my lamentations have not had a very bad effect, as they have brought back the smiles to your dear features, my own Ernest."

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light. Bianca began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her too-narrow room. She had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation; she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices, she repaired her husband's clothes, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf, one of the few books she had brought with her. The days passed on rapidly; and as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings were as fervent as their prayers. Ernest had not been surprised at the high and virtuous enthusiasm which had enabled Bianca to support at first all the severe trials they underwent, without shrinking; but he *was* surprised to find that in the calm, the dull and hopeless calm, of undiminished hardship, her spirit never sank; her sweetness of temper and unrepining gentleness rather increased.

Another trial was approaching. Bianca, the young and tender Bianca, was about to become a mother; and one evening, on returning from his work, Ernest found his wife making clothes for her unborn infant. He sat down beside her, and sighed; but Bianca was singing merrily, and she only left off singing to embrace her husband with smiles, he thought the sweetest smiles he had ever seen.

The wife of one of the miners, whom Bianca had visited when lying ill of a dangerous disease, kindly offered to attend her during her confinement; and from the arms of this woman, Ernest received his first-born son: the child, who, born under different circumstances, would have been welcomed with all the care and splendour of noble rank. But he forgot this, in his joy that Bianca was safe, and stole on tiptoe to the room where she was lying. She had been listening for his footstep, and as he approached, he saw in the gloom of the chamber her white arms stretched towards him. "I have been thanking God in

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my thoughts," said Bianca, after her husband had bent down to kiss her; "but I am so very weak! Dear Ernest, kneel down beside the bed, and offer up my blessings with your own." Surprising strength seemed to have been given to this delicate mother, by Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and she recovered rapidly from her confinement: but when her infant was about a month old, Bianca began to fear for his health. It was a great sorrow for her to part with her own darling child; but she felt it to be her duty to endeavour to send him out of the mines, to the care of the old Countess Alberti. It was very hard to send him away, before he could take into the world the remembrance of those parents who never would behold him more, before his first smiles had seemed to notice the love and the care of the mother who bore him; but Bianca did not dare to think of her sorrowful regret, for it was necessary to use every exertion to effect this separation, so painful to herself. She knew that the wretched inhabitants of the mines were dropping into the grave daily; she knew that their lives seldom exceeded the two first years of their horrid confinement, and she panted with eager desire to send her pallid child to pure untainted air.

It was at this time that Ernest, as he was at work in one of the galleries, beheld a stranger, attended by the surveyor of the mines, approaching the place where he stood. Ernest turned away as the stranger passed, but he started with surprise, to hear the tones of a voice which he well remembered. He could not be mistaken, for the person spoke also with a foreign accent. At first he nearly resolved not to address him; but the stranger had not proceeded many steps, when Ernest stood before him, and exclaimed, "Signor Everard, have you forgotten me?" The Italian, who had come there to examine the mines, did not, indeed, recognize at once, in the emaciated being who addressed him, the young and gallant Count Alberti, whom he had known at Vienna, one of the bravest and most accomplished men of the court. Who would not have been struck at such a contrast? Who could have refused to grant the request that Ernest made?—He entreated Everard to remove his infant from the mines, and to deliver him to the care of the old Countess. The generous Italian did not hesitate to comply with his wishes: but his heart and soul were interested in the cause, when Alberti conducted him to the hut, and he beheld the pale and slender Bianca bending over her sick infant like a drooping lily; preserving, in the midst of toil and misery, all the sweet and delicate graces of a virtuous and high-born female; and when her beseeching and melancholy smiles, and her voice like mournful music, pleaded for her infant's life.

The Italian left the mines immediately to seek the means of the child's removal, but had no sooner reached the post-house nearest to the mines, than a person arrived there express from Vienna, anxiously inquiring if Alberti or his wife were still alive. A few hours after, another person arrived with the same haste, and on the same errand: they were, the one a near relation of Bianca, the other Alberti's fellow soldier and most intimate friend. Pardon had at length been granted to the young exile, at the petition of the general officer whom he had wounded; and Alberti was recalled by the Empress herself to the court of Vienna.

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The bearers of these happy tidings immediately descended into the mines. As they approached Alberti's hut, the light which glimmered through some apertures in the shattered door, induced them to look at its inmates before they entered. Though dressed in a dark coarse garment, and wasted away to an almost incredible slightness, still enough of her former loveliness remained, to tell them that the pallid female they beheld was the young Countess; and the heart admired her more, as she sat leaning over her husband, and holding up to his kisses her small infant, her dark hair carelessly parted, and bound round her pale brow, seeming to live but in her husband's love; than when elegance had vied with splendour in her attire, when her hair had sparkled with diamonds, and, in full health and beauty, she had been the one gazed at and admired in the midst of the noblest and fairest company of Vienna. The door was still unopened, for Bianca was singing to her husband: she had chosen a song, which her hearers had last listened to in her own splendid saloon, on the last night she had sung there: the soft complaining notes of her voice had seemed out of place there, where all was careless mirth and festivity; but its tone was suited to that dark solitude—it was like the song of hope in the cave of despair.

The feelings of Bianca, as she ascended slowly in the miners' bucket from the dark mine, cannot be described. She had unwillingly yielded to her husband's intreaties, that she should be first drawn up; and with her infant in her bosom, her eyes shaded with a thick veil, and supported by the surveyor of the mines, she gradually rose from the horrible depths. The dripping damps that hung round the cavern, fell upon her, but she heeded them not. Once she looked up at the pale pure star of light, far, far above her, but immediately after, she bent down over her infant, and continued without moving or speaking. Several times the bucket swayed against the sides of the shaft, and Bianca shuddered, but her companion calmly steadied it; and at last she was lifted out upon the ground. She did not look up; she knelt in fervent but distracted prayer, till she heard the bucket which contained her husband approaching. The chain creaked, and the bucket swung, as it stopped above the black abyss. Even then there was danger, the chance of great danger; it was necessary for Ernest to remain immoveable; at the highest certainty of hope, he might yet be plunged at once into the yawning depths below. Bianca felt this, and stirred not; she held in her breath convulsively—she saw through her veil the planks drawn over the cavern's mouth—she saw Ernest spring from the bucket—some one caught her child, as, stretching forth her arms to her husband, she fell senseless on the ground.

There were many hearts that sorrowed over the departure of the young Alberti and his wife from the mines of Idria. The miners, with whom they had lived so long, had learned to love them, at a time when too many a heart had almost forgotten to love and to hope; had learned from their kind words, but more, Oh! much more from their beautiful example, to shake off the dreadful bands of despair, and daily to seek, and to find, a peace which passeth all understanding. Ernest and Bianca had taught them to feel how happy, how cheerful, a thing religion is! Was it then surprising, that, at their departure, their poor companions should crowd around them, and weep with

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mournful gratitude, as Ernest distributed among them his working tools, and the simple furniture of his small hut? Was it surprising, that Bianca and her husband, as they sat on the green grass, with waving trees and a cloudless sky above them, while the summer breeze bore with it full tides of freshness and fragrance from their magnificent gardens, and they beheld the pure rose colour of health begin to tinge the cheek of their delicate child, was it surprising that they should turn with feelings of affectionate sorrow to the dark and dreary mines of Idria?

I must not forget to mention, that Ernest and his wife were publicly reinstated in all their former titles and possessions. A short time after their return to Vienna, they made their first appearance at court for that purpose. At the imperial command, all the princes and nobles of Austria, gorgeously dressed, and blazing with gold and jewels, were assembled. Through the midst of these, guiding the steps of his feeble and venerable mother, Alberti advanced to the throne. A deep blush seemed fixed upon his manly features, and the hand which supported his infirm parent trembled more than the wasted fingers he tenderly clasped. The Empress herself hung the order of the golden fleece round his neck, and gave into his hands the sword which he had before forfeited; but as she did so, her tears fell upon the golden scabbard; the young soldier kissed them off with quivering lips. But soon every eye was turned to the wife of Alberti, who, with her young child sleeping in her arms, and supported by the noble-minded general, who had obtained her husband's pardon, next approached. Bianca had not forgotten that she was still only the wife of an Idrian miner, and no costly ornament adorned her simple dress. Not a tinge of colour had yet returned to her cheeks of marble paleness, and a shadowy languor still remained about her large hazel eyes: but her delicately shaped lips had almost regained their soft crimson dye, and her dark brown hair, confined by a single ribbon, shone as brightly as the beautiful and braided tresses around her. She wore a loose dress of white silk, adorned only with a fresh cluster of roses, (for since she had left the mines, she was more fond than ever of flowers.) Every eye was fixed on her, and the Empress turned coldly from the glittering forms beside her, to the simple Bianca. Descending from the throne, Maria Theresa hastened to raise her, ere she could kneel; and, kissing her with the tender affection of a dear and intimate friend, she led the trembling Bianca to the highest step of the throne. There she turned to the whole assembly, and, looking like a queen as she spoke, said, "This is the person whom we should all respect, as the brightest ornament of our court. This is the wife, ladies of Austria, whom I, your monarch, hold up as your example—whom I am proud to consider far our superior in the duties of a wife. Shall we not learn of her to turn away from the false pleasures of vanity and splendour, and like her to act up, modestly, but firmly, to that high religious principle, which proves true nobility of soul?—Count Alberti," continued the Empress, "every husband may envy you your residence in the mines of Idria. May God bless you both, and make you as happy, with the rank and wealth to which I now fully restore you, as you were in the hut of an Idrian miner."

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

From "Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance."

THERE was at Florence, of the family of the Seali, a merchant whose name was Biondo, who had been several times to Alexandria and others parts of Egypt, and all those long voyages which merchants generally take with their cargoes. This Biondo was very rich, and had three sons, and being on his death-bed, called his eldest and his second son, and made his will in their presence, leaving those two heirs to all he possessed, but left nothing to the youngest. The will being made, the younger, whose name was Gianetto, went to his father, who lay in his bed, and said, "My dear father, I wonder much at what you have done, and at your not remembering me in your will." His father answered, "my dear boy, there is no one of you I love more than yourself, for this reason I do not wish you to remain here; on the contrary, I intend you, when I am dead, to go to Venice, to a godfather of yours, whose name is Messer Ansaldo, who has not any children, and has often written to me to desire me to send you to him; and I can tell you he is one of the richest merchants among the Christians there. I therefore desire, as soon as I am laid low, that you will go to him, and present him with this letter, and be sure, if you conduct yourself with propriety, you will become a rich man." The son answered, "Father, I am ready to obey you." Upon which his father gave him his blessing, and after a few days, died. His sons lamented much his death, and paid due honours to his memory. After a few days, the two eldest brothers called Gianetto, and thus addressed him:—"Brother, it is true our father made his will, left us his heirs, and made no mention whatever of thee, yet thou art, nevertheless, our brother, and what belongs to us is equally thine." "Brothers," answered Gianetto, "I thank you for your offer; but for my part I have made up my mind to try my fortune elsewhere, and have so fixed; therefore do you keep the property, and Heaven prosper you with it." The brothers seeing him bent on this purpose, gave him a horse, and cash to bear all his expenses. Gianetto took leave of them, and went to Venice, found Messer Ansaldo's counting-house, and delivered him the letter his father had given him. On reading the letter, Ansaldo found that the bearer was the son of his worthy and beloved Biondo, and embraced him most affectionately, saying, "Welcome, my good child, whom I have so long wished to see;" then he asked him about his father; upon which Gianetto answered, he was dead. Ansaldo shed tears; embraced him again, and said, "Much am I grieved at the death of Biondo, for greatly did he contri-

* Translated from the "Pecorone" of Giovanni Fiorentino 1378. ED.

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bute to the gains I have made in trade; but such is the joy I feel in having thee, my boy, with me, that it greatly alleviates my sorrow." He ordered him to be taken to his house, and commanded all his household to obey, and wait on Gianetto, as they would even upon himself. He gave him the key of the bureau, and said, "My son! do thou dispose of the money as thou shalt think meet; clothe thyself as thou thinkest most becoming; keep open house for all such gentlemen as thou shalt think proper, and make thyself known. I leave such things entirely to thy care, and the more thou wilt make thyself known and beloved, the more happy shall I feel." Gianetto therefore began to get acquainted with the noble youths in Venice, and to give sumptuous dinners; assisted and clothed several families; bought fine horses; entered the ring, and revelled as one used and well practised in the style of a gentleman. He was never remiss in paying due honour where it was required, and more particularly to Messer Ansaldo, whom he treated as his real father; and so well did he conduct himself towards persons of every rank, that he became endeared even to the lower classes in Venice. Seeing how gracious, courtly, and affable he was, both ladies and gentlemen were delighted with him, his manners were so pleasing. Messer Ansaldo thought but of him; nor were there any parties, sports, or festivals in Venice, but Gianetto was sure to be invited,—so much was he beloved. Two friends of his, at that time, wished to go to Alexandria with their cargoes in two ships, as they were wont to do every year, and told Gianetto of it, saying, "You ought to take this voyage with us, and see the world; particularly you should see Damascus, and various countries beyond." "Indeed I should delight in it," replied Gianetto, "if my god-father Ansaldo would permit me." "We will contrive," said one of them, "that he shall;" and they both went to him, saying, "Messer Ansaldo, we are about to entreat you to allow Gianetto to go with us next spring on our voyage to Alexandria, to freight him a ship, and suffer him to see a little of the world." "Well," said Ansaldo, "I am willing if he wishes it." "Sir," said they, "he is most anxious to do so." Messer Ansaldo, in pursuance of this scheme, ordered a beautiful vessel to be got ready, loaded with the finest goods, and decorated in the best possible style. When all was ready, Ansaldo desired the captain and all the crew to obey Gianetto in every thing; "he should command, because I do not send him for the purpose of gain, but solely that he may see the world, and enjoy himself." When Gianetto was ready to embark, all Venice came in throngs to the shore, for it was many years since a ship was seen so well and so finely fitted out for sea. His departure grieved all that knew him; however, he took leave of Messer Ansaldo and his friends, and cheerfully sailed towards Alexandria.

These three friends were each in his ship, and sailing along one morning before day-light, when Gianetto espied a gulf, with a beautiful harbour, and asked the captain the name of it, to which he made answer, and said, "that place belongs to a noble widow who has been the cause of the ruin of many a gentleman." "How?" said Gianetto. "Sir," said the captain, "this is a most beautiful and enchanting lady, who has established as a law in her domains, that whoever lands there must

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pass the night with her, and if without sleep, he is at liberty to marry her, and then becomes master of the harbour, and all the estate; whereas, if he do not, he loses his cargo and every thing he had brought with him. Gianetto paused a while, then said, "you must manage how you can, but sail into that harbour." "Sir," said the captain, "think well on what you are saying, for many a gentleman has gone there who has been driven away penniless." "Do not concern yourself about that, but do as I desire you," said Gianetto. Of course the thing was done, and on they sailed, without their companions noticing the course they had taken.

On the morning, the news was spread that this fine ship had reached the harbour, so that all the people came to see it: the lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Gianetto, who immediately presented himself respectfully to her. The lady took him by the hand, asked him who he was, whence he came, and whether he knew the usage of the place? Gianetto answered he did, and only came there in consequence of this knowledge. "A thousand times welcome," said the virtuous lady, and honoured and entertained him nobly, sending for the barons, counts, and knights, to welcome and amuse him. Gianetto's manners delighted all around him, and the day was spent in dancing, singing, and festivity, by the court, in honour of Gianetto; and one and all would have been pleased to have him for their lord. Evening coming on, the lady took him by the hand, and led him into an apartment, saying, "Methinks it seems time to withdraw." "Madam," said Gianetto, "I am at your commands." Two young damsels came, the one bringing wine in her hand, and the other some sweetmeats. "I know," said the lady, "you must be thirsty, therefore drink." Gianetto took some of the sweetmeats, and drank some of the wine, which had been prepared as a sleeping draught, but he knew it not. He drank half a goblet, for it seemed very pleasant to him; and then he soon undressed himself and went to bed; no sooner had he lain down, than he fell asleep; the lady laid herself down by the side of the youth, who never awoke till the next morning about three o'clock.

The lady got up as soon as it was day light, and ordered the ship to be unladen, which she found contained a store of rich and good wares. It being now past three, the lady's maid went into Gianetto's room and made him rise, and told him he might depart, for that he had lost the ship, and all it contained; upon this he felt quite ashamed, and he thought he had certainly acted wrong. The lady ordered a horse and money to be given to him, and dismissed him, and he departed overwhelmed with sorrow. He arrived at Venice, but being ashamed, he would not go home, but in the evening went to a friend, who wondering said, "Alas! Gianetto, what means this?"—"My ship," said he, "dashed in the night against a rock, and went to pieces; all was lost; some saved themselves as well as they could; I caught fast hold of a plank that brought me on shore, and have come home by land; and here I am." Gianetto remained several days with his friend, who some time after paid a visit to Messer Ansaldo, whom he found quite disconsolate. Ansaldo said, "I am in great apprehension that this son of mine is dead, or ill from the voyage; the love I bear him is such, that I have no peace or

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comfort from this fear." The young man answered, "I can bring you news of him. He has been shipwrecked, and lost every thing except his life." "Well," said Messer Ansaldo, "Heaven be praised; provided he lives, I care not for any thing that is lost; where is he?" "He is at my house," replied the young man; and Ansaldo immediately would go to him; and as soon as he saw him, he ran to embrace him, saying, "my son, don't be ashamed before me, for it is often the case that ships founder, therefore do not fret; for since thou hast not suffered any personal injury, I am at ease." So saying, he took him home, consoling him as much as he could on the way.

The news of Gianetto's misfortune soon got wind, and grieved all that knew him. It happened that, a little while after this, his companions returned from Alexandria, both very rich, and on their arrival enquired for their friend Gianetto. They were no sooner told the whole circumstance, than they ran to him, and, embracing him, said, "How camest thou to leave us, and where didst thou go? for we never could hear any thing of thee. We sailed back to and fro, but never could see or hear where thou wast gone. Indeed we have been most melancholy on our return, for we thought thou wast dead." Gianetto answered, "A heavy gale arose that drove my ship into a creek, right on a rock near land, and I scarcely could save myself—all was lost!" This was the excuse Gianetto gave in order to conceal his silly conduct. They both were thankful that he had escaped, and said, "Next spring, with Heaven's blessing, we will gain as much more as thou hast lost, therefore let us be merry as usual, and give sorrow to the wind." Yet Gianetto could not help thinking how he could return to the lady, saying, "I must have her for my wife, or die for it. With such thoughts he could not give way to mirth. Ansaldo, therefore, often said to him, "Do not fret, we have still wherewithal to live at ease." "Sir," said Gianetto, "I never can be happy, if I do not make another voyage." Ansaldo hearing this, and that such was his anxious wish, when the time came, he provided him with a ship laden with still more property than before, insomuch that he put on board almost the whole of his possessions.

His companions, when their ships were stored, set sail in company with Gianetto: as they were sailing, Gianetto looked out with anxiety for the harbour of his lady, which was called the port of the Lady Belmonte; and arriving one evening at the mouth of the creek, Gianetto, soon recognised it, and ordered the ship to be steered into the harbour, so that his friends did not perceive it. The lady, on rising in the morning, looking to the harbour, saw the ship, and the colours playing in the wind; which recognising, she called her woman, and said, "Dost thou know those colours?"—"Madam," said the waiting woman, "it seems the same ship that brought that young man about a year ago, who had such riches on board." "True," said the lady, "I believe thou art right; and certainly this youth must be downright in love with me, for I have never seen any one return here again." "I," said the maid, "never saw a more graceful or courteous fellow than he is." The lady sent several equerries and damsels to him, who paid him homage, and led him joyfully to the castle, and into the pre-

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sence of the lady. When she saw him, she embraced him affectionately, and he most respectfully saluted her. All the nobles were invited to partake of the day's pleasure, in honour of Gianetto. They all admired how well he led a dance, and the ladies were quite charmed at the elegance of his person and manners, and thought he must be the son of some great lord.

But the same thing happened again. He lost his ship and all his property, and arrived at Venice without a ducat.

In the evening he went to his friend, who was thunderstruck at sight of him. "Alas! what does this mean?" said he. "My cursed ill luck," said Gianetto, "that I should ever have come into this country." "Well mayest thou curse thy ill stars," said his friend, "for thou hast ruined poor Messer Ansaldo, who was one of the richest Christian merchants; and worst of all is the discredit."

Gianetto remained concealed several days at his friend's house, without knowing what to say or what to do, and was inclined to return to Florence, without letting Messer Ansaldo know it; but after a little reflection, he bethought him he would go to him, and did so.

When Messer Ansaldo saw him, he arose, and ran to embrace him, and said, "Welcome, my son." Gianetto, weeping, embraced him; but when Ansaldo had heard the account, he said, "Do not repine; as I have got thee again, I am not downhearted; there remains still enough for us to hold up, and be comfortable; the ocean will sometimes take from the one, and give to another." The news, however, soon spread itself in Venice, every one spoke of it, and grieved at the losses he had had, and Messer Ansaldo was compelled to sell many possessions he had, to pay the creditors who had furnished him with the goods. It happened that those companions of Gianetto returned from Alexandria very rich, and on their arrival at Venice, were informed of Gianetto's situation, and how he had lost every thing, which they very much wondered at, saying, "This is the strangest thing that ever was heard of." However, they went to Messer Ansaldo and Gianetto, and comforting him, said, "Signor, do not be disheartened, we intend to go next year, and trade for you, for we are partly the cause of these your losses, since it was we who induced Gianetto to go with us in the first instance; therefore be under no apprehension; and whilst we have property, command it as your own." Messer Ansaldo thanked them, and said that he had still wherewith to live well. Gianetto, meanwhile dwelling night and day on the dismal prospect and losses he had sustained, could not possibly conceal his chagrin; the which Ansaldo perceiving, he asked him what was the matter with him?—"I shall never be happy if I do not recover that which I have lost." "My son," replied Ansaldo, "I will not have thee go again, because it is better that we rest quietly with what little remains to us, than to run any more risks." "I am fully resolved," said Gianetto, "to do my utmost, and should be quite ashamed, and think myself dishonourable, if I did not, and remained in this situation."

Ansaldo perceiving it was his fixed determination, prepared to sell out whatever he had remaining, and freight the youth another fine ship. As he was short of ten thousand ducats, he went to a Jew and borrowed the sum on the following conditions (having no other security to

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give): that if he did not return the sum within that mid-summer day twelvemonth, the Jew might cut off one pound of flesh from any part of his body; which the Jew accepting, Ansaldo was relieved: the Jew took care to have this agreement drawn up, and authenticated in all due form before witnesses, with all the precaution that men of business usually take in such matters; then counted over the ten thousand ducats in gold to Messer Ansaldo, who supplied the ship with every thing that was requisite, and though the two last were beautiful, yet this was much richer than either. The two friends loaded theirs with full intention that the produce should be for Gianetto.

When the moment for their departure came, Messer Ansaldo said to Gianetto, "My son, thou art going, and thou knowest under what penalty I labour. I do pray thee, that though any misfortune should again happen to thee, that thou comest to me, and let me behold thee ere I die, then shall I rest content." "Messer Ansaldo," said the youth, "I shall do every thing that will make you happy." Ansaldo gave him his blessing; they took leave of each other, and he embarked.

The two friends narrowly watched Gianetto's ship; and he was carefully looking out for the port of Belmonte, and at last succeeded in persuading the captain to strike into the said harbour during the night. When the dawn appeared, the two friends looked about for Gianetto's ship, and, not seeing it, said, "Really this poor fellow is truly unfortunate." Not knowing how to find him out, they agreed it were safer to follow their voyage, seeing there were no hopes of meeting with him. The ship being arrived in the port, all came forth to see it, on hearing that Gianetto had returned; and wondering very much at it, said, "This must be the son of some great lord, if we reflect that he comes every year with such rich cargoes, and such fine ships—would to Heaven he were our lord." Thus was he courted by all the barons and knights of that land; the lady was soon informed that Gianetto had returned; she advanced to the window, and beheld the beautiful ship, and recognised the colours; crossing herself, she said, "Surely this is the great man who has so enriched this country;" and she sent for him, and he went to her; they embraced and saluted each other, and the whole day was spent in joy; and to honour Gianetto a grand tilt was ordered; and Gianetto would also be one among them, and did wonders by the elegance and activity of his person. So far did he excel, that all the barons were most anxious that he should prove their lord. The usual time approaching, the lady said, "I think it is fit we go to rest," and took his hand to lead him into the room, when one of the lady's women, who was much grieved at Gianetto's mischances, whispered, at the threshold of the door, as he was following the lady, and said, "Pretend as if you were drinking, but do not drink to-night." Gianetto heard the whisper, and went in with the lady. "I know," said she, "you are thirsty, therefore, I will have you drink before you go to rest." Two beautiful creatures immediately entered, bringing wine and sweatmeats, and presented, as usual, the wine and cakes, and he said, "How could any one abstain from drinking this wine, handed as it is by two such beautiful maidens;" which saying made the lady laugh; and Gianetto took the goblet, and pretending to drink, he let the wine drop down into his bosom. The lady, thinking he had drank it off,

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said within herself, thou must return with another cargo, for this is lost to thee; but Gianetto went to bed, and felt himself quite wakeful, and it seemed an age before the lady came to bed; and he kept saying to himself, by the mass I have caught you now, fair dame; you have reckoned this time without your host: and as the lady delayed some time coming to bed, he began to snore as if asleep; therefore, she said to herself, this is all as it should be, and immediately laid herself by Gianetto.

The lady rose before morning, and sent for all the barons, knights, and citizens, to the council chamber, and said to them, "Gianetto is your lord, therefore rejoice and make merry." This being spread abroad, nothing was heard but the general cry of "Long live our Lord!" and the ringing of bells, and sounds of various instruments. Several barons who were absent from the castle were sent for to pay homage to their lord, and a great rejoicing took place; and Gianetto, when he came from his room, was knighted, placed in the seat of honour with the baton in his hand, and hailed as sovereign lord; and when all the nobility were arrived at court, he was married to the lady, amidst such festivity as can scarcely be credited, for all the barons, knights, and gentry, were invited to the tilts, the sham-fights, dances, music, singing, and every thing that is usual on such extraordinary occasions. Gianetto, being a noble-spirited youth, began to bestow presents of rich silks, and other things which he had brought, and took upon himself a manly conduct; made himself obeyed, and enforced the laws towards all his subjects, and was enjoying all the pleasures and comforts, without once thinking of poor Ansaldo, who had pledged himself for ten thousand ducats to the Jew. However, being one day looking out of the window with his lady, he saw a number of persons carrying small torches, who were going with offerings in great pomp. Gianetto said to his bride, "Pray, lady, what means this?" The lady replied, "That is a procession of mechanics who are going to carry their offerings to the church of St John, this day being his festival." This called to Gianetto's mind the case of Ansaldo. He withdrew from the window, and heaved a deep sigh, and grew quite pale, walking to and fro in the room, thinking of the circumstance. On the lady's asking him what was the matter with him, Gianetto answered, "Nothing." The lady then began to consider him attentively:—"Certainly," said she, "something ails you, and you will not own it;" and so she coaxed him so much, that at last Gianetto related to her how Messer Ansaldo had pledged himself to the amount of ten thousand ducats; and this very day, said he, is the day fixed, and I am distracted at the thought my poor father should die on my account; for if today the sum is not paid, he loses one pound of flesh cut off from his body. The lady replied, "take horse directly, and go by land, which will be quickest, and take with you such attendants as you like, with an hundred thousand ducats, and rest not till you arrive at Venice; and if he be not dead, do you endeavour to bring him here." The horn was quickly blown; he mounted his steed accompanied by twenty attendants, and having taken money enough, journeyed with speed to Venice. The Jew had caused Messer Ansaldo to be arrested, and wanted to have the pound of flesh; upon which Ansaldo entreated him

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to delay his death for a few days, that, in case Gianetto should come, he might see him. The Jew said, "I am willing to grant what you ask as to the delay, but were he to come a hundred times over, I will have the pound of flesh from your body, as agreed on in the note." Ansaldo answered that he was satisfied. The news of this having spread itself through Venice, several merchants agreed to pay the money, but the Jew would not consent, being determined on his death, that he might say he had been the death of the first and greatest Christian merchant. However, it happened that when Gianetto started in great haste to come to Venice, his lady followed close after him, dressed as a Judge, with two servants with her. Gianetto, when he arrived at Venice, went directly to the Jew, and embraced Messer Ansaldo; then said to the Jew, that he wished to give him the money, and so much beside as he might require. The Jew replied, that he would not receive the money, since it was not paid at the proper time; that he would have the pound of flesh: and here was the great question; every one was against the Jew, but still, as Venice was considered the seat of justice, and the Jew had it plainly on his side, and in proper form, none dared to oppose him, but by entreaties; so that all the merchants went to the Jew to beg and pray him to desist; but as he was the more obstinate, Gianetto offered him twenty thousand, yet he would not consent; thirty thousand were then offered—forty thousand—fifty thousand—till he at last offered one hundred thousand. "Look ye, sirs," said the Jew, "if you were to offer me as many more ducats as are to be found in Venice, I would not take them; on the contrary, I will abide by what the agreement states." While they were thus arguing the point, the lady arrived at Venice, dressed in the habit of a Judge, and alighted at an inn; the landlord asked one of the attendants who the gentleman was. The servant, who had been previously instructed in what he had to say, replied, "This is a gentleman, a Judge returning from Bologna, where he has studied the law, and is now going home." The landlord hearing this, paid him every attention; and, when at table, he said to the landlord? "What is the government of your city, landlord?" The landlord answered, "There is too much law, sir." "How," said the Judge. "I will tell you," replied the landlord; "there was a youth that came here from Florence, whose name was Gianetto; he went to his godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; this youth was so genteel and well bred, that he became the darling of all that knew him, but never did a more unfortunate man walk this city; three times did his godfather freight ships to a great amount, and every time he lost his all; so that at the last, wanting money, Ansaldo borrowed ten thousand ducats of a Jew, under promise that if he did not return them on St John's day, in June to come, the said Jew should have a right to take from his body one pound of flesh, wherever he might choose. Now this blessed youth is returned, and has offered one hundred thousand ducats, instead of the ten thousand, and the scoundrel of a Jew will not take them; all the best men in Venice have gone to entreat, but to no purpose." The Judge said, "But this question is easy to determine." The host said, "If you will take the task on yourself, and end this business, so as to save the good man's life, you will acquire the friendship and love of the most noble and virtuous youth that ever was born, beside

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the blessing of all the people in this city." The feigned Judge ordered it to be posted up through Venice, that if any critical and extraordinary law-case should occur, that they might come to him and he would make out a clear case. The news of this being carried to Gianetto, that there had arrived a Judge from Bologna, who would determine any law-question, Gianetto called on the Jew, and said to him, "Let us go to this said Judge." "Well," said the Jew, "let us go; but whatever he or any one may say or do, I will abide by the written agreement." When they came to the Judge, Gianetto did not recognize him, but she knew him well. Gianetto and the Jew both related their own story; the Judge, after reading the agreement, said to the Jew, "I advise you to take the offered hundred thousand ducats, and let this good man free, who will ever feel indebted to you:" to which the Jew answered, "No, not I; I will do no such thing." "That is the best thing you can do." "No! no!" replied the Jew, "I'll do no such thing." Upon this they all went to the court, where such matters were brought to issue. The feigned Judge taking upon himself the defence of Ansaldo, said, "Order Ansaldo to come into court;" which being done, the Judge said, "Do thou take now one pound of flesh from him where thou wilt, and go thy ways;" upon which the Jew ordered him to be stripped; took a razor in his hand, which he had brought for the purpose, when Messer Gianetto turned to the judge, and said, "This, sir, was not what I entreated you would do for me." "Make yourself easy," said the judge, "he has not yet cut off the pound of flesh." In the mean while the Jew was eying Ansaldo all over, to see where he should cut. "Mind what you are about," said the judge, "for should you take more or less than one pound, I'll have you hanged. I tell thee, Jew, if thou spillest one single drop of blood thou shalt die, for thy agreement does not mention thou art to shed one drop of blood; moreover, it states thou art to take one pound of flesh, neither more nor less; therefore, if thou art wise, beware what thou dost;" and he immediately sent for the executioner; ordered the handcuffs and fetters to be brought to him, saying, "If I see one single drop of blood fall, thy head shall be severed from thy body." The Jew then began to quake, and Gianetto to leap with joy; but, after some contention, the Jew said, "Your worship has outwitted me, therefore let me have the hundred thousand ducats, and I will be satisfied." "No," said the Judge; I will have thee take the pound of flesh, as the paper states, for I will not give thee a stiver; thou shouldst have taken them when they were offered to thee." The Jew then said, "ninety thousand;" then "eighty thousand;" but still the Judge was inflexible. "Let us give him what he asks," said Gianetto, "provided he let him free." "Let me alone," said the Judge. The Jew then said, "Give me fifty thousand." "I will not give thee a brass farthing," said the Judge. "Well, then," said the Jew, "give me my ten thousand ducats, and a curse be with you all." "Hast thou not heard me," said the Judge, "I will not give thee a doit; take thou the pound of flesh, if thou wilt; if thou wilt not, I'll make thee cancel the writing." All present were overjoyed, and laughed at the Jew, in seeing the biter so completely bit.

The Jew finding he could not compass his malicious intent, took

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the papers, and, being desperately enraged, tore them to bits, and threw them on the ground. Thus was Messer Ansaldo liberated and conducted home by Gianetto; then immediately taking the one hundred thousand ducats, went to the Judge, and found him in his room ready to go home again; upon which Messer Gianetto said to him, "Sir, you have rendered me the greatest service, and done me the greatest kindness; therefore I request you to take this money along with you, for you have well earned it." "I thank you kindly, Messer Gianetto," said the Judge, "but I am not the least in want of it; take it back with you, that your wife may not say you have made a hard bargain." "Upon my faith," said Gianetto, "if I were to spend four times as much, she is so noble minded, kind, and generous, she would not in the least be displeased, for she wished me to offer more if needful." "How do you feel towards her?" said the Judge. "There is not a woman on earth I could love so much, she is so chaste, and as beautiful as nature could possibly make her; and if you will oblige me so far, you will come and see her. You will be charmed with her, and the great politeness she will show you, and you will then judge whether what I say is true or not." "As to coming with you, I cannot, for I have other things to attend to; but since you say she is so benevolent, when you see her, present my best respects to her." "I will," said Gianetto; "but I wish you to take some of this money; and while he was speaking, the Judge perceived a ring on his finger," and said, "I wish to have that ring, nor will I have any thing else from you." Gianetto answered, "I am agreeable to it, yet I give it you somewhat unwillingly, because it is the gift of my wife, and she desired I would always wear it for her sake; and should she notice I have it not, she will think I gave it to some woman I am in love with—and I love her more than myself." "I think," replied the Judge, "that if she loves you so truly she will readily believe you, when you tell her you gave it to me; but, perhaps, you yourself wish to give it away to some favourite lady in Venice." "The love I bear her," said Gianetto, "is such, that there is not the woman created that I would prefer to her, so good, so beautiful is she;" and so saying, he took the ring from his finger and presented it to the Judge, embracing him. "I entreat you," said the latter, "to do me a favour." "Mention it, I pray you," said Gianetto. "Do not stay here, but return soon to your lady." "Indeed," said Gianetto, "it seems to me an age since I have seen her;" and thereupon they parted. The Judge stept into the gondola, and went in peace. Gianetto treated all his acquaintance, made them presents, and kept open house; then took leave of all his Venetian connexions, taking with him Messer Ansaldo, and many of his former friends, and set off for Belmonte. Most of those of both sexes he left behind, grieved much at his departure, so nobly had he behaved while with them. Now it happened that the lady had arrived several days previous, and had ordered great preparations to be made. The houses were all hung with tapestry; several companies of armed troops were posted here and there, and when Messer Gianetto and Ansaldo arrived, all the knights, and barons, with the rest of the court, went to meet him, crying out, "Long live our worthy lord!" and when he reached Belmonte, the lady embraced Ansaldo, and

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shammed a little coolness towards Gianetto, whom still she loved so dearly. Great rejoicings took place; tilting, sham-fights, dancing, music, and singing among the ladies and damsels that were present. Gianetto seeing his lady did not look so kindly to him as she was wont to do, went into his own room and sent for her. "What is the matter with you?" said he. "There is no occasion for this outward show of tenderness," said the lady, "for I know you have found out your old favourite lady." Gianetto began to exculpate himself. The lady said, "where is the ring I gave you?" Well," said Gianetto, "what I anticipated is come to pass; I said, I was sure you would be displeased; but I solemnly swear to you, by all that is sacred, that I gave the ring to the Judge that extricated Ansaldo from his difficulties." "And I swear," said she, "by all which I hold most dear, that thou hast given it to a woman. I know it well, and thou oughtest to be ashamed to perjure thyself thus." "May I die this moment," said Gianetto, "if I do not tell thee true; and, besides, I told the Judge how it would turn out." "Thou might have stayed where thou wert, and have sent Ansaldo here by himself, and enjoyed thyself among thy damsels, for I hear they all wept at thy departure." Messer Gianetto began to be greatly distressed, and could not refrain from tears, saying, "Thou swearest what is not true, and what could not be." The lady, however, seeing he was in great agitation and quite miserable, it went to her heart, and she ran to embrace him, laughing immediately, and showing him the ring, and repeated to him every thing he had said to the Judge, and how she herself had acted the part of the Judge, and in what manner he had given him the ring. Gianetto marvelled at this account; but seeing it was all true, he began to feel relieved, and extremely pleased, and going out of the room, related the story to some of his friends, and the adventure increased their mutual affection, and thus they lived happily together, surrounded by friends, and not forgetting to pay all kind attention to Ansaldo.

CANZONETTO.

WHEN day is gone, and darknes come,
The toyling tired wight
Doth use to ease his wearie bones,
For rest in quiet night.—
When storme is staied, and harbor woon,
The sea-man set on shore,
With comfort doth requite the care
Of perils past before.—
When Love hath woon where he did woo,
And light where it delites;
Contented minde, thenceforth, forgets
The frowne of former spites.

PHŒNIX NEST, 1593.

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UNFORESEEN PLEASURES.

From "Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin, Esq."

"Smiles on past misfortune's brow,
Self-reflection's hand can trace!
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace." GRAY.

THROUGHOUT this world of business and of care, the sun shines not upon so idle a being as the retired soldier. His whole life has been but as one long campaign: at its opening, the same bright hopes, the same restless fire and impetuous activity; in its progress, the same fruitless toil and baffled ambition; at its close, the same exhaustion, contentment, and repose. He has, then, literally nothing left on earth to perform, and holds his tenure of existence upon the easy conditions of eating, drinking, and sleeping in the comfortable rotation of every four-and-twenty hours. If it suit his mood to wile away the intervals between these interesting avocations, in the reveries of a solitary ramble, the excitement of conversation, or the quiet enjoyment of a book, he is free to indulge in the favourite propensity, but no one would dream of requiring exertion at his hands; he is chartered in indolence, and useless by prescription.

I must own, that I revel in the luxuries of such a state, and wanton in the freedom with which I can range over the country surrounding my habitation, chained to no formal observance of hours, chilled by no recollections of neglected duty, and satisfied with the conviction that, while my pursuits are innocent towards others, they need be no more than amusing to myself. Mounted on the phlegmatic poney which has borne my weight since the day whereon I suffered my old charger Marlbro' to withdraw like his master from the service, and dismissed him to slumber out the remnant of life in the undisturbed possession of his paddock, I have long ago explored every green lane and by-road, within a day's march of my quarters; am become familiar with the countenance of every carter who drives a team in the neighbourhood; and am well known to every village urchin that begs a penny of the passing stranger. But there are haunts among which my honest quadruped Fag, is unable to transport me; and through these am I reduced to wander by the aid of my legs alone. Many a day, therefore, do I leave him to his stable, and to the society of Havresack, with whom, next to Marlbro' and myself, he is a principal favourite; while I saunter along dingle and meadow, by wood and streamlet,

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wherever the fancy of the hour, and the attraction of the scenery may guide my path. No wonder, then, that I have searched out every secluded nook, and pried into every retired spot in the vicinity; that each pendant birch and majestic elm are in the number of my acquaintance, and the curling smoke of every humble roof, the landmark of my rambles.

It was in one of such pedestrian excursions, about three years ago, and nearly as long after I had settled in the country, that in following a path which I had not before chosen, as it appeared to lead to nothing but a mere farm-house, I stood unexpectedly before one of the neatest cottages that I had ever beheld. The agreeable surprise of discovering such a termination to a tract which I had frequently passed without curiosity, enhanced not a little the interest of the place; but it scarcely suffered from a more deliberate inspection. In its first state, it had evidently possessed no other characteristic than that of the common dwelling of an English farmer. Its tiled open porch, rough-cast walls, huge rafters, low ground story, and over-hanging upper windows set into the roof, all preserved the warrant of its primeval purpose; but the light finger of taste had strayed over its rude proportions, and blended the rugged projections of its outline into harmony and softness. The clematis and tender jasmine clung about the porch, the China rose and honeysuckle flaunted round its pillars; here a spreading vine covered the bare walls of the house and clothed them in verdure; there, thick ivy concealed the harsh nakedness of a gable. Every point about the building told of refinement and elegance; yet in nothing was there a violation of the simple style of the farm house. The windows were still latticed, but they were curtained, and at every breeze admitted the fragrance of the mignionette which grew in boxes beneath them. The paling which encircled the little green before the house, was apparently the same that had originally stood there, but then it was carefully painted, and maintained in the highest order, while a hedge of sweetbriar and roses had been trained to grow up behind it. The green itself was too small to admit of much embellishment, but the turf was closely shorn, and lay like a carpet before the little flower borders, which enjoyed all the shelter of the walls of the building, and threw up their offering of mingled sweets and brilliant colouring.

I was so chained to the spot by its loveliness, that I remained for some time unconscious of having posted myself just before the gate of the little lawn, on which I leant to examine the scene before me. I was reminded of the rudeness of my intrusion, by the appearance of a fine chubby boy, who had seemingly escaped from the side of his nurse, and came running out upon the green. He was followed by a lady, who overtook the little truant, and laughingly led him by the hand back into the house. I had but a glimpse of her countenance and form; for I hastened to withdraw on recollecting the impropriety of my keeping the station where I had unthinkingly lingered; but I saw enough to observe that her air was light and elegant, and that the hand of time had made no ravages on a beautiful person. I will not attempt to deny, that my inclination had been earnestly awakened to learn something of the inhabitants of an abode which bespoke so

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much of interest for its inmates; nor was the feeling by any means lessened by my transient view of the graceful being whom I had just seen, and whose figure accorded as strikingly with the chaste and simple decorations of the place, as it would ill have harmonized with the pristine rudeness of the peasant's dwelling. And here let no one smile at the inquisitive spirit which moved me; the indulgence of my curiosity is that one of the privileges of my idle retirement upon which I set the greatest value—and who would, at any age, wish for the power of regarding the lovely with indifference? I was not slow in inquiring among the neighbouring cottagers, and of my own acquaintances in the vicinity, the name and condition of the inhabitants of a house which had so much captivated my imagination; but I could collect very scanty information on the subject. All that was known I learnt, and it amounted only to this: that seven or eight years prior to the period at which I had visited the spot, the farm-house in question had been taken without its land, by the present occupant; it then wore a very different aspect from the neatness which had since distinguished it; and the singular circumstance, that such a residence should be chosen by an individual, who, under the extreme plainness of his apparel, could not conceal that he was a gentleman, was so fertile in mystery, and excited so much suspicion, that the stranger only succeeded in convincing the farmer who was to be his landlord, that he was in earnest in his proposal of tenanting it, by paying down in advance the small amount of his first year's rent. He soon took possession of his bargain, with his family and a single servant, and, after trial, procured a lease of the house. It was apparent that he and his wife had no wish for society; and even their residence was scarcely known in the neighbourhood, until, in the second year after their arrival, the doctor of the village, who is, *ex officio*, a retailer of small talk, and was my principal informant, was upon some occasion called in to attend the family. He entertained no doubt that they were people who had mingled in good society; for they knew the proper amount of a fee, and the most delicate mode of tendering it, but his attempts to be on terms of good acquaintanceship with them, had been met by a cold civility, which could not be mistaken. They had converted the interior of the farm-house into a picture of comfort, but their household was still composed of but one female domestic; in short, the doctor could only conclude that they were very proud, poor, and genteel. I longed to be acquainted with these people:—to be poor, and have gentility to maintain, is a case usually too familiar to a military man; to be proud, is the only shield which can guard the poverty of a gentleman from being trampled into the dust. I longed to know them; for I could appreciate the feelings that kept them aloof from observation, but I would not for the world intrude upon their privacy.

An accident obtained for me that introduction which I might otherwise have despaired of receiving, and to it have I been indebted for some of the happiest hours that I have known in the six years of my retirement. I had found, that near the path leading to the house, was another, which, without running so near to it as to render the passage of individuals at all annoying to the family, afforded a view

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of the cottage, with an occasional picturesque opening of other scenery. It became among my favourite strolls; and I was one evening carelessly pursuing it, when I was overtaken by a heavy thunder shower. I had just compounded with my indolence for a complete soaking, with three or four days of flying rheumatism, and was leisurely proceeding at my usual pace, when I was passed by a gentleman, who, seeing my plight, offered me a share of his umbrella, and, until the shower should be over, the shelter of his roof, from which he said we were only distant a few minutes' walk. I accepted the proffered kindness, and entered with him the porch of the cottage of which I have been speaking. His politeness would not suffer me to halt at his threshold, and he introduced me into the room, where sat the lady whom I had seen on the lawn, with three of her children about her. She rose at our entrance, and received me with easy attention; had a smile of affectionate welcome for her husband, and solicitude for both of us, lest we should have suffered from the weather. But we had not; and, as the rain still fell heavily, and there was no departing, we soon got into cheerful conversation. If I had before been struck with the exterior of the house, how much more was I now gratified with the appearance of every thing within it. It is inconceivable what miracles had been done by tasteful judgment, and apparently with little cost, in the low dark rooms of the farm house. The unpapered walls of that wherein we sat, had borrowed elegance from the beautiful execution of a border of leaves and flowers, which was painted along them; and book-shelves neatly suspended by ribbons, and filled with a very small but well-chosen collection, gave the air of intellectual cultivation, which books, as the sure indication of habits and tastes, never fail to bestow upon an apartment. In one corner stood a piano; in another, a table, with materials for drawing, sketches, &c.; while the finished productions of the same hand, which were plainly framed, and broke at intervals the sameness of the colouring of the room, afforded proof of no mediocrity of talent. But the charms of the whole were in the living picture before me. My host and his wife were yet in the prime of their days. His features were not handsome, nor did he enjoy any particular advantages of person, but spirit and mind were beaming in his countenance, and the calm polished dignity of his manner, spoke the man who had moved much and early in the world. The impression which a moment had given me of his wife, was confirmed as I had a better opportunity of forming a judgment of her. Nature had moulded her in loveliness, and she was now precisely at that age when a woman is most charming, and at which the maturity of wit and intellect is blended with the undiminished lustre of younger years. They had a blooming family around them; and there was enjoyment and gaiety in the very sight of the three little laughing faces which crowded about my knee, as soon as it was found that I had genius for play.

When I had sat about half an hour, which passed like five minutes, I had the mortification of seeing that the rain had terminated, and was succeeded by the most provoking sunshine in the world. I of course rose to depart, and uttered my thanks and apologies for the intrusion, as becomes a man upon such occasions; but my new acquaintance would

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not hear of my going. I would surely take my tea with them before my walk home of between two and three miles; for I had casually mentioned who I was, and the place of my residence. I needed little intreaty to remain, and the evening passed delightfully. In the course of conversation, my entertainers spoke of the metropolis, of fashionable life, and of characters of notoriety, with perfect familiarity, but not a syllable fell which bore relation to themselves, or their own share in scenes in which they were evidently so well versed. The husband was a chess-player; and when his little prattlers were summoned to bed, and their mother apologised for the necessity of leaving us for a few minutes, he challenged me to my favourite amusement. We fought long and earnestly, and I was surprised and ashamed when, on rising from the game, I observed the lateness of the hour. I set off on my return, but not before I had yielded my promise of renewing the contest on an early day. The thunder-storm to which I stood obliged for the cheerfulness of the evening, had been followed by all the deep and silent calm of a summer's night, and a splendid moon was riding high and full in the vault of heaven, as I slowly paced my way homeward, with that tranquillity of spirit which the pleasing society that I had just quitted, and the stillness of the hour, were so well fitted to produce. Havresack had not been altogether easy at my absence; but he was somewhat reassured when I appeared, and left me for the night, with only a doubt whether, though I had escaped the effects of the rain, the night air had not been quite as dangerous an exposure to the attacks of my inveterate foe—the rheumatism. "Your honour," said he, "might as well be at the old work of piquet and bivouac again, as making these marches by moonlight."

Notwithstanding honest Jonathan's fears for my health, I had finished a late breakfast on the following morning without the slightest symptoms of the enemy, when my factotum announced "a strange gentleman," and, to my surprise and gratification, in walked my antagonist at chess of the preceding evening. He was afraid, he said, that from the unsociable character which they must bear in the vicinity, I might be tardy in prosecuting an acquaintance to which chance appeared to have led, contrary to their general wish of avoiding society; and he had therefore called to convince me that both he and his wife were really desirous of knowing more of me; if, indeed, he added, I could feel any pleasure in the sameness of visits where I should meet with none but themselves. When people are mentally determined to be acquainted, it is the easiest thing in the world to become so. My evenings were more frequently passed under the roof of my new friends than at home; but I had now and then also the privilege of doing the honours of my own cottage to them. As my intimacy with Mr Templeton increased, and ripened into friendship and confidence, I remained no longer in ignorance of the circumstances which had buried him and his amiable partner in their present solitude. They were principally told by himself; but I shall relate them as briefly as possible, without following the order in which they were communicated to me.*

* Vide "TEMPLETON," our next extract.

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TEMPLETON.

——— "By some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A being, who, by adding love to peace,
Might live on earth a life of happiness."

WORDSWORTH.

IT was early the misfortune of Frederick Templeton to be placed in the uncontrolled possession of wealth. At the age of eighteen, with no guide but his own unsubdued passions, and no warning voice to guard him from error, or protect his inexperience from the designing, he was launched upon the world with a host of temptations in his path, and without a single check upon the boundless indulgence of every inclination which might rise with the caprice of the moment. He was an only son, had lost his mother before he could know her value, and was first the petted boy, and then the favourite companion of his father. Frederick had even in childhood given indications of no common abilities; and, despite of the pernicious tendency of the unlimited fondness of his parent, shone as a schoolboy with that distinction of talent which, at the moment, is, perhaps of all others, the most delightful source of gratification to a father; because it gives room for confident anticipation of future eminence, and excludes the reflection that not one blossom in a hundred may mature into fruit.

Frederick had passed to the university, and just gathered the first earnest of academical honours, when a rapid and sudden illness carried his father to the grave. The catastrophe was so unlooked for, that there had been time neither for a will, nor the appointment of guardians; and, after the first violent burst of grief had expended itself, the youth found that he was the unrestrained master of a very considerable fortune. While his father lived, Frederick had evinced a pride and satisfaction in meriting his praises, which had counteracted the evils of education; and many a boyish irregularity was prevented, from consideration of the pain which it might occasion to his parental solicitude: but, with the loss of his influence, every excitement to honourable exertion, every bar against indolence and consequent dissipation, seemed at once to have forsaken him. He quitted the university and the business of preparation for the bar, and plunged headlong and deeply into the revels of fashionable life. The transition however, was not immediately effected, without some inward upbraidings, and many endeavours at self-persuasion,—while pleasure was really his sole object,—that he

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could prosecute his general studies with more advantage in the quiet of his own residence, than with the interruptions to which he was liable from his acquaintances at college; and that it was useless to waste his time in qualifying himself for a profession of which he was independent, which shackled the mind, and was incompatible with elegant intellectual acquirements, and where there were so many hungry adventurers to decrease the prospect of success.

The fallacy of all this was shortly exposed: the "study," which was fitted up with much pomp of intention, was that among his rooms which he entered most rarely; and one of his contemporaries, who had originally given less promise of talent than himself, had borne away the laurel of classical honours at the university, and was yet able to display much dry sound law, and professional tact, in his first speech at the bar, which was made on the very same day that Frederick lost three thousand pounds at ASCOT. But long before this circumstance occurred, Frederick had gained time to reconcile himself in a great degree to the unworthiness of the course which he was pursuing, and he felt no more than the twinge of a moment, when he learnt the favourable career of his old school-fellow Holton. Every hour saw some diminution of his patrimony, and brought some cause for future repentance. The profusion and waste of an extravagant establishment, and a train of unprincipled servants, were assisted by his losses on the turf; to which he had addicted himself, not because it agreed with his tastes, but merely that it gave additional *eclat* to the brilliant outset of a man of ton. He was fast approaching towards the period at which he was to reap all the fruits of his imprudence; but it was decreed, that the pangs of remorse which he was to suffer should be aggravated by the reflection, that he had involved an innocent being in the same abyss of poverty with himself.

However he might labour to mar her work, Nature had designed Frederick Templeton for better things than the mere heartless, despicable creature of fashion; and, before he had yet imbibed the fulness of that utter, remorseless selfishness, which is the never-failing characteristic of the man of pleasure, he had conceived an ardent attachment for one of the most amiable of her sex. Louisa Somers, was, like Templeton, an only child, an orphan, and born to the enjoyment of a large fortune. Her father left her under the guardianship of a maternal uncle, who had been the warm and intimate friend of the elder Mr Templeton, and now beheld with concern the vortex of dissipation in which his son was entangled. To divert the young man, if possible, in some measure from worse occupations, he had been always earnest and pressing in his invitations to him to spend a portion of the year at his residence in the country, and there Frederick had frequent opportunities of meeting with Louisa. They had, indeed, as children, been playfellows, and a strong and mutual passion had grown up with their years. Every time after Frederick had visited at her uncle's, he returned to the metropolis with resolutions of amendment, which were destined to be as regularly stifled in the contagion of the society from which he had not strength to extricate himself.

Yet they were no feeble attractions which should for ever have wean-

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ed him from error. With a share of personal charms, uncommon even in our favoured land of pure and healthful beauty, Louisa united an extraordinary degree of talent and mental energy, which had been carefully assisted by every advantage of judicious education. To Frederick the lovely girl was alternately the grave and playful monitress, long before she was sensible how deeply her own happiness was committed in his course. She had been taught from early associations to regard him somewhat as a brother, and he now listened to her admonition with the pleased attention of one who finds himself an object of interest with the being whom he loves most upon earth. He vowed all reformation, all change that could be desired, if she would be ever at his side as his guide and counsellor; and he extorted a promise, that whenever he should give substantial proofs of a serious determination to withdraw from his career of dissipation, he might hope to call her his own. She would hear of no concealment from her uncle, and he was made acquainted with their attachment.

The information was to the anxious guardian a source of poignant regret; he despaired of the young man's rescue from habits which he could not approve. From such a connexion he saw nothing but misery in store for his niece—all whose worth he most fully appreciated—and he made one powerful effort to dissuade her from the encouragement of Frederick's addresses. To all his representations of the young man's wildness, of his dissipated pursuits, of his extravagance, she had nothing to oppose, but the hope, that for her sake he would no longer be what youth and thoughtlessness had made him. The guardian perceived that his arguments had power to distress and pain poor Louisa to the soul, but none to remedy the evil—there was too much in the picture that he drew, of which she could not deny the fidelity; but when in such cases did reason ever prevail over the enthusiastic feelings of a girl of eighteen? He saw sufficient to convince him that whatever he might obtain from her deference to his wishes, and her almost filial affection towards him, it would be in vain at the time to attempt to destroy the effects of his own imprudence in introducing Frederick so frequently into his family. Her good sense told her all the errors of her lover; and yet, with their sum upon his head, she could not conceal that, without him, there would be no happiness for her. Her uncle was glad then to compound the matter, by promising to yield his consent to their union, if a probation of twelve months should be found to confirm Frederick's sincerity in reform.

The condition was gladly accepted, and the period passed with some appearance of favourable change. The name of Templeton blazoned but once in the Newmarket meetings, and then it was a horse which he had already pledged himself should run, and he could not in honour withdraw him. In three accidental morning calls which the uncle made on Frederick in town, he had but on one occasion found him in bed at two, from the effects of the preceding night's debauch, and there was an air of rather more regularity in his household. These were, perhaps, the dawnings of an amelioration which it could scarcely be expected, could at once appear in fulness, and Louisa strove to hope the best; but there was still something to see, and much to hear, that

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grieved her beyond expression; and she had often to sigh at the reflection how far Frederick Templeton, with his talents, with all that nature had lavished upon him, how very far he was from that which he might be.

At length, the twelve months were over, and without producing either of the alterations which the fond uncle had rather prayed for than hoped. Templeton was little other than the man of two years before; and Louisa was unabated in her attachment to him, with this difference only, that she was infinitely less sanguine in the belief that her influence would entirely overcome what she could not behold with indifference, until she should be his wife, and then, she thought, much might be done—and his wife she did become. Her uncle gave her away at the altar, with the observation to his family, that she was now committing the first rash folly of her life, and that he feared she would long and heavily suffer for it. During her infancy and youth, he had watched over her welfare with the eye of a father, and his last act of guardianship was to secure the settlement of her property upon herself.

Louisa had been brought up a good deal in retirement, and was accustomed to centre every wish and to seek every pleasure in home; but Templeton had so long moved in the world of fashion, that the feverish excitement of splendid dinners and crowded assemblies had become almost indispensable to his happiness. In the early days of their marriage, he was all tenderness and affection to her, and she could do no less than sacrifice her own tastes to his. To please him, she entered into scenes whence it was impossible that she could derive gratification; and their whole life grew into a whirl of heartless gaiety. They were never alone for an evening, and met rarely during the day. To rise unrefreshed and without appetite to a mid-day breakfast, to yawn for an hour on a sofa, saunter through the fashionable lounges of the morning, return just in time to dress, and close the day in the monstrous absurdity of an eight o'clock dinner, and half-a-dozen routs, composed the life which Templeton endeavoured to convince himself presented the only chance of earthly felicity. From sharing in so fruitless a search for its attainment, Louisa received a temporary respite in the birth of their first boy. Frederick was at first delighted with the little stranger, but his avocations left him no leisure to play the father—such a round of engagements, he could rarely spare time to see even his wife, and she was frequently for days without beholding him, except in the five minutes of morning enquiries how she had rested. Often did the bitter tear of wounded affection fall over her slumbering infant, while its father was mingling in the loud laugh and insipid jest of his vapid associates. Not that he was really indifferent to his amiable wife; for his attachment to her was at bottom as warm as it had ever been; and, could he have witnessed some of her solitary moments, he would have been stung to the quick; but it was that his habits had rendered him unconscious that he was guilty of neglecting her by an absence which appeared to him unavoidable.

Very shortly after the birth of her boy, a real misfortune befel the young mother in the death of her uncle. The worthy man had ob-

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served the course into which Templeton had drawn his wife, with an aching heart. He could not blame her: for he knew her too well to imagine that the life she was induced to lead could be congenial to her own inclinations, and he understood the motive of her compliance in follies which must be foreign to her choice. He saw her more seldom than his fondness for her would have caused him to wish; but he declared that it was more than he could bear, to witness the uncomplaining melancholy that would frequently steal over her for the moment, and the sources of which he had no difficulty in tracing to this mode of life, and the negligent conduct of her husband. In his will, he spoke of her with the warmest remembrance, and left her a memorial of his affection; while he bequeathed to her boy a large legacy, to be paid, with its accumulated interest, when he should arrive at the age of five-and-twenty; but the name of Templeton was not even mentioned. The only allusion to him was in the avowal, that he left the legacy to his grand-nephew, and not to his beloved niece, that the extravagance of others might not leave the boy wholly a beggar.

This was the first direct conviction which was forced upon Louisa, that a continuance in their present style of expenditure must terminate in ruin; for she rightly argued, that her uncle was not a man to record so strong an expression of his opinion on the subject without good grounds. Yet hitherto she had scarcely perceived the approach of the storm. There had at times, indeed, been some difficulty, when money was suddenly required for payment of bills; but her husband had only d——d the inattention of his steward, and the requisite sums had been finally procured. A very few months, however, had followed the decease of her uncle, when more unequivocal symptoms of impending embarrassments manifested themselves, to prove the correctness of his predictions. There had, in fact, been no bounds to the overwhelming torrent of dissipation on which Frederick had chosen to embark them: one expense entailed another, the evil increased with frightful magnitude, and the farther they advanced to the brink of ruin, with the more infatuation did he rush blindfold towards it. Clamorous duns multiplied round their doors, and it became daily more difficult to repel them. At first, Templeton had laboured to conceal their real situation from his wife; and as long as there had remained a stick to cut down on his estate, or an acre of his own to mortgage, he had been tolerably successful in veiling her eyes to the precipice on which they stood; but things were approaching too near their climax to continue the delusion, and, when the truth was somewhat bared to her observation, he no longer wore the mask of cheerfulness. He was gloomy and irritable, torn with shame and remorse, and unable to repress the indulgence of ill humour, even to the gentle creature who would have soothed the bitterness of his anguish. Still the ball and the rout blazed with undiminished frequency and splendour, under the roof which contained hearts tortured with a crowd of harassing feelings. "The world at least," said Frederick, "must not see that we suffer; appearances must yet be supported." Strange weakness! as if the very attempt to deceive the world by persisting in extravagance were not the most infallible means of hastening the dreaded exposure.

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Louisa drank deep of the draught of misery in the brief period which now drew their fashionable life to its close; she looked around her for comfort, and all was a blank; beggary seemed the inevitable lot of her children (for she had already given birth to a second boy;) and her husband, her natural protector, on whom she should have rested for consolation and solace under every affliction, to whom she should have looked up for counsel and exertion, was himself the cause of their misfortunes, and totally incapable of arresting their destruction. It was then that the native strength of mind, and decision, which marked her otherwise feminine softness of character, came to her aid, and roused her into that energy of which the enfeebling influence of habit seemed to have bereaved her husband.—She was soon called upon for the test of her resolution.

Every expedient of raising money had been exhausted by Frederick's necessities, and yet his wants were only the more importunate; but the principal of his wife's fortune remained untouched, though the income from her estate had been long anticipated. He had hitherto been restrained by pride and better feelings from suggesting that this means of relief was still in her hands; but the crisis of their fate had now arrived, and the sale of her estate could alone enable them to hold their place in society for another hour. The proposal to sell the property was broached to her, and conveyed as the alternative between a gaol and the support of their establishment. To his utter astonishment, she gave, though with mildness, a firm and decided negative to the proposition. She had wound her feelings to the point where a sense of sacred duty told her it was fit she should stand, and she was not to be shaken.

"No Frederick;" was her reply, "I cannot, must not consent to put the finishing stroke to our ruin, and that of our children. If this last hope for the future be sacrificed, if we dispose of the only means of support which is left to our family, we may indeed find the power of continuing for some time longer in our present station, but it is impossible to blind ourselves to the conviction, that we only delay, and do not avert, the ruin which is before us. I will cheerfully,—Heaven knows how cheerfully—support all privations, go through all humiliation with you—and I can foresee that there will be many trials of pride for us—but I cannot, will not put my hand to a deed which is to robe my helpless babes of their all."

Surprise and indignation at this first refusal which she had ever opposed to his wishes, and doubt of her attachment to him, were the first feelings which flashed through the mind of Templeton, and they were vented in passionate upbraidings. She had reason to feel that she merited any thing but unkindness from him. Worlds would not have tempted her to go through the bitterness of that hour again; but she yet had courage to support it, though her utterance was choked, and she was for minutes insensible to every thing but the tones of anger which rung in her ears as he rushed out of the apartment.

But that day gave the first hope of returning happiness. Templeton had already been agonized by the endless causes for self-reproach which haunted his memory. The recollection of neglected talents, slighted

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opportunities, and misspent time; the reflection how miserably he had fallen from the promise of early youth; how many pangs he must have inflicted upon the bosom which beat only for him; how unworthy he was to dwell in its pure affection—all this, and much more, had conspired to wound and humble him in his own esteem, and now he had crowned the whole by repaying years of unrepining submission to his errors, with brutal cruelty and ungenerous suspicion. He never was so fully aware of his own inferiority, never more thoroughly convinced, that she was born to be his guardian angel. It was the work of a moment to pour out his whole soul in confession before her, to implore her forgiveness, to seek her opinion for future measures.—That moment might be termed the first of their real union.

Louisa could be but little versed in the details of pecuniary affairs; as a girl, she had of course scarcely needed a thought of money; as a wife, she had never been permitted to acquire an insight into such matters: she was apparently, therefore, as little qualified to take the helm at the moment of difficulty, as her husband; but it was astonishing how her latent powers of judgment and decision developed themselves as the occasion summoned them into action. She remembered that her uncle had reposed great confidence in the probity of a gentleman of Lincoln's-Inn, who had been at once his friend and legal adviser. She wrote immediately to solicit an interview with him. The lawyer came, and she entered directly upon business with him. The husband was present, but he felt his incapacity, and listened in silence to the conference. He could not, indeed, even give an idea of the amount of their debts, or of the property that might be set against them. Their affairs were a perfect chaos; neither husband nor wife knew a syllable of particulars, and the steward was sent for. The disclosure which was then made, looked sufficiently appalling; there were debts without number, and a long series of embezzlements and peculations which the steward had securely been carrying on for years; for he had possessed the entire control, without superintendence, without examination, of the whole of Templeton's property. The lawyer was touched by the situation of the niece of his old friend, and pleased with the energy which she displayed. He besides felt that inclination for the detection of roguery, which in professional men of tolerable honesty is an excellent substitute for the desire of practising it themselves, and he engaged to give a thorough sifting to the accounts of the steward. In the mean time every dun was to be referred to him, and his card gradually cleared their doors of such intruders. Templeton slept soundly for the first night for several months, and rose resigned to every thing which might be necessary for their future conduct. His lovely wife knew her first dawn of happiness since she had quitted her uncle's roof; for Frederick might yet be what nature had designed him for, and all that her fond affection would joy to see him.

Meanwhile their legal friend had no easy task before him; but he was perfectly versed in the management of such business, of high reputation, and invincible acuteness. The steward soon found this out to his cost, and held himself fortunate in retaining one third of the appropriations which he had, with great kindness, destined for his own

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use. The solicitor could then see, with tolerable distinctness, what means would be forthcoming to answer the demands of creditors. His office was besieged with applicants, who had been referred thither from Templeton's elegant mansion. To all he gave the same statement, that, if they were disposed to wait with patience, he would pledge himself that their just demands should be satisfied; but that any attempt to distress Mr Templeton at the moment would end only in loss to the whole number of claimants. When there was at last some cessation in the production of bills of various descriptions and amount, which flowed in on all sides, the lawyer called a meeting of the creditors, cut down such demands as were exorbitant, and entered into a general arrangement for the gradual liquidation of the remainder.

He was then prepared to lay before the Templetons the precise state of things; and he met them for the purpose. Frederick was again present, and full of readiness to embrace any proposal that seemed good to his wife and their common adviser. The first step was to sell Templeton's own estate, pay off the mortgages, dispose of their splendid town house, furniture, plate, equipages, &c. The former of these resources, by the care of their legal friend, would be more productive than they could have hoped, for he had rescued much from the steward and his colleagues, to whom the mortgages had been made; altogether a considerable sum would thus be obtained for the benefit of the creditors. The next measure to be adopted, was the making over to the solicitor, for the progressive discharge of the residue of their debts, the income of Louisa's fortune. The principal would then remain in reserve for their children and themselves, when they should at last have succeeded in becoming clear of the world. The only question now for determination was, what portion should be reserved for their own support, until all incumbrances could be paid off. Louisa demanded how long it would require to free them of debt, if the whole produce of her estate were yielded to the creditors? About fourteen years was the reply, with payment of interest upon outstanding claims, and of course this long period must be increased in proportion to the income which they should reserve for themselves. "Then surely, Frederick," said she, turning to her husband, "it would be madness to withhold any part of it." Templeton, at that moment and thenceforth, thought only of the privations which she must endure, who had been guiltless of the folly that had brought them to their present state; but she would not hear of such considerations. There was a small annuity upon two lives, which must, according to all calculation, hold out for the necessary number of years; and, besides, a little farm distinct from the body of her estate, these might together produce something above two hundred a year, and they could not in principle retain more. The resolve was adopted on the instant, and the lawyer departed to make the requisite proceedings, with sincere admiration of the conduct which he had witnessed. His profession led him to see many scenes of embarrassment from similar extravagance; but it was new to him to discover that the hour of distress could give rise to any feelings but those of selfish regret at inability to continue the same career of dissipation, and eager

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endeavour to preserve the uttermost farthing from the defrauded tradesman.

When it was once agreed what path should be chosen by the Templetons, there was little delay in entering on it. Considering the extensive circle of friends who had crowded to visit them whenever the doors were opened for their reception, the string of carriages with morning visitors, which had constantly blocked up the approach to their house, like a stand of hackney coaches, it was surprising how little they were now troubled with the ceremony of leave-taking, and condolence on their misfortunes. In truth, from the day on which it was certain that the Templetons were ruined, obliged to discharge the greater number of their servants, and to discontinue their entertainments, people would not, for various reasons, force themselves upon their privacy. Some would have gone, but they were sure the poor Templetons could not wish to see any one after the dreadful exposure of their imprudence; others feared it might look like impertinent curiosity; a few had always foreseen how their ridiculous attempts to vie with persons of higher rank and greater fortune would terminate; many pitied them, but did not see how they could continue to associate with those who had shown so little principle in running over head and ears into debt; and by far the greater number forgot them for ever. Had they all pressed to his doors to assist in extricating him from his difficulties, Frederick would have owed less to their kindness, than he now did to the desertion which taught him an indelible lesson: his wife had never misunderstood them, and had less to learn.

While Louisa was busily engaged in selecting such articles of furniture, apparel, books, &c. as they should still have occasion for in their altered circumstances, Templeton was employed in the search for a suitable abode, and was struck with the seclusion of the farm-house where I afterwards knew them. It indeed by no means presented much in itself to attract, but it was as far removed from the haunts of those whom they would shun, as if a thousand miles had separated them from the metropolis; while the distance for the removal of Louisa and her children was small. The solicitor of Lincoln's Inn engaged a country servant for them, they retired to their new habitation, and none but he knew the spot of their retreat. Louisa stept with a light heart into the hired chaise which bore them from the scenes of so much folly and suffering, and her cheerfulness was undiminished, even at the sight of their destination. The feelings of her husband were widely different; he had now daily and hourly to view his wife in a station so infinitely beneath any thing she had hitherto known, or to which she could otherwise have been reduced, and to remember that it was his hand which had occasioned the change. But her eternal gaiety, and unruffled cheerfulness were a balm to his wounded spirit, and she soon taught him to forget the past, or to remember it but as a useful study. Her only care was now, lest the alteration of condition, the want of employment, and absence of that excitement in which alone he had hitherto breathed, might throw him into mental torpor or gloomy despondency. To avert a state of mind that was so much to be dreaded, constituted the object of her secret but earnest solicitude, and she had the inexpressible

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happiness of observing that her aim was by degrees most effectually accomplished.

The first direction which was given to Frederick's avocations was in improving the comfort of their cottage. Here much was to be performed; and she playfully pressed him into the service, with the declaration that there were a thousand little things which she found it impossible to manage without his aid. Frederick had a turn for those light arts of embellishment in minor matters of taste, which, in the decoration of a house, for example, can produce such a powerful effect with confined means. As a boy, he had been fond of exercising his ingenuity among the tools of every carpenter's shop which fell in his way; and he had now an opportunity of putting into practice what he termed, half jestingly, half in earnest—the only useful information that he had ever acquired; always excepting his dear bought experience of the world. Besides, however trifling the occupation in itself, he could please himself with the idea that he was labouring for the comfort of the only beings who bound him, in ties of affection, to existence; and he was as busy as a man must be who finds, for the first time in his life, that he is positively within the degree of an useful personage. The tasteful arrangement of the drapery of a curtain, the most suitable position for each article of furniture, the best form and situation for the book-cases containing the volumes which the care of Louisa had preserved for their retirement—all these minutiæ of ornament could be perfected alone by her husband's assistance; her design was answered, if he could but derive amusement from attention to them. When things began to wear somewhat of a settled air, and their cottage was already metamorphosed into neatness itself, he missed the harp which he had given her on their marriage. What had become of it? It was a present from him, and it had grieved her to leave it to the hammer; but how could she have felt justified in retaining so expensive an article, merely to indulge a selfish feeling of unwillingness to part with it; and how would a harp have become the character of their humble abode? Templeton acknowledged the truth of all this; but he sighed again when he thought how little he had hitherto appreciated and deserved the possession of such excellence, and how madly he had dragged her from the sphere of "elegant sufficiency" in which he might have seen her move, as the light and ornament of her circle. Such reflections would now and then obtrude; but they were the only interruptions to happiness which, during the first four years of their retirement, ever crossed him for a moment. He saw Louisa contented, happy; by the strictest economy they lived within their little stipend; and they beheld the increase of their family with the cheering conviction, that the self-denial of a few years would secure for their children a respectable independence. How often, how gratefully, did Templeton recal that firmness and foresight in his wife, which had shielded their offspring from impending beggary!

I have mentioned the high promise of distinction which the early youth of Templeton had afforded, and the cessation of all intellectual exertion, which had followed the death of his father; it was now one of the happiest effects of his reverses, that they turned him again to the cultivation of literature, and he resumed the studies of his boyhood

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with a zest and avidity, which, a short time before, he could not himself have believed possible; it was now almost as difficult for him to conceive how he could ever have forsaken them. It was Louisa who had encouraged him to undertake the renewal of his neglected attainments; it was from her high polish and refinement of mind that his tastes and opinions were now reflected. They read, conversed, thought together, and scarcely felt that there was ought to desire beyond the precincts of their retreat.

But fate had yet trials in store for them; they had just entered on the fifth year of their residence in Berkshire, when the annuity on which they had in part depended for income, suddenly dropped, by the unexpected termination of both the lives on which it rested. This was a heavy blow, and it came just as their two eldest boys were entering on an age when a school will yield greater advantages of instruction than it is possible for a parent to bestow. But Templeton was no longer the man who knew not where to look for a resource, or how to support an adverse contingency. He resolved to try whether his pen could not work out an opening for improvement in their means, and he was successful. His first essays in periodical publications were favourably received; he persevered, and his reward exceeded the most sanguine of his expectations. Thus did their years glide on, at once in useful activity and peaceful seclusion, while they patiently awaited the period that would restore them to the possession of wealth, which they scarcely courted, but as it might yield them the more unlimited power of perfecting the education of their children.

They had yet above six years before them ere they could calculate upon a restoration to the income of Mrs Templeton's property, when I formed with them that friendship which has grown into one of the most pleasing episodes of my life. I had to learn their past misfortunes by narration only; I was a frequent observer of the hallowed enjoyment which had succeeded to their distresses, and it was fated that I should witness in person their restoration to affluence which they had learned how to use.

I had enjoyed an unreserved and constant intercourse with my friends for about a year and a half, when one winter's evening, after the social meal which we frequently took together, and while we were seated before the blazing wood-fire of their parlour, we heard the sound of carriage wheels in the lane, which ran near the house; and, presently after, the footstep of a stranger, who hastily crossed the paddock and knocked for admission at the door. Templeton stept out, uttered a recognition of pleasure, and ushered in a gentleman to whom I was introduced as their old friend of Lincoln's Inn. He was the bearer of most welcome tidings, which were told in a few words. It had been his practice to report to the Templetons, from time to time, the progress of the liquidation of their debts; and in one of his letters upon this subject, two or three years before, had mentioned as a curious circumstance, that a distant relative of Frederick's father, who was supposed to have amassed considerable wealth in the East Indies, and was without family, had commissioned a friend in England to make particular inquiries how the young pair were proceeding in the world. It was fortunate that the agent employed to obtain such intelligence

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had come to the lawyer for information, and had of course received a correct, and therefore favourable, picture of the conduct of Templeton and his wife under their change of condition. When the friendly lawyer had cursorily noticed this incident in his letter to Frederick, it had excited little hope or attention. He had only seen his Indian relative at two periods of his life; once, when the latter had returned home on his furlough, found him a manly, promising boy, and taken a great fancy for him; and again, after his marriage, when they had parted with something more than coolness, in consequence of the old gentleman's venturing to offer his opinion of the imprudent expenditure of his younger relation. The welcome tidings which the solicitor had now to communicate, were, that he had received, from the agent of Colonel Templeton, a full authority to draw for the whole remaining amount of Frederick's debts, with such an additional sum as would put them in comfortable possession of their estate. This splendid act of liberality was accompanied by a letter for Frederick himself from the Colonel, briefly, but warmly, expressing his satisfaction at the good account to which he had turned the consequences of early imprudence, desiring his kindest regards to Louisa, though he had scarcely seen her, and announcing that, before his letter could reach its destination, he should have taken his final departure from India, to cultivate better acquaintance with her, and to settle near them in England.

I do not believe that the parties themselves were more rejoiced at this close to their embarrassments than was I, though to them it brought no alloy, and to me was attended with the heavy privation of their society. When they removed to their own property, they would, indeed, have induced me by every kindness of solicitation to change my abode also, and to become their tenant, upon my own terms, of a cottage on their estate which would just suit me. But it was too late in the journey of life for me to shift my resting-place, and I remain where I have some how or other contracted local attachments to every green hill and wandering rivulet about me. The only scene near which I cannot bring myself to stroll in their absence, is the cottage in which so many cheerful hours were spent in their society; but I sometimes see them there yet. The female servant, who had accompanied them to their retirement, continued with them until they quitted it. They then gave her an annuity for life, and the cottage, which they purchased for her upon condition that she should preserve it in the exact order in which they left it. One week in every summer do they return to pass in it, and then I am again of their circle. Nor is this the only opportunity of which I avail myself to visit them. I sometimes muster resolution enough to find my way to their mansion for a fortnight; and in my last excursion of this kind, stood as sponsor for the sixth of their little flock. RAVELIN'S LUCUBRATIONS.*

* We recommend this interesting volume to the notice of all our readers.—RAVELIN is the Geoffrey Crayon of England; and that his Sketches are less celebrated than those of his American prototype, must be owing to adventitious circumstances, and not to any want of real excellence. His narratives are more natural if less romantic—if deficient in sentiment they are at least sincere. Apparently they are drawn from real life in many of its gradations—and we consider it no small praise to say that the personal identity of the author, "Late Major in the ** Regiment of Infantry," is admirably supported.—ED.

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REMEMBRANCE.

"The remembrance of Youth is a sigh." ALI.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours,
Before his wish'd return.
From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam;
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
The fabled bliss destroy;
And youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought the wary deed,

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The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation.
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
Only a *sense* of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, every where,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me;
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! mad'ning brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which, all confused, I could not know,

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Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse, or
My own or other's still the same woe.
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights passed: the night's dismay
Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child:
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stain'd with sin:
For aye entempesting anew
Th' unfathomable hell within,
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me!
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed. COLERIDGE.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a Statesman, in the van
Of public business trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh;
Go carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man right plump to see?
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near:
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou One of gallant pride,
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome,—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

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Physician art thou? One all eyes;
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That abject thing, thy soul, away!

A Moralist, perchance, appears,
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
And He has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world and his own God:

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All in All!

Shut close the door, press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noon-tide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove:
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,
—The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length
Or build thy house upon this grave.

WORDSWORTH.

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THE STOUT GENTLEMAN:

A Stage Coach Romance.

From "Bracebridge Hall, or the Humourists."

"I'll cross it, though it blast me!"
HAMLET.

IT was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail, matted as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a doghouse hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

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I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day, to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and a coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hotel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers'-room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I read all the common-placed names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged,

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spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous pattet—patter—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and on referring to the Almanack I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect—much—rain—about—this—time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after, I heardt he voice of a waiter at the bar: "The Stout Gentleman in No. 13, wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine, every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself; and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr Smith, or Mr Brown, or Mr Jackson, or Mr Johnson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 13," it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The Stout Gentleman!"—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt, a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, 'he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence;

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he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff.—The butter was rancid, the eggs were over-done, the ham was too salt:—the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquetish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers'-room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or, rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information: nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests.—The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-colour: or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking over head. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantle-piece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me: it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighbouring bedroom. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The stout gentleman had been rude to her!

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This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentleman are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confounded ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant! If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant maids of her's treated in that way, when they were about their work,—that's what she wouldn't!"

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm: the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high, windy clamour, for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile in her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs, I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter: she said, "Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool."—I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, touzle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of Port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect: I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travellers'-room, and that I might at length get a view of his person;

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but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good-living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog? "God knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers'-room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats;—others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew around the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids, and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of Port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and

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black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves.—These ghastly great coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered: the room was deserted. There stood a large, broad bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired.—I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his wax-toped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13. I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—"all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off:—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman!

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MORTALITY.

(JOB iii. ECCLESIASTES i.)

*From Knox's "Songs of Israel."**

I.

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

II.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

III.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

IV.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

V.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

VI.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

* Just published—a volume of the most beautiful Sacred Lyrics which we have seen.—ED.

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VII.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiv'n,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

VIII.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

IX.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

X.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

XI.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come,
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

XII.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

XIII.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

XIV.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

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THE LAST HOURS

OF

SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH.

From "D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature."

THE close of the life of Sir Walter Rawleigh was as extraordinary as many parts of his varied history: the promptitude and sprightliness of his genius, his carelessness of life, and the equanimity of that great spirit in quitting the world, can only be paralleled by a few other heroes and sages:—Rawleigh was both! but it is not simply his dignified yet active conduct on the scaffold, nor his admirable speech on that occasion,—circumstances by which many great men are judged, when their energies are excited for a moment to act so great a part before the eyes of the world assembled at their feet,—it is not these only which claim our notice.

We pause with admiration on the real grandeur of Rawleigh's character; not from a single circumstance, however great, but from a tissue of continued little incidents, which occurred from the moment of his condemnation till he laid his head on the block. Rawleigh was a man of such mark, that he deeply engaged the attention of his contemporaries, and to this we owe the preservation of several interesting particulars of what he did and what he said, which have been entered into his life; but all has not been told in the published narratives. Contemporary writers, in their letters, have set down every fresh incident, and eagerly caught up his sense, his wit, and, what is more delightful, those marks of natural cheerfulness, of his invariable presence of mind; nor could these have arisen from any affectation or parade, and for we shall see that they served him even in his last tender farewell to his lady, and on unpremeditated occasions.

I have drawn together into a short compass every fact concerning the feelings and conduct of Rawleigh at these solemn moments of his life, which my researches have furnished, not omitting those which are known: to have preserved only the new, would be to mutilate the statue, and to injure the whole by an imperfect view.

Rawleigh one morning was taken out of his bed, in a fit of fever, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. The story is well known.—Yet pleading with "a voice grown weak by sickness, and an ague he had at that instant on him," he used every means to avert his fate: he did, therefore, value the life he could so easily part

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with. His judges there, at least, respected their state criminal; and they addressed him in a far different tone than he had fifteen years before listened to from Coke. Yelverton, the Attorney-General, said, "Sir Walter Rawleigh hath been as a star at which the world have gazed; but stars may fall, nay, they must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide." And the Lord Chief Justice noticed Rawleigh's great work;—"I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work. I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself far better than I am able to give you." But the judge ended with saying, "execution is granted." It was stifling Rawleigh with roses; and it was listening to fame from the voice of death.

He declared that, now being old, sickly, and in disgrace, and "certain were he allowed to live, to go to it again, life was wearisome to him, and all he entreated was to have leave to speak freely at his farewell, to satisfy the world that he was ever loyal to the king, and a true lover of the common-wealth; for this he would seal with his blood.

Rawleigh, on his return to his prison, while some were deploring his fate, observed, that "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution."

That last night of his existence was occupied by writing what the letter-writer calls "a remembrancer to be left with his lady," to acquaint the world with his sentiments, should he be denied their delivery from the scaffold, as he had been at the bar of the King's Bench. His lady visited him that night, and amidst her tears acquainted him, that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body; to which he answered, smiling, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of that dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of it when alive." At midnight he intreated her to leave him. It must have been then, that, with unshaken fortitude, Rawleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which being short, the most appropriate may be repeated.

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!"

He has added two other lines, expressive of his trust in his resurrection. Their authenticity is confirmed by the writer of the present letter, as well as another writer, inclosing "half a dozen verses, which Sir Walter made the night before his death, to take his farewell of poetry, wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth." The inclosure is not now with the letter. Chamberlain, the writer, was an intelligent man of the world, but not imbued with any deep tincture of literature. On the same night RAWLEIGH wrote this distich on the candle burning dimly:

"Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

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At this solemn moment, before he lay down to rest, and at the instant of parting from his lady, with all his domestic affections still warm, to express his feelings in verse was with him a natural effusion, and one to which he had long been used. It is peculiar in the fate of RAWLEIGH, that having before suffered a long imprisonment, with an expectation of a public death, his mind had been accustomed to its contemplation, and had often dwelt on the event which was now passing. The soul, in its sudden departure, and its future state, is often the subject of his few poems; that most original one of "the Farewell,"

> "Go, soul! the body's guest,
> Upon a thankless errand, &c.*

is attributed to RAWLEIGH, though on uncertain evidence. But another, entitled "the Pilgrimage," has this beautiful passage:

> "Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
> My staff of truth to walk upon,
> My scrip of joy—immortal diet;
> My bottle of salvation;
> My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,
> And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
> Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer
> Travelleth towards the land of Heaven."

RAWLEIGH'S cheerfulness was so remarkable, and his fearlessness of death so marked, that the Dean of Westminster, who attended him, at first wondering at the hero, reprehended the lightness of his manner; but Rawleigh gave God thanks that he had never feared death; for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he had rather die so than in a burning fever; and that some might have made shows outwardly, but he felt the joy within. The Dean says, that he made no more of his death than if he had been to take a journey; "Not, (said he) but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier." The writer of the manuscript letter tells us, that the Dean declared, he died not only religiously, but he found him to be a man as ready and as able to give as to take instruction.

On the morning of his death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Rawleigh answered, "As the fellow, that, drinking of St Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, 'that was good drink, if a man might tarry by it.' The day before, in passing from Westminster-Hall to the gate-house, his eye had caught Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and calling on him, requested he would see him die to-morrow. Sir Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. "Farewell!" exclaimed Rawleigh, "I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." In going from the

* "The Soul's Errand," inserted in this Selection, page 39. is the Poem here alluded to. ED.

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prison to the scaffold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, insomuch that Rawleigh noticed him, and asked, "whether he would have ought of him?" The old man answered, "Nothing but to see him, and to pray to God for him." Rawleigh replied, "I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will." Observing his bald head, he continued, "but take this night-cap, (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore) for thou hast more need of it now than I."

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Oldys describes it, but, mentions, "that he had a wrought night-cap under his hat," which we have otherwise disposed of; his ruff-band, a black wrought velvet night-gown, over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings.

He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness he had passed to it; and observing the Lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished what he had to say they should all witness. This request was complied with by several. His speech is well known, but some copies contain matters not in others. When finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death.—"And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave." He embraced all the Lords and other friends, with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast," says a letter writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to show him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge slightly over his his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer, has, "This is that that will cure all sorrows." After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Rawleigh with an embrace did, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, "*and then, fear not, but strike home!*" When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. "It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right," said Rawleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intripidity he had lived in it—for having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Rawleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, "Why doest thou not strike! Strike man!" In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any discomposure of posture, which, like his mind was immoveable.

"In all the time he was upon the scaffold, and before," says one of

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the manuscript letter writers, "there appeared not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had been come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer; nay, the beholders seemed much more sensible than did he, so that he hath purchased here, in the opinion of men, such honour and reputation, as it is thought his great enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage."

The people were deeply affected at the sight, and so much that one said, that we had not such another head to cut off;" and another "wished the head and brains to be upon Secretary Nanton's shoulders." The observer suffered for this; he was a wealthy citizen, and great newsmonger, and one who haunted Paul's Walk. Complaint was made, and the citizen summoned to the privy-council. He pleaded that he intended no disrespect to Mr Secretary; but only spake in reference to the old proverb, that "two heads were better than one." His excuse was allowed at the moment; but when afterwards called upon for contribution to St Paul's Cathedral, and having subscribed a hundred pounds, the Secretary observed to him, "that two are better than one Mr Wiemark!" either from fear or charity, the witty citizen doubled his subscription.

Thus died this glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, "His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman."*

After having read the preceding article, we are astonished at the greatness, and the variable nature of this extraordinary man, and this happy genius. With Gibbon, who once meditated to write his life, we may pause, and pronounce "his character is ambiguous;" but we shall not hesitate to decide, that RAWLEIGH knew better how to die than to live. "His glorious hours," says a contemporary, "were his arraignment and execution: but never will be forgotten the intermediate years of his lettered imprisonment!"

STANZAS.

THE gentle season of the yeere
Hath made my blooming branch appeere,
And beautified the land with flowres;
The aire doth savor with delight,
The heavens doe smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eies augment their showres.

* The chief particulars in this narrative are drawn from the manuscript letters of the day, in the Sloan Collection, under their respective dates, Nov. 3, 1618, Larkin to Sir Thomas Pickering; Oct. 31, 1618, Chamberlain's letters.

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The meades are mantled all with greene,
The trembling leaves have clothed the treene,
  The bird with feathers new doe sing;
But I, poore soule! when wrong doth wrack,
Attyres myselfe in mourning black,
  Whose leafe doth fall amid his spring.

And as you see the scarlet rose,
In his sweete prime, his buds disclose,
  Whose hewe is with the sun revived;
So in the Aprill of mine age
My lively colours doe asswage,
  Because my sunshine is deprived.

My hart, that wonted was of yore,
Light as the winde, abroad to sore
  Amongst the buds, when beautie springs,
Now onely hovers over you,
As dothe the birde thats taken new,
  And mourns when all her neighbours sings.

When every man is bent to sport,
Then pensive I alone resort
  Into some solitarie walke,
As doth the doleful turtle-dove,
Who having lost her faithful love,
  Sits mourning on some withered stalke.

Then to my selfe I doe recount
How far my woes my ioyes surmount,
  How love requiteth me with hate:
How all my pleasures end in paine,
How hate doth say my hope is vaine,
  How fortune frownes upon my state.

And in this moode, charg'd with despaire,
With vapored sighes I dim the aire,
  And to the gods make this request—
That by the ending of my life,
I may have truce with this strange strife,
  And bring my soule to better rest.

PHŒNIX NEST, 1593.

THE
DESTRUCTION OF SEMNACHERIB.

1.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold:
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

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II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the Glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

SONNET.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

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LEONORA.

A RECOLLECTION FROM MY TRAVELS.

From "Knight's Quarterly Magazine."

POOR Alonzo! he was the best friend that ever drank Xeres: he picked me out of the Guadalquivir, when I deemed I had said my last prayer.

It was a very conciliating introduction. I never in my life made a friend of a man to whom I was introduced in a formal kind of way, with bows from both parties, and cordiality from neither. I love something more stirring, more animated; the river of life is at best but a quiet stupid stream, and I want an occasional pebble to ruffle its surface withal. The most agreeable introductions that ever fell to my lot were these;—my introduction to Pendragon, who was overturned with me in the York Mail;—my introduction to Eliza, who contrived to faint in my arms on board the Albion packet:—and my introduction to Alonzo, who picked me out of the Guadalquivir.

I was strolling beside it on a fine moonlight night, after a brilliant and fatiguing party, at which the Lady Isidora had made ten conquests, and Don Pedro had told twenty stories: I was tired to death of dancing and iced waters, glaring lights and lemonade; and as I looked on the sleepy wave, and the dark trees, and the cloudless sky, I felt that I could wander there for ever, and dream of poetry, and—two or three friends.

The sound of a guitar and a sweet voice waked me; I do not know why I always associate the ideas of pleasant tones and bright eyes together; but I cannot help it, and of course I was very anxious to see the musician of the Guadalquiver. I clambered, by the aid of cracked stones, and bushes which hung to them, to the summit of a low wall; and looking down perceived a cavalier sitting with a lady under a grove of sycamores. The cavalier seemed to have hardly seen seventeen winters; he was slender and tall, with a ruddy complexion, black hair, and a quick merry eye. The lady appeared full five years older; her eyes were as quick, and her ringlets as black, and her complexion as warm, but more delicate: they were evidently brother and sister; but that was a matter of indifference to me.

I heard a Spanish song upon the fall of the Abencerrage, and another upon the exploits of the Cid; then the lady began an Italian

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ditty, but she had not accomplished the first stanza, when a decayed stone gave way, and carried me through all the intricacies of bush and bramble into the cold bed of the river.—I could not swim a stroke.

I remember nothing more until the minute when I opened my eyes, and found myself in a pretty summer-house, very wet and very cold, with Alonzo and his sister leaning over me. "For the love of heaven," were the first words I heard, "run, Alonzo, to call the servants."

"I wait," said Alonzo, "to hear him speak. If he be a Frenchman he goes to the bottom again."

The fates be thanked that I was born in Derbyshire, and called Sir Harry my father; if I had bathed in the Seine instead of the Derwent, I had rued my parentage bitterly. Alonzo detested the French.

From that time we were always together. They were orphans, and had scarcely a relation in the world except an aunt, who had gone to the cloister, and an uncle who had crossed the sea, and a rich cousin who had betaken himself St Jerome knew whither; but Alonzo, who had a much nearer concern in the matter, seemed to know little enough about it. They had travelled much, and Leonora was mistress apparently of the literature of all Europe: yet they went rarely into company, for they doted upon one another with a love so perfect and so engrossing, that you might have fancied them, as they fancied themselves, alone in the world, with no toil and no pleasure, but solitary walks, and songs of tenderness, and gazings upon one another's eyes. If ever perfection existed in woman, it existed here. I do not know why I did not fall in love with Leonora; but to be sure I was in love with five or six at the time.

A few months flew delightfully away. Leonora taught me Spanish, and Alonzo taught me to swim. Every morning was occupied with romantic excursions by water or by land, and every evening was beguiled with literary conversation, or music from the loveliest voice and the most eloquent strings that ever I had the fortune to listen to. And when we parted, we parted with warm hearts, and pleasant anticipations, and affectionate tears. In two brief years those hearts were separated; and those anticipations were blighted for ever; and those tears were exchanged for tears of bitterness and of mourning.

The troubles of Spain commenced; and my poor Alonzo joined the Patriots, and fell in his first campaign. Leonora had been,—not a heroine, for I hate heroines,—but a noble woman. She herself had decorated the young victim whom she sacrificed to her country's good; she had embroidered the lace on his uniform with her own hand; she had given him the scarf which was found turned round his arm on the field; and she had smiled mournfully as she bade him wear it till some one more beautiful or more beloved had chosen him for her knight. And when he had girded on his father's sword, and lingered with his hand upon his courser's mane, she had said "farewell," in a firm voice, and wept while she said it.

It was on a journey to Scotland that I passed through the same village in which the Spanish lady had shrouded her fading beauty and her breaking heart. I sent up my name to her, and was admitted into her little drawing-room immediately. Oh! how altered she seemed that day. All the colour had disappeared from her cheek, and all the freshness from her lip; she had still the white hand and

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arm, which I had seen running so lightly over the strings of her theorbo, but they were wasted terribly away; and though her long dark locks were braided as carefully as they had been in happier days, they did not communicate the idea of brightness and brilliancy which they had been wont to scatter over her countenance. She endeavoured to rise from the sofa as I entered; but the effort was too great for her, and she sat down without speaking. She was evidently dying; and the contrast between the parting and the meeting, and the vague vision of the past, and the melancholy reality of the present, struck me so forcibly and so sadly, that I stayed with my hand on the door and burst into tears.

"We are not to weep thus," she said; "he fell like a true Spaniard; and I only regret that I was not born a man, that I might have put my rifle to my shoulder, and died with my hand in his. Pray sit down; it is a long time since I have seen any friend who can talk to me of the old days."

I suggested that she ought to endeavour to think less of the losses she had endured, and to dwell more cheerfully on the tranquillity which might yet be in store for her. "I should despise you now," she answered, "if I could think this advice came from your heart. What! you would have me forget him, whose life was my dearest pleasure, and whose death is my greatest pride. Look at this ring," and she took off a small gold one, and made me remark its motto '*fiel a la muerte*;'* "he would not have bade me wear this in remembrance of him, if he had not known that he was doomed to perish, if he had not known too that I should be happy afterwards in thinking and dreaming of him." Then she began to recal minutely every scene and circumstance of our intimacy; inquiring about every study or amusement we had meditated or enjoyed together,—whether I had bettered my flute-playing,—whether I had studied landscape,—whether I had finished Calderon. She wearied herself with talking; and then leaning her head on the cushions, desired me to take up a book from the table and read to her, that she might hear whether my pronunciation was improved.

I took up the first that presented itself; it was only a manuscript book, containing many scraps and fragments from different authors, in her brother's writing. I laid it down again, and took up the next: it was a Dante which I had given her: I opened it at random, and began to read the story of Francesca. When I came to the celebrated lines,

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria,——"†

"I do not believe a word of it," she said. "I would not lose my recollection for all Mexico."

I took leave of her soon: for I saw that my presence agitated and wearied her. When I had parted from her before, she had given me a miniature of herself, which she had painted in all the glow of health and

* Faithful to death.
† Nothing is more painful than the recollection of past happiness.

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spirits, and ardent affections, which then so well became her. Now she gave me another which had been her task or pleasure in sickness and solitude. I do not know why I turn from the first with its fine hues and sparkling lustre, to gaze upon the paleness and languor of the other, with a deeper feeling of melancholy delight.

When I returned from Scotland after the lapse of two months, Leonora was dead. I found the sexton of the village, and desired him to point out to me the spot where she rested. There was a small marble slab over her remains, with the brief inscription "Leonora—Addio!" I stood for a few minutes there, and began to moralize and murmur. "It seems only yesterday," I said, "that she was moving and breathing before me, with all the buoyancy and beauty of her blameless form and her stainless spirit; and now she lies in her purity and her loveliness."

"She lies in a pretty grave,' said the old sexton, looking with apparent satisfaction on his handiwork.

"She does, indeed, good Nicholas; and her loveliness is but little to the purpose!"

NOCHE SERENA.

From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.

I GAZE upon yon orbs of light—
The countless stars that gem the sky;
Each in its sphere serenely bright
Wheeling its course how silently!
While in the mantle of the night
Earth and its cares and troubles lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur, can it be
That souls whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow space,
This prison of mortality?

What madness from the path of right
For ever leads our steps astray,
That, reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight,
A good that vanisheth away?

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Awake, ye mortals! raise your eyes
To these eternal starry spheres:
Look on these glories of the skies,
And see how poor this world appears,
With all its pomps and vanities—
With all its hopes and all its fears:

Who can look forth upon this blaze
Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining,
Through the unbounded void of space—
A hand unseen their course assigning—
All moving with unequal pace,
Yet in harmonious concord joining.

Who sees the silver chariot move
Of the bright Moon; and, gliding slow,
The star whose influence from above
Sheds knowledge on the world below,
And the resplendent Queen of Love
All bright and beautifully glow:

Or, where the angry God of War
Rolls fiercely on his bloody way,
And near the mild majestic star,
That o'er the Gods of old held sway;
That beams his radiance from afar,
And calms the heavens beneath his ray:

Where Saturn shews his distant beam,
God of the golden days of yore;
Or where the countless stars that seem
Thick as the sand upon the shore,
From their eternal seats a stream
Of glory and of radiance pour:

Who that hath seen these splendours roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sigh'd to 'scape this world's controul,
Spurning its pleasures, poor and mean,
To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawn'd between?

NEW MON. MAG.

THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

From "Recollections of the Peninsula."

—I SHALL here interrupt my private Recollections, to give a rapid sketch of the battle which took place on the morrow. On the morning

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of the 16th April our people were disposed as follows: The Spanish army, which joined us on the night of the 15th, under the orders of General Blake, was on the right, in two lines; its left rested on the Valverde road, on which, just at the ridge of an ascent, rising from the main bridge, the right of our division (the second) was posted, the left of it extending to the Badajos road, on ground elevated above the village, which was occupied by two battalions of German riflemen; General Hamilton's Portuguese division being on the left of the whole. General Cole, with two brigades of the fourth division (the fusileer brigade and one of Portuguese), arrived a very short time before the action, and formed, with them, our second line. These dispositions the enemy soon compelled us to alter. At eight o'clock he began to move; and menacing with two columns the village and bridges, under cover of his cavalry, he filed the main body of his infantry over the rivulet, beyond our right, and attacked that flank with very superior numbers and with great impetuosity. The greater part of the Spaniards hastily formed front to the right, to meet the attack; and, after a short and gallant resistance, were overpowered and driven from their ground. The enemy now commanded and raked our whole position: the fire of his artillery was heavy, but fortunately for us, not very well directed. It became now imperiously necessary to retake, at any price, the important post, unfortunately, not blameably, lost by the Spaniards. The three brigades of the division Stewart marched on it in double quick time, led by that General. The first or right brigade, commanded by Colonel Colborne, was precipitated into action under circumstances the most unfavourable: it deployed by corps as it arrived near the enemy, fired, and was in the act of gallantly charging with the bayonet on a heavy column of their infantry, when a body of Polish lancers, having galloped round upon its rear in this most unfortunate moment, (for a charge is often a movement of exulting confusion), overthrew it with a great and cruel slaughter. The 31st regiment not having deployed, escaped this misfortune; and the third brigade, under General Houghton, and second, under Colonel Abercromby, successively arriving, re-established the battle, and with the assistance of the fusileer brigade under Sir William Myers, the fortunes of this bloody day were retrieved, and the French driven in every direction from the field. I should not omit to mention, that during the whole of the day, there was very heavy skirmishing near the village, which was occupied and held, throughout the contest, by the German light infantry, under the orders of Major General Alten. General Lumley, who commanded the allied cavalry, displayed great ability, and foiled every attempt of the enemy's horse to turn our right,* who were in that army very superior, and who directed their efforts repeatedly to that object. The Portuguese troops, with the exception of one brigade, were very little engaged in this affair, and numbers of the Spanish troops never came into action. The brunt of the battle fell on the British, who lost 4,103 killed and wounded, including in this number

* This may sound inconsistent; but it will be understood that the order of battle was changed from its commencement; and again, the Polish horse were but a small body, detached for a particular object.

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120 of the German Legion. The Portuguese lost about 400; the Spaniards 1800; making a total of about 6300. The French lost, at the lowest calculation, 9000. Soult had about 24,000; and we were, perhaps, in point of numbers, a little superior to him altogether, but had only 7000 English. The two British brigades, who more particularly distinguished themselves on this glorious day, were the fusileer brigade commanded and led by Sir William Myers, and third brigade of the second division, headed by General Houghton. The first of these, composed of two battalions of the 7th regiment and one of the 23d, lost upwards of 1000 men; and the other, composed of the 29th, first 48th, and 57th regiments, lost 1050 men killed and wounded, having entered the field about 1400 strong. This last brigade went into action led by a major-general, and with its due proportion of field officers and captains. I saw it at three in the afternoon:—a captain commanded the brigade; the 57th and 48th regiments were commanded by lieutenants; and the junior captain of the 29th regiment was senior effective officer of his corps. Not one of these six regiments lost a man by the sabre or the lance; they were never driven, never thrown into confusion; they fought in line, sustaining and replying to a heavy fire, and often charging; and when the enemy at length fled, the standards of these heroic battalions flew in proud though mournful triumph, in the centre of their weakened but victorious lines. I have read the annals of modern warfare with some attention, and I know of little which can compare with, nothing which has surpassed, the enthusiastic and unyielding bravery displayed by these corps on the field of Albuera. Yet this dear-bought, and, let me add, not useless victory, won by *unaided* courage, graced with no trophies, and followed by no proportionate result, has almost sunk into oblivion, or is remembered only, and spoken of, as a day of doubtful success, if not of positive disaster. It was certainly not useless, because the object of Marshal Soult, which was the relief of Badajos, and the expulsion of our troops from Spanish Estremadura, was wholly defeated; but it had yet a higher, a nobler, a more *undying* use, it added one to the many bright examples of British heroism; it gave a terrible and long-remembered lesson to the haughty legions of France; and, when Soult rode by the side of his imperial master on the field of Waterloo, as the cheering of the English soldiers struck upon his ear, Albuera was not forgotten, and he could have whispered him, that they were men who could only be defeated, by being utterly destroyed. So much for the battle, generally considered: I would now relate what fell under my own observation, and describe, if it be possible, my feelings on that day. We stood to our arms an hour before break of day; it was a brilliant sight, at sun-rise, to see the whole of the French cavalry moving on the plain; but in a short time they retired into the wood, leaving their picquets as before. The battalion being dismissed, I breakfasted, and immediately afterwards set out to walk towards the Spanish troops, little dreaming that day of a general action. But the sound of a few shots caused me to return; and I found my line getting hastily under arms, and saw the enemy in motion. The prelude of skirmishing lasted about an hour and a half, and our division lost a few men by random gun-shot; all this time we were standing at ease, and part of it exposed to a heavy, chilling, and comfort-

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less rain. Sounds, however, which breathed all the fierceness of battle, soon reached us; the continued rolling of musketry, accompanied by loud and repeated discharges of cannon on our extreme right, told us, convincingly, that the real attack was in that quarter. The brigades of our division were successively called to support it. We formed in open column of companies at half distance, and moved in rapid double quick to the scene of action. I remember well, as we moved down in column, shot and shell flew over and through it in quick succession; we sustained little injury from either; but a captain of the 29th had been dreadfully lacerated by a ball, and lay directly in our path. We passed close to him, and he knew us all; and the heart-rending tone in which he called to us for water, or to kill him, I shall never forget. He lay alone, and we were in motion and could give him no succour; for on this trying day, such of the wounded as could not walk, lay unattended where they fell:—all was hurry and struggle; every arm was wanted in the field. When we arrived near the discomfited and retiring Spaniards, and formed our line to advance through them towards the enemy, a very noble looking young Spanish officer rode up to me, and begged me, with a sort of proud and brave anxiety, to explain to the English, that his countrymen were ordered to retire, but were not flying. Just as our line had entirely cleared the Spaniards, the smoky shroud of battle was, by the slackening of the fire, for one minute blown aside, and gave to our view the French grenadier caps, their arms, and the whole aspect of their frowning masses. It was a momentary, but a grand sight; a heavy atmosphere of smoke again enveloped us, and few objects could be discerned at all, none distinctly. The coolest and bravest soldier, if he be in the heat of it, can make no calculation of time during an engagement. Interested and animated, he marks not the flight of the hours, but he feels that,

> ——— "Come what come may,
> Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

This murderous contest of musketry lasted long. We were the whole time progressively advancing upon and shaking the enemy. At the distance of about twenty yards from them, we received orders to charge; we had ceased firing; cheered, and our bayonets in the charging position, when a body of the enemy's horse was discovered under the shoulder of a rising ground, ready to take advantage of our impetuosity. Already, however, had the French infantry, alarmed at our preparatory cheers, which always indicate the charge, broken and fled, abandoning some guns and howitzers about sixty yards from us. The presence of their cavalry not permitting us to pursue, we halted and recommenced firing on them. The slaughter was now, for a few minutes, dreadful; every shot told; their officers in vain attempted to rally them; they would make no effort. Some of their artillery, indeed, took up a distant position which much annoyed our line; but we did not move, until we had expended every round of our ammunition, and then retired, in the most perfect order, to a spot sheltered from their guns, and lay down in line, ready to repulse any fresh attack

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with the bayonet. To describe my feelings throughout this wild scene with fidelity, would be impossible: at intervals, a shriek or groan told that men were falling around me; but it was not always that the tumult of the contest suffered me to catch these sounds. A constant feeling to the centre of the line, and the gradual diminution of our front, more truly bespoke the havoc of death. As we moved, though slowly, yet ever a little in advance, our own killed and wounded lay behind us; but we arrived among those of the enemy, and those of the Spaniards who had fallen in the first onset: we trod among the dead and dying, all reckless of them. But how shall I picture the *British soldier* going into action? He is neither heated by brandy, stimulated by the hope of plunder, or inflamed by the deadly feelings of revenge; he does not even indulge in expressions of animosity against his foes; he moves forward, confident of victory, never dreams of the possibility of defeat, and braves death with all the accompanying horrors of laceration and torture, with the most cheerful intrepidity. Enough of joy and triumph. The roar of the battle is hushed; the hurry of action is over; let us walk over the corse-encumbered field. Look around, behold thousands of slain, thousands of wounded, writhing with anguish, and groaning with agony and despair. Move a little this way, here lie four officers of the French 100th, all corpses. Why, that boy cannot have numbered eighteen years! How beautiful, how serene a countenance! Perhaps on the banks of the murmuring and peaceful Loire, some mother thinks anxiously of this her darling child. Here fought the 3d brigade; here the fusileers: how thick these heroes lie! Most of the bodies are already stripped; rank is no longer distinguished. Yes: this must have been an officer; look at the delicate whiteness of his hands, and observe on his finger the mark of his ring. What manly beauty; what a smile still plays upon his lip! He fell, perhaps, beneath his colours; died easily; he is to be envied. Here charged the Polish lancers; not long ago, the trampling of horses, the shout, the cry, the prayer, the death-stroke, all mingled their wild sounds on this spot; it is now, but for a few fitful and stifled groans, as silent as the grave. What is this? A battered trumpet; the breath which filled, this morning, its haughty tone, has fled perhaps for ever. And here again a broken lance. Is this the muscular arm that wielded it? 'Twas vigourous, and slew, perhaps, a victim on this field; it is now unnerved by death. Look at the contraction of this body, and the anguish of these features; eight times has some lance pierced this frame. Here again lie headless trunks, and bodies torn and struck down by cannon shot; such death is sudden, horrid, but 'tis merciful. Who are these that catch every moment at our coats, and cling to our feet, in such a humble attitude? The wounded soldiers of the enemy, who are imploring British protection from the exasperated and revengeful Spaniards. What a proud compliment to our country!

Some readers will call this scene romantic, others disgusting: no matter; it is faithful; and it would be well for kings, politicians, and generals, if, while they talk of victories with exultation, and of defeats with philosophical indifference, they would allow their fancies to wander to the theatre of war and the field of carnage.

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THE

OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged Man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude:
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground; and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known; and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw
With careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,
Towards the aged Beggar turns a look
Side-long—and half-reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged Beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake

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The aged Beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and, if perchance
The old Man does not change his course, the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,
And passes gently by—without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.
He travels on, a solitary Man,—
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,
Bowbent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey; seeing still,
And never knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks, which in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely does his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs,
Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:
Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

But deem not this man useless.—Statesmen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not
A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps
From door to door, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

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Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find itself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle; minds like these,
In childhood, from this solitary Being,
This helpless Wanderer, have perchance received
(A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were. The easy Man
Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear
Which overhangs his head from the green wall,
Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred;—all behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions; and, perchance,
Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.

Yet further.—Many, I believe, there are
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers; and not negligent,
Meanwhile, in any tenderness of heart
Or act of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
But of the poor Man ask, the abject poor,
Go, and demand of him, if there be here

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In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No—Man is dear to Man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.
Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,
My Neighbour, when with punctual care, each week
Duly as Friday comes, though prest herself
By her own wants, she from her chest of meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door
Returning with exhilirated heart,
Sits by her fire and builds her hope in Heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And while in that vast solitude to which
The tide of things has led him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of Heaven
Has hung around him: and, while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his grey locks against his withered face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
Make him a captive! for that pent-up din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air:
Be his the natural silence of old age!
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now
Been doomed so long to settle on the earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to these languid orbs.

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And let him *where* and *when* he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank
Of high-way side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

WORDSWORTH.

A GOOD OLD MAN.

A GOOD old man, is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire. One whom time hath been thus long working, and like winter fruit, ripened, when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learnt the best thing in it—the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His last was long broken before his body, and yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by his weakness. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn of nature, and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverend thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practises his experience upon youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still, of his own seeing, to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. His old sayings and morals seem proper to his beard, and the poetry of Cato does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look, and the less testy he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion too when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relick. He is a man capable of a oneness with the youngest men, yet he is not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own, and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

BISHOP EARLE, 1628.

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ROSARIO.

By Napoleon Buonaparte.

Translated from the French.

THE following extraordinary story, which appeared at Paris about three years ago, is affirmed to be the production of the late Emperor of France. To prove that it is so, may now be impossible; but were we allowed to judge from internal evidence, we would at once pronounce it to be genuine. It has been remarked, that it is replete with that species of superstition by which Napoleon was deeply infected; that in its progress it is wrought up with considerable power over the feelings; and that its termination is of that abrupt and inartificial kind which might be expected from an Improvisator whose sole object was to agitate his auditors, and that accomplished, came at once to his conclusion without ceremony or regard to consistency. A novel-writer would in all probability have taken especial care to render the catastrophe more decidedly dependent upon the fates, than, as in this instance it is on the mere will of the principal actor. A short introduction precedes Rosario, from which the following are extracts:—

"Buonaparté, during the first year that he was Emperor, was accustomed to pass his evenings in the society of Josephine and her ladies of honour; here he amused himself by relating different stories, the immediate product of his own imagination; and was never so pleased as when he could alarm or agitate those around him by his recital. The expression of his countenance was most striking, and every passion was so faithfully depicted on it, that he who had once heard him could never forget it. The present tale was one of his favourite productions. Madame de Bemuzi, who heard him relate it, committed it to paper the same evening, preserving as nearly as possible the same sentiments and the same expressions.

* * * * * *

"It will be difficult, perhaps, to make the world believe, that he at whose name surrounding nations trembled, and of whose time ambition claimed the greatest portion, should dedicate any part of it to the occupation of a novelist;—the only answer that can be given to the sceptic is, that many are still living who could fully attest the fact." * * * * *

Be this true or fabulous, the tale is one which it may be believed a person of Napoleon's cast of mind would tell upon an occasion such as is here alluded to.—ED.

"At the period to which this tale relates, little else was spoken of

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at Rome, but the extraordinary talents of a famous Sorceress. Every one was anxious to hear her predictions, and either from curiosity or weakness, all classes resorted to her for her divinations.

"Fabricio, a young Italian nobleman, felt a great desire to consult this prophetess, and wished that Rosario, his most intimate friend, should accompany him; the latter, rather of a weak and timid character, at first refused, not choosing to try the experiment; he feared to see this prophetess, lest he should place any faith in her divinations; and it was not without considerable difficulty, that this indefinable feeling was overcome, or that Fabricio could persuade him to accompany him. The day at length was fixed on, and they departed. Having arrived at the house of the sorceress, who lived in a certain street at Rome, the door opened of itself; and, after passing through many apartments, without meeting any object, they at length found themselves in a gallery, at the end of which hung a large curtain, on which was the following inscription:

"'If you wish to know your fate, pray, before you pass this Curtain.'

"Rosario was much agitated—he threw himself on his knees, unconscious of what he did, and already seemed to feel himself under the influence of some mysterious power. After some moments of consideration, the two friends drew aside the curtain, unsheathed their swords, and penetrated into the sanctuary. Here appeared a beautiful young woman habited in black—her figure was remarkable, and the extreme penetration of her countenance forbade the eye of curiosity to fix itself on her; she addressed some questions to the two friends, but was particularly occupied with Rosario; she spoke to Fabricio, but not with the same interest. In the mean time, the latter begged his friend to leave him, and he was immediately alone with her. After a short conversation, he returned to Rosario, and found him sunk in deep meditation—he laughed at him, and begged him to be assured, that he had heard nothing terrible; that the sorceress had predicted that he should be married to his sister, (this marriage indeed had been decided on, between the families of Fabricio and Rosario,) and though some little accident might retard it, still it must take place. Rosario, as though urged on by some invisible power, went into the apartment of the sorceress. Fabricio, during the time, walked backwards and forwards in the gallery, until on a sudden he heard a dreadful cry, and distinguished these words—'*Murder, sacrilege, blood, and violent death;*' he immediately returned to his friend, and found him on his knees at the feet of the woman! who shook over his head a bloody wand; he ran towards him—he hurried him away; but in vain questioned him concerning the scene. Rosario, pale, and almost motionless, was incapable of answering him. They at length reached home, and after some hours of unbroken silence, he told his friend that the sorceress had predicted to him, 'immeasurable love, sacrilege, murder, and violent death.' Fabricio was horror-struck; but not daring to seek any further, lest he should distress his friend more, he determined to see the prophetess

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again, and to know why she made this dreadful prediction; he went to her house, but it was deserted—all had disappeared, and not a trace of her remained.

"Some weeks had passed away, and the marriage of Fabricio was preparing. Rosario seemed more calm, and the following day was fixed on for its celebration; when the Marquis of Osino, the father of Rosario, fell from his horse, and though he was not severely wounded, became so ill, as to oblige the parties to retard the ceremony. Rosario, his sister the beautiful Rosaura, and Fabricio, were all lamenting this unfortunate event, when the latter, suddenly calling what had passed to his recollection, exclaimed, 'the prediction of the sorceress is accomplished.' Rosario, on hearing these words, was exceedingly agitated, and from that day, chiefly confined himself to his own apartment; he avoided all society, save that of one man, a respectable monk: this man, whom he had chosen, was allowed to visit him at all hours, and long conferences passed between them, the meaning of which no one could interpret.

"Fabricio, occupied with his love, had not seen Rosario, who seemed to have forgotten all the world, and lived in utter seclusion. The day at length arrived, when Fabricio became the husband of Rosaura; but Rosario appeared not—he was nowhere to be found—his father and his desolate family remained for a whole month in this wretched state of uncertainty, when the Marquis of Osino received the following letter:

"'My father; spare yourself all vain pursuit—it is useless that you 'should endeavour to change my determination. I renounce all claim 'to your property. Rosario is dead to the world. Believe me, it is 'sadly repulsive to my heart thus to forsake and abandon you; but 'a horrible destiny has rendered it unavoidable.—Adieu—forget your 'unhappy 'ROSARIO.'

"This victim of superstitious terror retired to a convent of Dominican friars, at Messina, and, at the end of a year's noviciate, assumed the religious habit, and became dead to the world. His eloquence, however, caused him to be appointed a preacher, by the Superior Montalte, and the fame of his discourses spread far and wide.

"The festival of the convent being near at hand—the King of Naples arrived with all his court, and Rosario was appointed to deliver the panegyric on St Thomas, the patron of the convent. Great preparations were made—the day arrived—and an immense multitude filled the church. Rosario, with great difficulty, pushed his way through the throng to reach the chair. At this moment his cowl fell down, and discovered him to all, when he heard these words, 'Heavens! how handsome he is!' Greatly astonished, he turned round, and saw a beautiful countenance, whose eyes were fixed on him with a rapturous expression:—a few moments sufficed to disturb the future existence of these two beings. Rosario reeled to his place, and having delivered his discourse, he hastened away, and immediately shut himself up in his cell. But every thought was centred in the image of her he had seen; he found sensations springing up within him, that he had never felt before; he became agitated, and sought in vain for repose; he believed that he had only begun to exist from the moment he heard

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the accents of that enchanting voice—beyond this, all was void. Alas! he dared not think of the future; his destiny was irrevocable.

"Every morning he went to read mass; every morning in the same place, he saw a female veiled: he conjectured who it was; he desired not to see her again; he knew the necessity of avoiding her—but *this veil* was not her; he dared to fix his eyes on it; he followed all her motions; he perceived the beating of her heart—his own throbbed in return—too weak to be exposed to danger; he feared to examine himself; he wished not to know the truth. His life became restless and changeful; he existed but for some minutes of the day; for the remainder he seemed lost to all worldly things. He was determined, however, to fly, if she should be there on the morrow. This resolution being formed, he thought himself more calm and happy. The morrow arrived; he returned to the church sooner than ordinary; no person was there; the mysteries of the service began. Rosario scarce knew what he did; she appeared not; her chair was unoccupied. He approached it when the congregation had retired, and perceived a book of prayer lying on it. Ah! it must be her's; she has forgotten it—he hardly dared touch it; he opened it, however, and saw inscribed on the first page, the name of Theresa; he assayed to pronounce it; he did so—in the sound there seemed a spell that attached him to her. 'Theresa! Theresa!' he repeated, whispering, as though fearful of being heard; he still remained alone: an hour had passed away; he saw her not there. Did she dare return?—but days and weeks rolled on, and Theresa appeared not.

"Theresa married to an old man, whom she loved as a father, felt herself happy in her duties; and the purity of her heart hindered her from anticipating any other enjoyments than those which she possessed. She saw Rosario, and lost her peace for ever. Theresa had an ardent soul; her first impressions ruled her future destiny. She adored Rosario; to see him, to hear him, constituted her chief happiness. Until now she had mentioned every circumstance to her husband; she had intrusted to him all her thoughts; but she had not, however, spoken to him of Rosario. This silence troubled her, she ought to reveal to him her fault; she knew it was necessary to absent herself, and had the courage not to revisit the church. Believing that she might soothe her feelings, she determined to have recourse to her confessor, and to make an entire acknowledgement to him. With this aim she decided on returning to the church of the Dominicans; she chose the hour when she knew Rosario would not be there. To avoid him, it was necessary to think of him, and perhaps *this duty* even was sweet. She approached the confessional; she threw herself on her knees, and mentioned all that she had felt since her encountering Rosario, on the feast-day of the convent; she spoke of her happiness in seeing him at the mass; she told also of her having had the courage to avoid him; but that this sacrifice was beyond her power.—'What can I do? Oh! my father, say; tell me how I ought to act?' The tears ran down her cheeks; her agitation was extreme, as she described those feelings which had been so deeply buried in her heart. Scarcely had she concluded, when a terrible cry went out from the confessional, 'Wretched woman! what dreadful sacrilege!' said Rosario: for it was him

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that chance had brought there—he rushed forwards; he wished to fly; but Theresa arrested his steps; she threw herself on her knees—she seized his robe, and begged him not to curse her—she implored him for her soul's welfare; implored him for her love. Rosario repelled her, but repelled her feebly: 'Theresa! Theresa!' said he, 'haste away; shortly I should not have power to resist.' At these words, Theresa threw herself into his arms, and seemed to encircle him with her soul: 'Say; O say, Rosario, before I quit you, that you love me!' Alarmed and trembling lest he should be surprised, he answered to these endearing words; drew her to his heart, but swore for ever to fly from her; he exacted from Theresa the same promise—she consented to all that he requested—he loved her; she well knew how reciprocal the feeling was in her own breast—they at length separated.

"Rosario, now left alone, was alarmed at his own imprudence; he saw the precipice; he had not avoided it; his destiny was accomplished; he proved he felt this '*immeasurable love*,'—the sacrilege had taken place—for he had pronounced his love in the same church where he had taken the sacred vows—true, he had sworn to fly, to fly for ever—strange caprice of feeling! that, which should have punished his heart, consoled him; but in this terrible conflict with love and duty, the unhappy sufferer had only choice of pain.

"A dreadful struggle of the passions ensued in both parties: Rosario, in order to avoid his impending destiny, wrote to Theresa that he had never loved her, and retreated within his cell. Theresa was brought to the verge of the grave by grief. She believed she was about to die; she took a last farewell of all her family, who were heart-broken to see one so young, so beautiful, so beloved, on the verge of the grave: her husband adored her: he attached himself to her with a paternal tenderness; he saw that an unknown and secret wretchedness was drawing her down to the tomb; but he never once questioned her concerning it. He went to consult the Father Montalte, and begged him to send a priest, who might inspire Theresa with confidence. The Father promised that the same evening one of the brothers should visit her, and administer to her the consolations of religion. He chose Rosario for this duty; gave him the address of Signor Mareschi, (the name of Theresa's husband,) and charged him to exercise all his power in tranquillizing the last moments of an unfortunate fellow creature. Alas! what consolation could Rosario bestow; a victim himself to the deepest despair; he could weep, but not console. Rosario departed, and after a long journey arrived; he was introduced into a chamber, but feebly lighted. Many persons surrounded a bed, upon which a female reposed; but they retired out of respect to the Father, immediately that he entered. Alone, with this unknown person, Rosario was motionless; he could not advance, as a well known voice said, 'Father, refuse not your assistance to an unfortunate being, whose days must speedily terminate.'—Scarcely had Rosario heard these words, when he knelt down by the side of the sick bed. 'Theresa! Theresa!' this name so dear to him, escaped from his heart. Who could paint their transports? There was no need of explanation—they loved. With what a melancholy enthusiasm did Rosario describe to her all

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that he had suffered, as he accused himself of being the cause of her wretchedness. 'Pardon; O pardon me!' he exclaimed, 'Rosario is thine for ever.' These soothing words reanimated Theresa; she had not the power to speak, but she saw him, she heard him, she clasped his hand; thus to die seemed delightful. How miraculous is the influence of love! Rosario embraced her in his arms; he wished to give his life to her, he drew her to his heart. 'Thou shalt live; for me thou shalt live; thy love is near thee; speak Theresa; shall I never more hear thy voice? Rosario thus addressed her, and Theresa recovered her power. 'I love thee, Rosario; I love thee.' All she valued was comprehended in these words; she said all in this. How swift do the hours of happiness, such as these, pass away; but the certainty of seeing each other again, allowed them courage to separate. They said, 'We meet again to-morrow.' Oh! how happy were they in saying, 'to-morrow,' after such a long separation.

"Theresa's health became re-established; every day she seemed to have acquired new life; every day Rosario came to see her; their affection augmented: a sweet intimacy reigned between them. Rosario seemed to have forgotten his scruples; occupied only with his love, he took care to afflict her no more; he saw that her life depended on him. All the thoughts of Theresa were so pure, that Rosario felt himself safe, when near her.

Two years had now passed away since he quitted Rome. One day he appeared more sorrowful than usual; Theresa pressed him to tell her the cause of his affliction; she always respected his silence, but she wished to partake of his sorrows; she felt it necessary to know them. Rosario related to her the terrible prediction made to him, and his flight from the home of his father. This recital awakened all his remembrance: and with terror he exclaimed these words, '*Love without measure, Murder, Sacrilege!*' Theresa was dumb; but these words, '*Love without measure*,' these alone her heart recognised, and when Rosario repeated with affright, 'Sacrilege, and Murder,' Theresa answered, 'Love without measure:' she thus believed to cheer him, to make him forget all besides; for to love was every thing to her. Rosario, sometimes hurried away by the violence of his feelings, regarded her with such a wildness of countenance, that she dared not look at him; she became agitated; she trembled; an anxious silence succeeded these emotions; still they were happy; for they were still innocent.

"Long, however, they could not remain so, and though the monk denounced *eternal damnation* on himself and his beloved, if they fell from virtue—fall they did. 'Theresa, (writes the reckless Dominican) it must be, that you are mine, but you must compel me to think 'so: I should never have the power to abuse thy tenderness; but yes-'terday you saw that I could tear myself from thy arms; you never 'said, I wish to be thine: but think—we are lost to eternity. Oh, 'Theresa—'*eternal damnation*'—these words make me shudder: they 'even come to disturb my peace, when in thy arms; for us there is 'no happiness remaining; death is our only choice: to-morrow, if you 'wish to see me again, (and you know at what price,) to-morrow, I 'say, send Carlo to the church: if he brings with him your prayer-

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'book, Theresa, then you renounce me; but if he comes without the 'book, thou art mine for ever—*ever! that is the word of eternity*, and 'I dare not pronounce it again. Adieu!'

"Theresa was distressed and alarmed at this letter: these words, '*eternal* damnation,' overthrew her soul. 'Rosario!' cried she, 'we were so comfortable; why was this happiness not enough for thee?'—Left to herself, she knew not how to decide—never to see him again. Oh! never, never;—but to lose him. 'Oh, Rosario! why intrust to me thy destiny? Then I ought to sacrifice myself.' She had courage to resist; and Carlo, charged with the prayer-book, was ordered to place it on Theress's chair. 'Haste, go quickly,' said she to him, and immediately secluded herself in her chamber. Rosario, since the day of his return, that day when he had found Theresa so tender, had no further power to resist; more love, and even more remorse, must await him: for this state of rest and happiness was not sufficient: he was lost; he knew it: but notwithstanding the violence of his passion he could not decide to possess Theresa, if she did not compel him to be happy; violent, as weak, he knew not how to resist, or to yield to his passions. He waited for Carlo a long time; the church was deserted; he saw him go to the chair of Theresa, and lay down the book. Rosario was no longer master of himself; he rushed forward, seized the book, gave it to the boy, and ordered him to take it back to his mistress. Rosario remained motionless, for a long time, on that spot where he had sealed the fate of himself and Theresa; he could hardly believe in what he had done; but presently recovering, he exclaimed, 'I will see her!' Theresa, overwhelmed with distress, had but one hope—to die! Without Rosario, life was insupportable. Carlo was announced to her; he gave her back the book, telling her that the father Rosario had ordered him to do so; she who had renounced him, but for his own sake, went to see him again. This idea occupied all her heart: her emotion was extreme; every moment she believed she heard him; he had the key of the garden; it was from thence he would surely come; she waited for him; he at length appeared, but silent and sorrowful; his countenance cast down; he dared not approach Theresa; she comprehended all that was passing in his heart; she who trembled at the thought of this interview, who had had the courage to refuse it, when she saw her friend so miserable, had the power to console him. She was no longer the weak, the timid Theresa: she went to him. 'Rosario!' she exclaimed, 'I am thine. Oh, Rosario! thy destiny is accomplished—mourn; think of these words, '*Murder! violent death!*' The love of Rosario had become a phrenzy: apart from Theresa, his remorse distracted him; near her, he evinced a wildness of sorrow, that her most tender caresses could not influence. Theresa still loved him more; she mourned in secret, each change she saw in him; but she dared not complain; she was fearful of distressing him, of banishing him from her presence; she was encircled with her affection; she always hoped to make him happy, by his forgetting every other consideration but that of his love; but Rosario, so far from feeling her tender anxiety, accused her of all his misfortunes: 'Thou hast seduced me!' exclaimed he; 'without thee my soul had yet been pure.' He came less frequently to see her,

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and at length ceased his visits altogether. Theresa became more peremptory; she went regularly to the church; she wrote to him; he returned her letters, and never quitted his cell. Theresa now saw that she must divulge her secret to him; the *secret*, alas! of a *mother*. Great God! if he persisted in abandoning her, what would become of her; but she could not believe he would; she would implore him in the name of her infant: could he resist?

"She learnt that, the Friday following, Rosario was to officiate: for three months she had not seen him; she was determined to seize this opportunity. It was more than life now that she had to save. This reflection heightened her courage; an important project occupied her attention. Two days previous to that on which she should see Rosario, she employed in preparing for her flight. A convent on the sea-shore would facilitate her enterprise: she knew not yet where she should go. Rosario must decide on the path to be taken; and one fate having united them, what was the universe to her? She equipped a little vessel, and conducted the undertaking with so much prudence and secrecy, that no suspicion was excited. It was no longer a young female who acted; it was a tender mother, who wished to give unto her offspring a dear father; her agitation and distress drove away all thought of the difficulty of her enterprise. The anxiously-expected day arrived. Theresa placed herself near the altar: concealed under a long veil, Rosario did not recognise her: she watched all his actions, and at the moment the congregation was departing, she moved gently, near to a column before which Rosario must pass as he entered the cloister: he approached and seemed to be more sorrowful; his arms were crossed on his breast, his head hung down, and his gait was that of a criminal. Theresa, moved by his grief, would have sacrificed her whole existence for his repose; but she was not alone; and this other innocent, who would soon require her duty, this day claimed a father. She came forward; 'Rosario!' she exclaimed, 'stop, you must speak to me; you must hear me; I will not quit you till you have given me the key of the garden that is situated on the sea-shore: It must be done, my life depends on it: Oh, Rosario! more than ever mine!' Rosario seemed as though awaking from a frightful dream; 'What sayst thou, unhappy one? fly from these walls;' but Theresa threw herself on her knees, and declared she would not leave him until he had consented to her request. Rosario made vain efforts to escape; a supernatural strength animated Theresa; 'Swear,' she exclaimed, 'swear that this evening at midnight we meet again. Rosario threw down the key: a light noise was heard; he departed; 'at midnight,' said he.

"At twelve Theresa went to the garden; the night was dark; she dared not call, for fear of being discovered; she heard a footstep: 'twas his! 'twas Rosario!—'What do you want of me?' he exclaimed; 'speak, time presses; I have but a few moments to remain here: pursue no more an unfortunate who cannot make you happy. Oh, Theresa, I love thee! Away from thee I languish; I die; but near thee, I cannot bear up against my remorse; it poisons the most calm moments of my existence; thou hast seen my wretchedness: often have I dared to accuse thee; pardon me, my beloved one, pardon me. I have punished myself by my absence from thee; this sacrifice might expiate my

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crime.' Rosario could say no more; he was suffocated with his tears; Theresa threw herself in his arms, consoled him, and pointed out to him a happy future. 'Rosario,' said she, 'for myself alone, I would not have dared seek thee; but this pledge of our love commands us to live: you would wish to love your child; would you not, Rosario? Come, my friend, let us depart,—all is ready? She drew him along. Rosario followed her in dreadful agitation: yet a few moments and they are united for ever. All of a sudden he disengaged himself from the arms of Theresa; 'No!' he cried, 'Never!'—and he plunged his poniard into her breast: she fell, and Rosario was covered with her blood: he looked wildly and vacantly upon her; the morning began to dawn; the convent clock had struck; he raised up the lifeless body of her he had so much loved, cast it into the sea, and hastening forward with a precipitate step, entered the church. Every one fled from him; his bloody vest, the poniard, which he still grasped with his hand, all attested the dreadful deed: he was at length seized; he made no resistance.—Rosario disappeared for ever!

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.

OH, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:
Ah, could'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my phrensy's jealous raving?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:
The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.—
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone who shar'd my diadem!
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming.
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming:
And I have earned those tortures well,
Which unconsumed are still consuming! BYRON.

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NAPOLEON.

From "The Reveries of a Recluse."

"I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall—
Like a bright exhalation in the evening!"

THE following reflections were written a short time prior to the death of this great and astonishing man.

The character and actions of Napoleon have so long been the engrossing and universal theme of public attention, and so much has been said on the subject, that it is now almost exhausted. By some he is cried up as a model of all that is great, magnanimous, and heroic; while others are at pains to represent him as a compound of every bad quality. The panegyrics of friends and admirers, and the vituperations of enemies, are alike to be distrusted. The truth lies between the extremes of eulogy and abuse. Like other men, Napoleon had his merits and his faults; and we doubt whether there are many who, placed as he was, would have acquitted themselves better, politically and morally, than he did; while there are several who would probably not have done so well. It is impossible for the bulk of mankind to form any correct notion how far an individual, thus placed, may be governed by circumstances, and carried away by the tide of events, as hardly to have any choice in the line of conduct he is about to pursue. We are no apologists of the fallen emperor—we merely state what we have here said, to shew the folly and absurdity of those who heap unmeasured abuse on him, and would trace all his actions to the most atrocious motives and designs.

There are few topics which engage the public attention more at present than Napoleon's captivity and treatment at St Helena; and, as usual with subjects on which "much may be said on both sides," there is a great diversity of opinion on this very novel one. The tide of popular opinion seems now to run almost as much in favour of this once great man, as only a few years ago it did against him. For one who is indifferent about his sufferings and complaints, regarding the former as imaginary, and the latter as causeless, there are an hundred who feel a lively interest and sympathy in whatever regards him,—who mourn over his fallen estate, and are indignant at the unnecessarily harsh and vexatious treatment to which he is subjected.

However far this feeling may mislead Englishmen in estimating the endurances of the fallen emperor, it is at least no bad sign of their hearts. When this man was in the plenitude of his power, and insolently threatened at one time to do with England as William the Conqueror once did before, John Bull was exceedingly savage and angry with him,—and great reason he had to be so. He bullied, abused, defied, and gave him many very hard blows, till at length he brought him to the ground. Now it is one of John's maxims, not to ill use or insult a vanquished foe—quite the reverse; for after he has given him a

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drubbing, he will shake hands with him, and tell him it was all the chance of war. The British nation would, in short, have been better pleased had Napoleon been detained a prisoner in England, instead of being transported to a solitary rock in the midst of the ocean, and denied all intercourse with civilized Europe, and even with his dearest friends,—except on such terms as a lofty spirit could not brook. Independent of the natural sympathy for fallen greatness, there are many arguments which militate against this treatment. The placing him under such a system of harsh and rigid control, appears too insulting to one who had swayed a mighty sceptre, to which kings and nations once bowed down, and which even England herself, under certain limitations, was willing to acknowledge. Only a few weeks before his first abdication, the powers who were in arms against him, offered to recognize him as Emperor of France, as France stood at the outset of the revolution. What a novel and dangerous precedent, in the present state of the world, is this treatment of the sovereign of a great nation! In the event of some future contest, of a similar nature, in Europe, when another Buonaparté shall rise, by extraordinary military talents, great resources, and a daring spirit, to the zenith of power, and subjugates the nations around him, will he not say, "The sovereigns of those nations may hereafter unite against me, overpower me,—(for who shall calculate on the event of battles?) and finally doom me to a degrading captivity? I shall put it out of their power;—I shall avail myself of the warning history presents to me—I feel that I stand on the brink of a precipice, while I suffer the dynasties I subdue to retain a remnant of authority and dominion;—I shall render them hurtless to me."—This reasoning, however unprincipled it may be, is yet natural.

The powers of Europe, in thus treating Napoleon, are either actuated by a spirit of revenge, or by regard for their own safety. In either case, how unworthy is it of their dignity. We cannot for a moment suppose, that vengeance against a powerless and prostrate enemy, can have any share in the proceedings of the sovereigns, however it may still rankle in the hearts of certain of their ministers. Is it then the policy of self-preservation—a regard for the safety of their respective states,—which sets them upon dooming this fallen sovereign to indefinite exile and imprisonment? What! dread the efforts of one man—fallen—forsaken,—without money,—without soldiers,—without resources of any kind,—against the united power of all the great and warlike states of Europe! He who, at the head of two hundred thousand disciplined troops, was conquered by little more than a sixth part of the armies which those states had arrayed against him, surely cannot be formidable to them, with three or four attendants in his train. What will history say to this? It will doubtless exalt Napoleon at the expense of the sovereigns. It will say, How great, how supernatural this man's character and talents must have been, when they filled the combined sovereigns of Europe with terror, even while a captive in their hands! They did not think themselves safe till they had removed him to an inaccessible rock in the southern hemisphere, a thousand miles distant from any mainland, surrounded on every side by armed vessels, and jealously watched on shore by cordons of troops.

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Again, Napoleon, in throwing himself into the arms of Great Britain, in preference to any other of the powers, notwithstanding his being her deadly and determined enemy for so long a period, paid the nation the highest compliment a nation could receive under any circumstances. He evinced, by this act, the high opinion he had of its generosity and magnanimity; and, in return for this confidence, it would certainly have been highly creditable to its government to have rendered his captivity as little irksome and degrading to him as possible.

On the other hand, much may be said in favour of the policy of securing the person of Napoleon against even the possibility of escape—at least for a necessary space of time. With the knowledge we had of his character and policy, we had good reason to apprehend that he would leave nothing unattempted to effect his escape, and that, should he succeed, he would again aim at the sovereign power in France, and once more embroil Europe in a sanguinary contest. It is well known there is in France a powerful party who would be ready to join his standard, and second his most ambitious views. It is not probable, judging from his past conduct, that, if liberty were now restored to him, he would ever be at rest. He might, as at Elba, remain tranquil for a time, but it would be only for the purpose of meditating new schemes of ambition, and watching for a favourable opportunity of once more coming forward as a mighty actor on the political theatre. In short, there are many considerations to justify the policy of confining the person of Napoleon for a definite period. But could not this be done in a manner less vexatious and wounding to his feelings? And who will say that the feelings of that man should not be respected, who, *had it not been for his own perverse pride*, would at this moment have been recognised by all Europe as the sovereign of a great nation? The question is, could he not have been as securely guarded in England as at St Helena? or, granting that he could not, where is the necessity for carrying the vexatious minutiæ of interdiction and restraint into the very bosom of his retreat? of exercising an inquisitorial control over his private concerns—his confidential conversations—his epistolary intercourse with his friends—even his very literary amusements? Such treatment cannot be deemed creditable to the government which countenances it; it is unworthy of a great and generous nation, by the bulk of whom it is by no means approved. There are a few—and we believe but a few—who affect to sneer at the fallen Napoleon, to ridicule all his complaints, and even endeavour to make him appear an object of contempt. One cannot but smile at the egregious folly of such petty efforts. How easy it is to trample on the fallen! Who among the mightiest of his enemies, will say that they were not awed by his great military genius, and the series of his prodigious victories?

There is no man we abhorred more than Buonaparté in the zenith of his power, subduing and insulting crowned heads, subjugating and parcelling out nations at his pleasure, triumphing with a licentious spirit over brave but discomfited armies, and often unfeelingly and treacherously exercising the power fortune had given him; and there are few political events at which we more sincerely rejoice, than the defeat and humiliation,—*as far as defeat could humble him*,—of this modern Alexander. But now that we behold in him only the unfortunate

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captive, cut off from all intercourse with the world, and with those who are dear to him, and subjected to a mortifying and vexatious control, we must say, that all feelings of hostility are absorbed by the contemplation of this awful reverse of his fortunes.

The life and achievements of this astonishing man, whatever his future fortunes may be, will be contemplated with wonder by the latest ages. It is not too much to say, that he has outdone, in military achievements, all the heroes and conquerors of antiquity. Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar shrink into insignificance before him. They were great conquerors, it is true, but the armies they had to contend against were chiefly those of barbarians. Napoleon fought and conquered the disciplined armies of civilized states. Compared with the contemporary sovereigns of Europe, he was a giant amidst dwarfs. The brightest sparklings of their fame will be but a reflection from his; separated from the meridian splendour of his glory, they would shine with but a feeble light. Their names and actions will go down to posterity with his,—they will accompany him along the stream of time,—

"Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale."

When we consider his obscure origin—the early developement of his genius,—his great talents and prodigious success, as the leader of an army, at a period of life when others rarely attain higher rank than the command of a regiment,—his subsequent astonishing career of victory,—his elevation to the imperial throne of France,—his conquest over a considerable portion of Europe—his undisputed sway, for a time, over the whole, England excepted,—and the strange and stupendous events which led to his downfall,—he must be regarded as the greatest prodigy of successful talent, and daring, on record. To borrow the language of poetry, he was like a mighty comet suddenly rushing amidst the stars of the firmament, eclipsing their splendour, spreading around a terrific and ominous blaze of light,—then as suddenly vanishing from view. Had he not by his rashness and pride, sacrificed his army in Russia, no one can tell where his career would have ended. His rapid rise, from the situation of a subaltern of artillery, to a height of power and grandeur never before possessed by any monarch, exceeds all that history presents to us, and can only be surpassed by his still more rapid and astonishing downfall. He was the architect of his own stupendous fortune, and by his own hand he overthrew it. By prudence and forbearance, he might have given it stability; but his illimitable ambition levelled it with the dust! It seemed as if Providence had sent this political prodigy on the earth for wise purposes,—to humble the pride of kings and of nations,—to renew the lesson of the folly of a boundless ambition,—to sweep away evils and abuses to which ages had given stability and sanction. He was permitted to rise to a fearful height, only to be cast from it by his own presumption. He imagined that he overruled destiny, instead of being subject to it. This arrogance carried him into Russia at the head of half a million of men, without allowing him to calculate on the obstacles he might meet with from an incensed and desperate enemy, and from the more terrible visitation of the elements. His army was destroyed, and his unwilling allies turned against him. Still he managed to raise a

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new and formidable army. In this situation peace was offered to him, on advantageous terms. He rejected it with disdain. Again he was beaten, and forced to retreat precipitately into his own dominions, whither he was followed by the numerous invading armies of the allies. His affairs grew desperate; still, such was the awe in which he was held even in defeat, that only a few weeks prior to his final subjugation, he was offered the sovereignty of France, stripped only of the fruit of his aggression; which offer, fortunately for Europe, his pride once more prompted him to reject. Again, from obscurity and exile, he rose Antæus-like, to combat for empire. But the spell was broken; he was no longer the invincible Napoleon,—the dispenser of fate—the mighty conqueror, at whose nod kings were dethroned, nations parcelled out, and armies annihilated. The veteran army, at whose head he had so often conquered, no longer existed; and at Waterloo, opposed to two generals worthy to contend with him, the star of his glory set to rise no more.

Whether the criticisms of Marshal Ney on Napoleon's generalship, in this his last fatal campaign, be just or not, we are not competent to decide. It is, however, we believe, the general opinion among military men, that had Ney been suffered to retain the whole of the corps intrusted to his command on the morning of the 16th, while Napoleon, with the remainder of the army, kept the Prussians in check, the British van-guard would have been annihilated at Quatre-Bras; in which case, the outset of the campaign would have been fatal to the allies; and no one can foretel what, in such an event, would have been the issue of the contest. Napoleon, it would appear, had, from the moment of his disastrous retreat from Russia, committed errors which excited astonishment in the minds of all military men.

To enter into a detailed view of the character of this wonderful man, with the particulars of his eventful life before us, were useless. Ambition was his great and governing passion, and to that, like other great men who have been misled by it, he often sacrificed justice, humanity, good faith, and sound policy,—the prosperity of his own people, and the happiness and repose of his neighbours. We cannot, however, deny him the merit of having done some good. He restored the throne and the altar; he crushed Jacobinism—that monster of modern birth, that daring and licentious spirit of anarchy, and contempt for religion and the laws, which demoralized the people of France, and threatened the subversion of order, morals, and good government throughout Europe. He encouraged and promoted science, literature, and the arts; he established useful institutions, and extended and improved the public seminaries. He put down the Inquisition in the countries over which he had extended his sway—that horrible tribunal, since revived by his holiness the Pope, and his most Catholic Majesty; and abolished many other privileged oppressions, the vestiges of ancient bigotry and barbarism.

Whether all he has done that is useful or salutary to mankind, can atone for the mischiefs he brought on various states, the acts of violence and injustice he frequently committed, and the oceans of blood he spilt during the career of his insatiable ambition, is a question on which there exists great diversity of opinion.

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DIRGE OF ALARIC,

THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course, that the body might be interred.

By PROFESSOR EVERITT *of America.*

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes:
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trode
On him, that was "the scourge of of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place for ever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of King's,
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his head.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth;—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquer'd earth;
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain-tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar nor mound to mark the spot;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;

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And now that I have run my race,
The astonish'd realms shall rest a space.

My course was like the river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the Queen of Empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I rear'd
O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steer'd,
And vengeance sat upon the helm;
When launch'd in fury on the flood
I plough'd my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Wash'd out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I pour'd the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shriek'd for help
In vain within their seven hill'd towers;
I quench'd in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquer'd Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done—
I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—
But darker ministers of late
Impatient round the eternal throne
And in the caves of vengeance wait,
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

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THE SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS,

OR THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

I.

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail!*
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian licence loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;
Whose ears receiv'd the same unvaried phrase,
"Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!"—
All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a Prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humours suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic say.—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scare not my Pegassus before I start!
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, may hap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map,—

* The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Comiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

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Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience
Till fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—
The last edition see by Long: and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
Sovereign specific for all sort of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours,)
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorn'd all remedy, profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawled jargon in a darken'd room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accents spoke their doom,
"His majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim *instanter* brought
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,*
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillfily.*
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail and some the rear;
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, though of words grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches,
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice,
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,

* For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.

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And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders)
Tatārs and couriers in all speed were sent.
To call a sort of Eastern parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them couroultai ;*
I'm not prepared to shew in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
E'en let the learn'd go search and tell me if I'm wrong.

VII.

The Omrahs,† each with hand on scymitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war—
" The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death ;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle
Bang the loud gong and raise the shout of battle !
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons—
And for the charges—Lo ! your faithful Commons !"
The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib-language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters ;
And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

VIII.

And next came forth the reverend convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque,
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected ;
Others opined that through the realms a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul ;
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit
More closely touch'd the point ;—" Thy studious mood,"
Quoth he, " O Prince ! hath thicken'd all thy blood,
And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond measure ;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty or tell o'er thy treasure ;

* See Sir John Malcolm's admirable History of Persia † Nobility.

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From all the cares of state, my liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burthen to thy faithful clergy."

IX.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was called so by each subject duteous.
Now whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she professed to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

X.

"*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,"
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son,)
It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus insensibly, our health restores,
And it must help us here. Thou must endure
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get, where'er you can,
The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son, which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm,
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boys;
Such was the counsel from his mother came.
I know not if she had some under-game,
As doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad when sure to die at home;
Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother;
But says the Chronicle, (who will go look it)
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

XI.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main:
The old Rais* was the first to question "Whither?"
They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive Prince,
Was call'd the Happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely thither.
But not in Araby with all her balm,
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
Not in rich Egypt not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of happiness be traced.

* Master of the Vessel.

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One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her smile,
When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile:
She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he quaff'd,
But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.*

XII.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary King,
"These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap,
Incline to think some of them must be happy;
At least they have as fair a cause as any can
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
Then northward, ho!"
The vessel cuts the sea,
And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled;
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean,
And was not half the man he once had been.
"While these the priest and those the noble fleeces,
Our poor old boot,†" they said, "is torn to pieces.
Its tops‡ the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.§
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli:
A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."
Off set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts and could not tell what ail'd him,
Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;
Beside some tumours on his noddle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.‖
Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice mustered up, for "*Vive le Roi!*"
Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of Nappy?"
The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross question,—
"Pray can you tell me ought of one John Bull,

* Vide the Extract from Bruce's Travels which follows this Poem.
† The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map. ‡ Florence, Venice, &c.
§ The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, i.e. brother Devil.
‖ Or drubbing, so called in the Slang Dictionary.

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That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-pool ?'
The query seem'd of difficult digestion,
The party shrugg'd, and grinn'd, and took his snuff,
And found his whole good breeding scarce enough.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,
And bade the vale of modesty be drawn,)
Replied the Frenchman after a brief pause,
" Jean Bool !—I vas not know him—yes, I vas—
I vas remember dat von year or two,
I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—
Ma foi ! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman—m' entendez vous ?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave and cross'd the Strait.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods ;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
And on his counter beat the Devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John,
And authors vouch 'twas still this Worthy's way,
" Never to grumble till he came to pay ;
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
The work too little and the pay too much.*"
Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had well nigh wept for Buonaparte !
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd
" And who are you," John answer'd, " and be d——d ?"

XVI.

" A stranger, come to see the happiest man,
So, Seignior, all avouch,—in Frangistan."†—
" Happy ? my tenants breaking on my hand ;
Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land ;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broad-cloths—
Happy ?—why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."
" In that case, Seignior, I may take my leave ;
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve."——
" Favour !" said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,
" Its my belief you came to break the yard !

* See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe † Europe.

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But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."—
With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head;
But with due dignity the Sultaun said,—
"Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A *shirt* indeed, I seek, but none of thine.
Seignior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."
"Kiss, and be d——d," quoth John, "and go to hell!"

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but soberer now,
She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,
And once a-week a plenteous board she kept.
And whereas eke the vixen used her claws,
And teeth of yore on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,
Who look'd to the main chance, declined no labour,
Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,
And was d——d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsied sister Peg;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess'd at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him "sit into the fire," and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbock from the nook;
Asked him "about the news from eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;—
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park?—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle
In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle
And hollow'd,—"Ma'am, that is not what I ail.

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Pray are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"
Happy?" said Peg, "what for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadnae pay the yoking o' the pleugh."
"What say you to the present?"—"Meal's sae dear,
To mak their *brose* my bairns have scarce enough."
"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,
"I think my quest will end as it began.
Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg,"—
"Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The emerald Isle where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly;
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middlemen two brace,
Had screw'd his rent up to the starving place;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
His meal was a potatoe and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day;
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
"By Mahomet," said Sultaun Solimaun,
"That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt*."

XXII.

Shilela their plan was well nigh after baulking,
(Much less provocation will set it a-walking)
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy Whack,
They seized and they floor'd and they stript him Alack!
Up-bubboo! Paddy had not—a shirt to his back!!!
And the king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame,
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

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THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

From "Bruce's Travels."

"LOOK at that hillock of green sod in the middle of that watery spot," said our guide; "it is in that the two fountains of the Nile are to be found: Geesh is on the face of the rock where yon green trees are. If you go the length of the fountains, pull off your shoes as you did the other day, for these people are all Pagans, worse than those that were at the ford; and they believe in nothing that you believe, but only in this river, to which they pray every day, as if it were God; but this, perhaps you may do likewise." Half undressed as I was, by loss of my sash, and throwing my shoes off, I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant, the whole side of the hill was thick grown over with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on treading on them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh: I after this came to the island of green turf, which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it.

It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at this moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry, of both ancients and moderns, for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last, only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour, had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies; and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the objects of my vain glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the Source of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence. I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers which I had already passed, awaited me again on my return. I found a despondency gaining ground fast upon me, and blasting the crown of laurels I had too rashly woven for myself.

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I saw Strates expecting me on the side of the hill. "Strates," said I, "faithful squire! come and triumph with your Don Quixote, at that island of Barataria, where we have most wisely and fortunately brought ourselves! come, and triumph with me over all the kings of the earth, all their armies, all their philosophers, and all their heroes!" "Sir," says Strates, "I do not understand a word of what you say, and as little what you mean: you very well know I am no scholar." * * * "Come," said I, "take a draught of this excellent water, and drink with me a health to his Majesty King George III. and a long line of princes." I had in my hand a large cup made of a cocoa-nut shell, which I procured in Arabia, and which was brimfull. He drank to the king speedily and cheerfully, with the addition of, "Confusion to his enemies," and tossed up his cap with a loud huzza. "Now, friend," said I, "here is to a more humble, but still a sacred name; here is to—Maria!" He asked if that was the Virgin Mary? I answered, "in faith, I believe so, Strates." * * * *

I was, at that very moment in possession of what had for many years been the principal object of my ambition and wishes: indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows at least for a time complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh, and the fountains, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan, rise in one hill; three rivers, as I now thought, not inferior to the Nile in beauty, preferable to it in the cultivation of those countries through which they flow; superior, vastly superior to it in the virtues and qualities of the inhabitants, and in the beauty of its flocks crowding its pastures in peace, without fear or violence from man or beast. I had seen the rise of the Rhine and Rhone, and the more magnificent sources of the Soane. I began in my sorrow to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy:

> What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> That he should weep for her?—

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

SWEET flowers! that, from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watery skies;

Retire, retire! THESE tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;

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THAT sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern Winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come, then, ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! But, did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of Art,
And added to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathising heart.

Come, then, ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my ANNA's breast.

O! I should think,—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share,—
Years of anxiety repaid,
By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and, when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

W. GIFFORD.

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TO-DAY.

From "The New Monthly Magazine."

"The past is all by death possess'd,
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids us live To-day."

TO-DAY is like a child's pocket-money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and knick-knacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our control. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow: the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. Every sun-dial on the church-wall thrusts out his gnomon, as if he would enforce his dictum at the point of the bayonet, or drive wisdom down our throats, to inform us that eternity hangs from the present moment; but we revolt from the schooling of this iron ferula. Who would be made wise by compulsion, and what ignorance is poltroon enough to surrender at discretion? Moral lessons may be too pertinaciously obtruded; we may be reminded till we forget to listen, or we may retain the words and not the sentiment, learning our task by rot rather than by head or heart. This is the fault of modern education, which teaches the sound rather than the sense of things. Children taken from the nursery and pinned down to Latin and Greek, are instructed to name an object in three or four different languages, not to analyse its nature,—a process which may often make them learned, but rarely wise; for as knowledge is not confined to names, a great linguist may be a great fool. It is an equal mistake to give children mental food which they cannot digest, and dangle aphorisms before their eyes from sun-dials and church-sides, which they learn so early to repeat that they are sure never to feel their influence. What he who runs may read, nobody will stop to consider, which is probably the reason why this didactic hand-writing on the wall has ever proved an unavailing warning. Besides, there are many of maturer age who above all things dislike an apophthegm, which, preventing the complacent exercise of their own faculties, deprives them of the merit of discovery; while there are others so paradoxically inclined, that they will admit any thing rather than a truism, and can never be brought to see that which is self-evident. Hartleys in morals, they deny matter-of-fact as sturdily as he did physical matter.

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In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler, but, after all, what is a single day?—a question which is peevishly repeated three hundred and sixty five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories, so that we might as well say at once "what is a single life?" Short as the interval may be, and however indolently we may have passed it, to-day has not been altogether unimportant. Perched upon our goodly vehicle the earth, we have swung through space at a tolerably brisk rate in the performance of our annual rotation around the sun;—so many miles of life's journey have at all events brought us so much nearer to its end; they are struck off from our account; we shall never travel over them again. With every tick of our watch in that brief space of time, some hundreds or thousands have started from the great antenatal infinite to light and life; while as many have returned into the darkness of the invisible world. And we ourselves, though we sometimes exclaim like the Emperor Titus, that we have lost a day, may be well assured that to-day has not lost sight of us. The footsteps of time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; we need not shake his hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster; they keep perpetually diminishing; night and day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence dribbles away. We call those happy moments when time flies most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage who cannot fly backwards, and that his speed is but hurrying us to the grave. The hours, his couriers and outriders, are at this instant hovering around us, busy as the Sylphs and Gnomes of the Rosicrucians, though we be not sensible of their ministry. Yet, now that I strictly watch my sensations, methinks I feel one busy imp tracing the outline of the abhorred crow's foot at the corner of my eye, which future urchins will gradually stamp in ineffaceable lines. Another is craftily indenting a wrinkle by the mouth, to be hereafter chisselled into a deep furrow; a third plucks out a single hair, the precursory theft to final baldness, a fourth is boring his gimlet through my most potential masticator,—fatal prelude to toothach and extraction! a fifth malignant, grinning spitefully in the consciousness of his superior powers of annoyance, is distilling the first drop of his bleaching liquid upon my whiskers; while a sixth yellow-faced tormentor, the master devil of the whole pandemonium, has leaped clean down my throat, and is at this moment, with a ladle of melted butter in one hand and the drumstick of a goose in the other, concocting the ingredients of a bilious attack. Our face is a chronometer, revealing our age with a fearful punctuality. The hour hand leaves its impress with every rotation; nay, the minute-hand makes its mark, though it may not write legibly. Smiles and laughter turn up the ends of the lines and indentations, as melancholy drags them down, turning our sixes into nines, and so putting us forward fifty per cent. Can we desire a better argument for merriment?

Alas! these are not the worst pranks of the horal legion, some of whose more subtle members fly from one chamber of the brain to another, muddying the current of clear thought, dulling the imagination, and undermining the memory; one hoaxer in particular is ever

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prompting me to repeat the same joke which I have recounted to the same people twenty times before, and then bursts out a-laughing because nobody else does. And lo! even now sits one of these mischievous spirits upon the top of my pen, mocking and mowing, and perforating the quill, that so the spirit of the goose from whose wing it was plucked may flow down to the nib. Hence, senilizing tribe! avaunt ye peace-meal destroyers! Which of ye thus flutters at mine ear? Ah! your reproach is too true. I recal my words: pursue your tasks, most dainty dilapidators, for your successors will set to work with a still more unsparing hand.

To-day has a triple claim to our consideration, for, besides its present appeal, it has been the future, and will be the past. He is wise, says an ancient philosopher, who lives to-day; he is wiser still, exclaims his commentator, who lived yesterday. But what is the best mode of life for the attainment of happiness? This question has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. Pyrrho, denying the existence of any beatitude, maintained that life and death were alike; and when asked why he did not seek the latter, since the former was so little attractive, replied, "Because they are both indifferent to me." Crœsus placed the chief good in riches; Periander of Corinth in honour; Socrates in knowledge; Plato in idea; Orpheus in beauty; Milo the Crotonian in bodily strength; Thales the Milesian in the union of prudence and knowledge; Pittacus in benevolence; Aristotle in the practice and operation of virtue; and Epicurus affirms that happiness is the chief good, and virtue the only happiness. Confirming this last theory by the sanctions of religion, we shall probably make the nearest approaches to perfect enjoyment which our nature will admit; and it may be laid down as a universal maxim, that no mind is so constituted as to be capable of unalloyed happiness, while it can reproach itself with any crime towards man, however secret and undiscovered, since it must be always conscious of having offended a superior power from which nothing is hidden.

The To-day of England, nationally considered, cannot be reckoned happy. It is too bustling, laborious, and excessive. In France pleasure is almost the only business; in England business is almost the only pleasure, and this is pushed to an extremity that surrounds it with hazard and anxiety. By devoting all its energies and faculties, physical and intellectual, to this one object, for a series of years, the nation has attained an eminence so fearfully beyond its natural claims and position, that nothing but a continuance of convulsive efforts, even in the midst of distress and exhaustion, can enable it to uphold the rank it has assumed. Hence every thing is artificial, and in all directions we contemplate tension, excitement, fever. Her navy exceeds that of the collected world—so does her debt, a co-existence that cannot be very durable. Her establishments of all sorts are proportioned to what she owes rather than to what she has; her grandeur can only be equalled by her embarrassments. In one colony she has sixty millions of subjects, while a great proportion of her native population are paupers, and in her sister island famine has lately stalked hand in hand with rebellion. Nor have her intellectual developements been less extraordinary, for she possesses a constellation of living lu-

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minaries, who, pouring forth their streams of light with a profusion as unparalleled as their intensity, at this moment irradiate and supply all Europe. Splendid talents have excited public admiration, and procured unprecedented remuneration; while fame and riches have reacted upon and stimulated latent genius, until the existing literature of the country presents a universality of diffusion, an unbounded copiousness of production, and a magnificence of encouragement, hitherto totally unknown in the history of the world. No social system was ever pushed to such an energetic extremity, or afforded so curious and glorious a spectacle; but it has not sufficient repose for enjoyment; happiness loves to dwell amid more tranquil elements. Its tendency has been painfully illustrated by the recent fate of some of its leading members. Unable or unwilling to relax in their career, they have devoted mind and body to this restless principle of advancement, and have toiled and prospered, and become enslaved and enriched, and achieved misery and fame, until nature was exhausted in the strife, and their own hand relieved them from the burden of existence, at the precise moment when they had attained every object of their ambition, and appeared to the world to stand upon the summit of human happiness. How long is this fearful tension upon all the nerves and sinews of the country to endure? What is to be the result of this overworking of the national machine? A certain Frenchman implored death to spare him till he saw the end of the French revolution, so curious was he to witness its termination. , An Englishman might well petition to be absolved from the omnivorous scythe, until he ascertained what would be the finale of the present ecstacy of his country.

Those individuals who seek happiness will withdraw themselves from this whirl and vortex of excitement. They will not aggravate the diseased enlargement of the public heart, and share the painful intensity of its pulsations, by residing in the capital. There is no holy calm, no sabbath of the soul, no cessation of strife in that vast arena of the passions, where life is a ceaseless struggle of money-getting and money-spending; a contest of avarice and luxury; a delirium of the senses or of the mind. If we desire peace and repose, let us look out upon the variegated earth, ever new and ever beautiful—upon the azure dome of heaven hung around with painted clouds—upon the wide waters dancing and glittering in the sun, or lying in the stillness of their crystal sleep. Let us listen to the music of the sky, when the boughs are singing to the wind, and the birds are serenading one another; or surrender ourselves to that more pleasing sensation, when the serenity of Nature's silence imparts a congenial balm and tranquillity to the heart. Gazing upon the face of Nature, we shall encounter no human passions, no distrust, no jealousy, no intermission of friendship or attraction; even her frowns are beautiful, and we need not fear that death shall tear her from us. We look upon an immortal countenance. A morning thus dedicated is an act of the purest piety; it is offering to the Deity a heart made happy by the contemplation of his works; and if I can prevail upon a single reader to detach himself for a time from crowds and enthralments, and betake himself to the sunny meadows, or the green twilight of the woods, I shall felicitate myself on not having quite unprofitably employed the morning of "To-day."

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SONG.

From "Byrd's Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs." 1588.

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
Which God or Nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory:
No wily wit to salve a sore;
No shape to win a loving eye.
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why, my mind despise them all!

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
I wish no more than may suffice:
I do no more than well I may;
Look, what I want my mind supplies.
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind content with any thing.

I laugh not at another's loss;
Nor grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread my end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;
And conscience clear my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please:
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

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THE DOOMED MAN.

THE only passenger besides myself on board the Susannah, was a Miss Maria B——, of Port Glasgow, who, on the recent loss of her only parent, was going out to her sister, the wife of a wealthy planter, in Barbadoes. She was a good looking girl, and enjoyed a great flow of animal spirits, which made her at times very amusing; but, having been much spoiled with over-indulgence, she was somewhat pettish and self-willed. Captain Gilkison, (the master of the vessel,) was a quiet, unobtrusive man, mild in his manners and address, with a singularly melancholy expression of countenance, altogether unusual in a sailor: he seemed to have been much in foreign countries, and was the best informed and most intelligent seaman I ever happened to meet with in the merchant service. To the monotony and confinement of a voyage every thing affords an agreeable diversity. Miss B——, whose musical attainments were of a very superior order, sang charmingly, and accompanied herself on the guitar with great taste and sweetness. The captain also played the flute with more skill than is the wont of nautical people in general, so that with these resources, and the aid of books and conversation, we made the time pass pleasantly away, when the weather would not admit of our being on deck.

On the eighteenth day after our ship had left the tail of the bank, and had got into the warmer latitudes, it came to blow pretty fresh at nine P.M. with a long stretch of a swell from the SW.—I had gone to bed and had fallen into a sound sleep, when I was awakened about midnight with the noise of feet traversing the deck, the violent beating with a handspike at the steerage hatchway, and the rough voice of the boatswain turning out the middle watch, with, "All hands ho! tumble up, tumble up, ye lubbers!" I immediately sprang out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and made the best of my way up the companion-ladder, knowing there was something more than usual to do when the whole crew were called up at once. A good deal of bustle prevailed on deck. It had turned out what sailors call a coarse dirty night, blowing very hard, and dark and dismal all round, except when a flash of lightning shewed us the billows boiling and tumbling about us. The ship was labouring hard in a heavy sea-way, sending bows in over head and ears, and washing the forecastle at every pitch. The captain was standing a-breast of the binnacle, and through a speaking trumpet was issuing his orders to take canvas off the foremast and ease the vessel by the head. I walked up to his side, and observed by the binnacle-light that his countenance was much agitated. Aware of the dislike seamen have, in cases of peril, to be interrogated and obstructed in their movements by passengers, I passed without accosting him; and, to be as much as possible out of the men's way, retreated to the hen-coops

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at the stern, and, with considerable anxiety, observed his motions. More than half an hour elapsed, but still he kept his station; occasionally walking a few paces to an fro, then examining the compass, to give directions to the man at the wheel, and now and then throwing a glance over the lee-quarter. A shrill, whistling sound through the rigging—the clattering of blocks and slackened ropes—the creaking at the doubling of the masts, and the yards at the slings, now warned us that another squall was coming.

The captain hastily stepped to the light and examined his time-piece; I glanced my eyes over it also, and could distinguish that the hands pointed to one o'clock. I saw his lips slightly quiver, and heard him mutter as he put it up—"The hour is come now!" I felt a chillness strike to my heart at these words—I thought our last hour was come—that the captain, conscious of the vessel's inability to hold together through the squall, had given us up for lost. I fancied even that the violence of the ship's motion had increased fearfully. My heart beat with a convulsive fluttering, as if I was in the act of flying, each time the vessel, left by an exhausted wave, paused—rose straining and quivering on the ridge of the succeeding one, and again with the rapidity of an arrow made a tremendous plunge into the hollow beneath. I tried to rush forward and learn the worst at once, but my limbs refused to do their office. I endeavoured to make myself heard, but my voice had forsaken me, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could not have moved had we been going to the bottom, and my only chance of escape lying in my own exertions. The squall had now reached us in all its wrath, and was hurrying us on with inconceivable velocity, when a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, like a sheet of fire, illumined the whole waste of waters around us. The captain was now standing within a few feet of me by the gallery-railings, gazing intently to leeward; when all at once he clasped his hands forcibly together, and with a groan of despair, and in a suppressed voice of agony, exclaimed, "My God! there he is again for the last time!" He remained a few seconds, as if regarding something possessed of horrible interest, then struck his open palms over his eyes, and wildly rushed down the companion-way. In vain I had followed the direction of his look, nothing met my sight but long lines of white waves, pursuing us with their deafening roar, and threatening every instant to break on board and engulph the vessel.—Having got the better of my own fears, I waited for some time in expectation of his re-appearance, trying to conjecture the cause of such strange conduct, till, at length, unable to endure longer suspense, I got a lantern lighted at the binnacle, and descended to the cabin. I found him on the after-lockers, with his face hidden in his hands: he raised it at my entrance, and I saw it was exceedingly wan, and that a slight shivering ran through his frame. "In the name of Heaven, captain," said I, "what is the matter that you shake so, are you taken suddenly ill?" "Thank you, thank you, sir," he answered, "I am well—in perfect health—but I have a feeling here," and he pressed his hand to his heart, "which you cannot understand, and the cause of which you would only laugh at, were I to tell it you." "I do not think I should," returned I: "this is no time for merriment: if the ship is in hazard, our danger is mutual,

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and I see nothing laughable in the idea of our going to the bottom." "No," he replied, "you mistake me; there is no fear of that, and if there were a risk, our danger is *not* mutual. The gale will now take off; and as far as timber and iron goes, we have as staunch a sea-boat under us as ever stemmed salt water; she will make better weather in a gale of wind than any seventy-four in the navy; she is well found above and below, and my crew are every one of them as true bred seamen as ever rove reef points through grimits. We are as safe as hearts of oak, in every sense of the phrase, can make us. No, sir, that is not what troubles me. I now know but too well that I am a *doomed man*—I feel that my fate is sealed, and it is that fearful certainty which, with a weight like our best bower-anchor, presses on my soul, paralyzes all my faculties, and renders existence a curse instead of a blessing. I see that you think me raving under the influence of a distempered imagination. At one period of my life I was as incredulous as you, but woeful experience has since taught me otherwise. I will explain myself more at large; but I must now go on deck till these squalls blow over, for nothing encourages seamen so much as seeing their commander vigilant in his duty; besides, were I known to be a doomed man, not a single hand would trust himself in the ship with me. I must, therefore, beware of giving them further cause to conjecture the reason of my abrupt retreat."

So saying he left me: and, finding all desire for sleep completely banished, I sat ruminating on the perversity of human nature—on the various means man falls on to embitter the brief tenure of his life, bringing imaginary evils and miseries in aid of those which we all too truly experience as the concomitants of our existence.

After a while the captain came below again; the gale had abated, and there was no immediate necessity for his remaining on deck. "And now, sir," said he, "if you feel no inclination for bed, and are willing to lend me your attention, I will recount a few of the leading incidents of my life, which will show you that a mariner's superstition has nought to do with the affair."

I was sent to sea at an early age, and bound cabin-boy to a barque belonging to S——, a small sea-port village in Ayrshire. I had for my fellow-apprentice a boy nearly of my own age, and my most intimate companion, called George Cuthbertson. Our parents were next door neighbours, and in habits of great friendship. We had been at school together—shared in the same amusements—had fought each others battles—and now felt happy that we were to acquire our nautical knowledge unseparated. We served our time faithfully; and when it expired, made several voyages to different ports of America and the West-Indies. I was shortly afterwards made mate of the vessel, and we were on our passage to Smyrna, when we were captured by a French privateer off the Land's end, and carried into Port Louis. Unfortunately for us, this happened at the period when Buonaparté permitted no exchange of prisoners between the two nations: we were, therefore,

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marched far into the interior along with several ships' companies, and confined in the fortress of Breal. I will not take up your attention by a recital of the hardships we endured during the five years of our imprisonment. Our treatment was more like that of brutes than of one Christian nation towards another; but Cuthbertson and I weathered through it, and that was more than hundreds of our fellow-captives did. Twice we made our escape, but were recaptured both times, treated with additional rigour, and threatened with instant death if we made the attempt again. Nevertheless, we tried it once more, with the resolution either to regain our freedom or perish. After months of cautious and unremitting labour, we succeeded in undermining the corner of our stone floor, and bored a passage through the wall at the bottom of the building. This outlet took us clear of the centinels, but still we had a descent of more than twenty feet over the face of the rock to overcome. There were eleven of us confined in the same dungeon, and most part of these were our own crew. We set all hands to work; soon cut up our blankets into stripes, and formed a sort of rope by which we were to lower ourselves down. We all landed safe except our captain, who was a heavy man, and on that account agreed to be the last; he was not so fortunate. He had hardly descended half way, when his weight proved too great for the frail tackling; it broke, and he was precipitated to the bottom. No time was now to be lost—the noise of his fall would probably alarm the soldier on duty, and the guard would be down on us in the turning of a capstan-bar. We all, therefore, separated; each taking a different course, the better to elude pursuit, and every one shifting for himself the best way he could. George and I were just darting off, when the faint voice of Green the captain arrested our steps. "Jack," said he, "and you Cuthbertson, will ye both sheer of like land-lubbers, and leave your old master and townsman aground here, without ever lending a hand to tow him off a lee-shore?" We were not proof against this appeal. Both of us esteemed him; and though we were in a manner giving up our only chance for escape, we had not the heart to leave him to die, without contributing what we could to his assistance. We tried to raise him on his feet, but in vain—he had broken his right leg below the knee, and could not move a step. What was now to be done?—every moment was precious—there was nothing for it but to get him on my back, which we did, and I fled as fast as the weight of my burden would allow me. Taking spell and spell about, we travelled till day-breaking warned us to seek some place of concealment. We accordingly lay down in the middle of a large turnip field, and covered ourselves with the leaves as much as possible. When twilight came on, we again took up our charge, marched all night, and in the morning, found ourselves in a lonely little dell, over arched with trees and bushes, and with a small stream of water flowing through the midst.

I now found that our poor captain had not much longer to endure his sufferings—his limb had swelled to a fearful size, with the bone protruding several inches; it was prodigiously inflamed, and mortification had already taken place. "God bless you both, my good lads!" he murmured, as we laid him in a sort of recess under the bank, "God in heaven bless you! you have acted the part of sons to-

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wards me, and what I would have done by you had you been stranded in a strange land. I feel that my last yarn's spun out, and my glass run down—only I should have liked better to have been laid under hatches in my own country, and along-side of my own kith and kin; but there's no help for it! The old hull must break up somewhere, and its all one whether she lies stranded ashore or founders under the deep-sea waves. Tell them all about my mishap at home, if ever you reach it; and bid Will be kind to his poor mother and the little ones—and now give me a drop of that pure water to quench my burning thirst—fare ye well once more, and the blessing of Heaven go with you!" He died in the course of the afternoon,—in the evening we dug his grave by the margin of the stream—laid him in—and departed on our way. We travelled eight nights in the same manner, avoiding every habitation, and living on such wild berries and field roots as we could gather till the ninth, when we reached St Malo just as day was beginning to dawn. We proceeded directly for the harbour, where seeing a fishing boat lying afloat with her nets on board, we jumped in—sang a French sea-song to deceive the centinel while we pulled past the batteries—trimmed our sails to the wind, and stood out to sea.

Our good fortune still accompanied us; the wind held fair, and the next day we were picked up by the Huntingdon West Indiaman, bound for Savannah-la-mer; the captain of which purchased our boat; and gladly received us on board.

On our arrival at port, we found the bloody flux raging with such violence, that, during the time we were discharging the vessel, we buried the mate and two thirds of our crew. Upon this the captain offered me the birth, with orders to carry the ship round to Mondego-bay; and take in the produce of two estates there belonging to the owners. Cuthbertson had also got charge of a schooner for Clyde, which had lost her master, and he accompanied me round, as she was lying there too. The evening previous to his sailing, he came on board the Huntingdon, that we might spend one night together before we separated. It was one of the loveliest evenings I ever beheld. The sun had set behind the Blue Mountains, but the reflection of his parting rays still tinged with purple and gold the edges of the few light clouds which floated round their summit. A gentle land-breeze had sprung up, insufficient to ripple the smooth surface of the water, but capable of diffusing a refreshing coolness through our frames, wearied and exhausted by the day's labour. All our hands were ashore at one of the plantations, for the ship was anchored up a narrow creek; and the balmy fragrance of plants and flowers uniting with the solitude of the scene, shed a soothing influence over us. Insensibly I fell into a train of melancholy musing. My mind wandered to the home I had been so long absent from. The dear friends I had left there—were they still in existence, and did they recal thoughts of their wandering sailor? We talked over our early days—of our scattered school-fellows—of our boyish adventures—of our more recent perils—and now of our parting.

"I wish I could persuade you, Jack," said my companion, "to give up your birth here, and go home with me. One of your late crew told me that this ship would never see old England again, for all the

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rats had forsaken her, and you know as well as any of us, that it is a sure sign the ending of the vessel is not far distant when they leave her." "Well, let them go," returned I, "and a fair wind to their tails: I care not, though I never see a whisker of them again, we shall get the more beef and biscuit for ourselves in that case. I know it's a common superstition among seamen, but do you think I am such a swab as to believe that a parcel of vermin can foretell a vessel's fate? No, no, I have engaged to go the voyage, and if that's all, I'll ——" "Aye, but hearken to me," interrupted he, "that's not all." Many years ago, this ship left Nata, in the bay of Panama, with a quantity of specie for the merchants in London. They had not been long at sea, when the mate and crew agreed to kill the captain, share the money, and turn pirates. He was accordingly attacked when he came on deck, but being a stout man he resisted, until weakened by loss of blood, he retreated to the bows, where he was overpowered, murdered, and thrown overboard. The villains kept these seas in terror for some time; but at last, decoyed by a disguised sloop of war, which they mistook for a merchantman, they were captured, and the mate and five men run up to the fore-yard arm. Ever since that, the captain's ghost haunts the vessel, but is never seen except to foretell some disaster either to the ship or crew. The sailor who told me, saw him that night we arrived at Savannah; and has not the prediction been fulfilled in the death of our men?" I could not forbear laughing at the conclusion of this story to his great annoyance, for he gave implicit credit to such tales. I declared my total unbelief of supernatural appearances, and tried to argue him out of his faith in them, but to no purpose. He remained firm and fast. We had much discussion on the subject, by which neither of us was convinced; so, getting fairly tired of the topic, I proposed taking supper and turning in. I do not know how long I had slept, when I was roused by Cuthbertson shaking me violently, and exclaiming, "Rise, Jack; for God's sake, rise; I have seen him!" I immediately started up; "Seen what?" inquired I, "what have you seen?" but the poor fellow was in no condition to reply—he had become insensible. I lifted him up, and carried him on deck, where, by the application of a little water, he soon recovered.

"After turning in," said he, "I lay thinking on what we had been conversing about, till I worked myself up to such a state that I could not fall asleep. I tried repeatedly to banish it from my mind, but in spite of all my efforts to get rid of it, it still recurred. After tossing about for some hours, I got so heated that I could lie no longer, so I thought I would rise, and take a turn fore and aft to cool myself, and see how the night looked. The moon was dim and hazy, and her light much obscured by clouds driving with great swiftness across her surface. The wind was all a-peak—for the fly of the vane at the mast-head was motionless and drooping. Not a leaf rustled on the trees; and I almost fancied I heard the rushing of the clouds as they hurried over my head. I never felt myself so impressed with the awful stillness of nature. I walked a good while to and fro, and then stopt and leaned over the bulwarks at the waist, to watch the progress of the carries, wondering why they flew so rapidly above, when it was

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such a dead calm below. While thus engaged I chanced to turn my head, and thought I saw something white standing behind me. I started, and rubbed my eyes to ascertain if I saw distinctly, for I had walked the length of the deck only a few minutes before, and knew that our men had not yet returned. The story of the captain haunting the vessel now flashed across my mind, and the idea that I stood in the presence of an unearthly being created a feeling I cannot describe—my heart leaped to my mouth at the conviction, and a cold shivering thrilled through my body. I tried to shut out the vision, but my eyes were fascinated by some spell against which I had no power of resistance. As I continued to gaze, it gradually became brighter and more defined, until I distinguished a human face, wan and ghastly—its eyes, lustreless and fixed, as those in the sockets of a dead man; and gore streaming from a wound over its temple. I shuddered with horror at the sight, my knees bent beneath me, and I was on the point of sinking down, when, rallying all my fortitude, with an effort of desperation I threw myself forward and attempted to seize it—but nothing met my grasp. Panting and breathless, a cold perspiration bursting through every pore, and with a feeling as if the scalp of my head was shrinking to nothing, I stopt and again looked on it. It stood without motion, with its dull and lifeless eyes still riveted upon me. I could endure their gaze no longer—I felt my brain maddening with terror: driven to frenzy, I again darted forward, and tried to grapple with it; but without any sensible motion it receded as I advanced, and, the moon suddenly becoming obscure, it vanished from my sight on the forecastle. A faintness came over me—I thought the ship whirling round—I staggered to the companion, but how I got down to the cabin I know not." He ceased, and the agitation of his frame showed how deeply he was impressed with the reality of the apparition. I again ridiculed the notion of its having been a spirit, but rather some phantasy of the brain—a form conjured up by the force of an overwrought imagination; and, perhaps, a particular reflection of moonlight might perfect the delusion: and I ended by swearing I would not trust the evidence of my senses, although my father should rise from the grave and present himself before me. "Well, Jack," he returned, "I'll argue the matter no more. I don't pretend to guess at the purport of its visit—no trifle would occasion its becoming visible to human eyes; but this I know, that all the powers on earth cannot shake my conviction of its reality, or prove it a mere delusion of sight. We are now about to part, perhaps for ever; and if so, and I am permitted, I promise to be thrice visible to you before your death, if you are left in this world behind me." I laughed, and swore I should be glad to see him—that I should deem myself secure *till* the last visit; and moreover, that I did not value all the rats and ghosts on earth a rotten rope yarn. Here we ended. The boats came off with our men, we all went to help the schooner into the bay, bade him farewell as he got under-way, and returned to our ship.

A few weeks afterwards we loaded, and left Savannah; and falling in with a Halifax brig, we were informed that war had been declared against the United States, whose privateers were swarming in all directions. One morning at day break we discovered a small cutter to

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windward; she was on the contrary tack, but in place of holding on her straight course, she kept yawing, and sheering, and gradually bearing down on us under English colours, and her foresail unset. Our men pronounced her to be American built, and seemingly a Charleston pilot-boat; but the captain, on the contrary, thought her one of the mail-carriers which ply between the islands, and shortened sail to send a boat on board to get the news. The jolly-boat was therefore prepared; but by way of precaution we cast loose our guns and prepared for engaging. As she neared us we could see but few men on board, which, with their manner of manœuvring, gave her such a suspicious appearance, that I proposed to fire a gun and bring her to: for at arm's length I knew our heavy metal was capable of blowing her out of the water; but if she got under our guns she might easily carry us by boarding. The captain still hesitated, and desired me to have patience, but he had scarcely pronounced the words when a gust of wind blew aside the corner of the foresail, and disclosed the muzzle of a long swivel pointing out. There was no room for hesitation now—so I seized a trumpet, and desired them to haul their wind, or else we would fire into them. "Fire, and be damned," was the reply.

The sail was cast off, and the contents of the swivel, with a shower of small arms, poured on us. We returned the broadside; but it was now too late to do any service, for she was so close, and so much under us, that our shot went clean over them. We had not time to exchange another, ere she was laid athwart our bows, and boarding us by the bowsprit. I now left the gun I had been working, and called out for our men to stand fast; but instead of obeying, they ran below for safety, with the captain at their head, leaving me alone on deck, and the colours flying. I saw there was nothing more to be done, so throwing away my cutlass, I was following their example, and had my back to the companion in the act of descending, when I was surrounded, and ordered to stand. I cried out, that surely they wouldn't kill an unarmed man. "Then, why don't you haul down your colours?" replied one of the fellows, and fired his pistol right in my face. I gave my head a sudden jerk to one side, by which means the ball only grazed my teeth and went through my cheek, while both eyes were scorched and driven full of powder from the closeness of the discharge. I was knocked over, and fairly thought I was shot through the head; but in a little time I recovered, and finding the blood flowing from my mouth and cheek, I groped my way down the ladder, where, getting hold of a sail, I scraped off some tow, thrust it into the wound, and bound it round with a handkerchief. I next extended my search for my chest, out of which I took all my money, hid it about me, and lay down in my bed.

I remained undisturbed for an hour, brooding over the disasters such a short time had brought about, when I heard some one enter the cabin, and recognized the voice of the captain. "We have run ourselves into a fine mess, Gilkison," said he; "instead of our captors being Americans, I mistake much if they don't turn out a set of sea-sharks. They have been overhauling my papers above, and swear that there is money on board, and they threaten to make us walk the plank if it's not instantly delivered up. God only knows what I am to do! I

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brought out some gold privately on account of my owners, which I left at Savannah, but, like a cursed idiot, I neglected to burn my private instructions. They have lost two men by our fire, and that makes them like so many devils, which, upon my soul, I believe they are, for I never saw such a set of cut-throat looking villains of all colours between the gunnels of a vessel." "You may thank yourself for the loss of your ship," returned I; "but I can guess, if she had'nt been fully covered she would'nt have been given up so easily. However, you know your own course best—as for me, I am done for already; and it's all one whether I'm hove overboard a few hours sooner or later." We were here cut short by a rough voice ordering us on deck. Knowing there was no use in refusing, I rose, groped my way up, and stood holding by the companion-door.

"Well, my lads," said the same person, whom I supposed to be the captain of the pirates, "have you agreed to find the Spanish for us, or must we knock about for it ourselves?" "I told you before," replied the captain, "that there was no gold on board, we left it—" "None of your infernal lies!" interrupted the other; "do not your own papers tell us to the contrary? and do you take us for such cursed fools, as to be gulled like a parcel of land swabs, with a long-spun yarn? No, no, the devil a skulking I'll allow of in this ship!—It doesn't signify arguing the flash of a flint,—overhaul your secret stowing holes, and bowse out the dust, or, by ——, I'll make you walk the plank in the turning of an hour-glass." "I know I am completely in your power," returned the captain, "to do with me as you will; but again I declare my utter inability to comply with your demands, since, to my knowledge, there is no gold on board; but I am willing to give you a bill to any reasonable amount on the house in Savannah, for the ransom of the ship and cargo." "And how the hell is it to be paid?" rejoined the pirate; "do you think we'll let you go ashore to send a cruiser on us? or land and be kid-napped ourselves? Never think of that!—The devil a ransom you would offer to pay if there was nothing in her; so, once for all, either bear a hand and turn out the clink, or take yourself over the side. What! you won't start then? we'll soon try that—hallo! Martinique, run out that plank there over the lee-gunnel, and balance it fair." The command was speedily executed, and the captain was again desired to go forward, but instead of so doing, the poor man supplicated the more earnestly for his life. But he appealed to wretches devoid of feeling. Some of the pirates then laid hold of him to drag him to the plank. A trampling of feet ensued—a struggling and shuffling along the deck, as if he was violently forced on, while he strove, with all the strength of desperation to retard the fulfilment of his doom; all the time praying for his life in a voice of agony I shall never forget. "Stop the cowardly fellow's muzzle with the end of that marlin-spike, and belay his jaw!" roared out the commander,—"sink me but you are a parcel of useless, good-for-nothing negers, without the pith of a louse, to let him hold on by those mainshrouds so long!—By —— I believe he'll master every soul of ye—take him over the fingers with a cutlass, and make him let go that clutch of his—that's it—there now, run him out on the plank—that's sea—away with him!"

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A heavy splash in the water told me that the unhappy man was indeed overboard. One long and piercing shriek, uttered as the stern of the vessel passed him when he rose to the surface, thrilled through every nerve of my heart. The ship was going fast through the water —his cries waxed fainter and fainter on the breeze—and at length ceased altogether.

Knowing it to be my turn next, I braced up my heart as well as I could, and prepared for my fate.

"Well, my young spark," said the pirate addressing me, "what say you to it? are you going to be reasonable, and give up the gold; or are you ready to take a trip to Davy Jones's locker in the wake of your captain? You see there is no use in shamming here." "You forget," said another voice, "that he did'nt see the fun at all. I doused his glims with the flash of my cracker, when I thought I had sent the slugs through his lubberly brains. I can do that yet!—But in the mean time, since I've darkened his daylights, it is but fair I set them to rights again. Hand here that cutlass of yours, Martinique, and I'll give him a touch of it over the lids; I'll be bound I'll soon let in the light, and doctor him to his heart's content." With a shudder, I stood expecting to feel the sharp edge of the weapon drawn across my eyes, when their captain interfered. "Avast a bit, Derrick! let the poor devil's blinkers alone while he tells us where the shinners are to be got." I now related the circumstance of my having been picked up at sea; that I had been made mate in Savannah, and could know nothing about the gold. I tried to convince them that only a madman would risk his life to secrete property from which he could reap no benefit. But I might have saved my pains; I was no more believed than the captain had been. "It's all a fair-weather story," said the pirate, "all blarney—but it won't go down! I see we are to get nothing by listening to your palavers. Walking the plank's a d———d deal too good—we'll have to go on another tack with you, my spanker, to bring you by the wind. Here, Cuba, and you Juan, cast a single hitch round his head with that line, make one end fast to the mast, and heave the other tight with the capstan; we'll soon give him a close fitting cap to make a clear breast in!" The negroes accordingly approached and laid hands on me to lead me forward, when just at that critical juncture, the man at the mast-head sung out, "A sail to leeward!" I was released and ordered below again, the crew were dispersed to rig out the studding-sails and clear for action, and in a short time I felt from the motion of the ship that she was flying under a press of canvas.

In a state of no small anxiety, hoping that the chase might prove a cruizer, I waited for hours, listening to every thing that could indicate what was going on. The bustle above had subsided, from which I inferred that the men were at their quarters; and I heard nothing but the steps of their commander as he paced fore and aft, conning to the steersman. At length a bow-chaser was fired: after a brief interval it was again repeated, and quickly answered with three cheers and a broadside. How my heart beat with joy at the sound! All was now bustle and confusion. Broadside after broadside was exchanged with fatal effect among the pirates; the closeness and precision of whose fire by no means equalled that of their adversaries. But to me the groans of

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their wounded was delightful music; and the crush of the balls, as they tore through the side of the vessel, filled me with ecstasy. The conflict continued with unabated fury; for the pirates, aware of their fate if taken, fought with all the desperate resolution of men reckless of death, till, receiving a tremendous broadside that made the ship almost heel gunnel-in, a terrible crash took place above, and the cheering of her opponent made me suppose that one of our masts was carried away. Our firing now became slack, and soon ceased altogether. Still, however, the uproar continued on deck—the hurried tramp of feet running here and there—the clamour of tongues—the bawling forth of commands which seemed unheeded, intermingled with horrible oaths and imprecations. At length, all this disturbance ceased at once, and I heard the stroke of oars alongside.

I now supposed that the pirates had surrendered, and that the other party were taking possession. I waited for some time, surprised that no person came below, till I thought I felt the cabin filling with smoke. All at once a horrible suspicion rushed across me that the ship was on fire, and deserted by the crew; and that I was left, alone and helpless, to be devoured by the flames. Overcome with the utter hopelessness of my situation, I staggered against the side—my brain quite bewildered, and my heart swelling almost to suffocation. In a few minutes I again became capable of reflection—a hope that I might yet be perceived, and rescued by the other vessel, darted like a ray of light through my mind. I started up, and hurried on deck as fast as my blindness would permit—I inquired aloud if any person was on board—but the groans of some dying wretch alone answered to my demand. I tried to run forward to the main-deck, but the wreck of the fallen masts completely blocked up the way. I therefore retraced my steps, climbed the highest part of the prostrate spar—waved a small fragment of sail over my head by way of a signal, and shouted with my whole force. Again and again I repeated my cry, listening between whiles with breathless attention for the blessed sound of a human voice returning my cheer; but all was silence save the audible pulsation of my own heart—the fearful roaring and crackling of the flames—and the sputtering, hissing sound of the blazing tar. The ship had now swung round with her head to the wind, and the excessive heat of the smoke warned me that the fire had gained the quarter-deck and was swiftly approaching: to retain my situation was no longer practicable—nothing remained for me but to trust myself to the waves before it reached the powder-room. Without reflecting that I was only avoiding death for a few moments longer, and had no chance of ultimately escaping, I jumped down on deck—searched for a rope—tied it round a hen-coop, and lowered it into the water. I then slid down on the top of it—undid the line, and with my breast on the raft, and my legs in the water, propelled it from the vessel. In this half-swimming fashion I urged it forward with all my might for a considerable time, till I heard the ship blow up. I now stopped to take breath, for my overwrought strength began to fail me. Several times I lost the coop, which I regained after much labour and swimming about, only to be washed from it again. These repeated plunges were fast diminishing my little remaining strength—

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my grasp was becoming more and more feeble. The instinctive desire for preserving life which had led me to make such powerful exertions was now leaving me. I grew indifferent as to my fate. I cared not whether I lived or died. A languor, a listlessness, took possession of both mind and body. A sensation of drowsiness gently stole over me—I felt no pain—my only desire was to obtain sleep, and I was on the point of resigning myself to its influence, when the halloo of voices smote on my ear. Like a touch of electricity I felt a renewed vigour shoot through every nerve; again I strove, and clung more firmly to the coop, and returned the shout with all my remaining voice. But the momentary ebullition was gone—nature was totally exhausted—I could bear up no longer—I ceased to struggle. Again the waters flowed round my mouth—gurgled in my throat—closed over my head—I was conscious of gradually going down—when, all of a sudden, something grasped me by the hair, and gave me a violent pull to the surface.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself surrounded by several people, who informed me that I was on board his Majesty's gun-brig, Snarler, whose boats had captured the pirates after their desertion of the ship, and on their return had observed and picked me up. Under the hands of their surgeon I soon recovered my sight, and by the time we arrived at Halifax, I was as well as ever.

On my return home, I found Cuthbertson had sailed just before I arrived, and though we had both of us Clyde ships, we never had the fortune to be in at the same time; so we never met again.

It will now be eight years this season, since I got command of the Severn. I joined convoy at Cork, for North America, and sailed in company with a large fleet. We had baffling head-winds the whole passage, but we beat on till within a few days' sail of Cape Breton, when it came on to blow the hardest gale I ever reefed canvas in. The fleet was all scattered here and there, like a flock of wild geese, making the best they could of it. It was a fearful night—as black as pitch, and rendered more appalling by tremendous flashes of lightning at short intervals. I have weathered many a storm, but lightning so vivid and lengthened I never witnessed. The mate and half of the crew had turned-in for the second watch; I had, therefore, the charge on deck, and was scudding the ship under a close-reefed foresail, keeping a look-out on a light shewn by some vessel close under our lee-bow, when, all at once, it gave a deep lurch to larboard, and disappeared. Whatever she was, I instantly knew that she must have broached-to, capsized, and was probably foundering; I therefore called to the man at the helm to haul his wind on the starboard tack, and keep clear of the wreck. This we had hardly accomplished, when a sheet of fire showed me a ship on her beam ends, right under our lee-quarter. Every thing had been washed off her decks, with the exception of one solitary figure who stood holding on by the weather rails. He looked up to our stern lantern, as we rushed past him, almost to touching. The light fell full and strong on his upraised face, and uncovered head, and to my grief and horror, I recognised the countenance of poor George Cuthbertson. Instinctively I threw myself half over the quarter-gal-

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lery—stretched forth my hands to snatch him from his perilous situation, and loudly called out his name. I make no doubt that he heard and knew the voice of his old friend, for he gave a faint reply; too faint, indeed, for me to distinguish the words; but as a token of his recognition he opened his arms, as if to embrace me, waved his hand, and pointed homeward. I understood the signal—I essayed to countersign, but the vessel was again sweeping before the wind—and we left him to his fate. One minute afterwards, another flash shewed me her main topmast-head disappearing amidst the foam of a tremendous breaker.

It was now that his last promise in Mondego Bay, so long forgot, recurred to my recollection. I pondered it over in my mind, and tried, as I had done then, to slight and laugh it past. I fancied I had reasoned myself out of my apprehensions, but a lurking tremor at bottom made me fear that the calm was only on the surface.

The whole fleet after the gale, made their destination in safety, but the old Lion of Port Glasgow never cast up.

Time passed on, till that very day twelvemonth—when in such another gale, and at the self same hour, I again saw the Lion founder. But the vision was only disclosed to *my* eyes. That voyage I lost the Severn; she sprung a leak at sea, we left her with seven feet water in her hold, and just cleared her before she went down. I saw the same vision again, after the lapse of three years, and I was then wrecked on the coast of Holland. Now for the last time I have seen it this night.

I have long felt the withering touch of the finger of fate, but now the whole weight of its hand is on me. My existence has drawn to its final close, for I dare no longer disbelieve the warning. And better it is to die at once, than live thus in the continual fear of death. That which to others is enjoyment of life, is to me only a source of misery: surrounded by their families and kindred, they look through the vista of future years, and only see happiness waving them forward on their journey—but, sleeping or waking, in light or darkness, the vision of the foundering ship has never been from before my eyes. O Sir! pray that you may never feel the curse of being a doomed man—to have the book of fate, as it were, laid open to you. From the careless, light-hearted, rattling sailor, what a miserable transition to the gloomy, melancholy, wretched being that I now am. And yet at times I have roused myself to shake off these feelings, and with the rich man in the parable, have said, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" but the response rang in mine ear, with a voice like thunder, "Thou fool this very night shall thy soul be required of thee!"

Here we were interrupted by the boatswain piping up the morning watch. The captain started to his feet, and went on deck to relieve the mate, while I again retreated to bed, and fell asleep, musing over the strangeness of the narrative.

When I ascended the deck next morning, I found a ship lying becalmed at a little distance from us, and Miss B—— examining her, with great delight, through a spyglass, full of conjectures as to her

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name and destination. The wind had died quite away, the sea was like a vast mirror all round us, and nothing remained to indicate the preceding night's storm. The vivifying influence of the morning sun and clear atmosphere raised all our spirits, and Gilkison even appeared in some degree cheerful. While we loitered about, giving our several opinions of the strangers, we saw them lower their boat, row for our ship, and in a short time come along side. They proved acquaintances of the captain, and of Miss B——, homeward bound, and we welcomed them on board with pleasure. In course of conversation, they expressed their regret at not knowing us sooner, or they would have brought a present of half a turtle to the cabin, and some fruit for Miss B——; but by way of making up for our loss, they proposed our accompanying them back to the John Campbell, to dine with their female passengers, and return in the evening. Miss B—— was all joy at the proposal; she had never eat turtle—and it was long since she had tasted West India fruits; besides, it would be such a delightful novelty to pay a dinner visit in the middle of the ocean. I declined the invitation, and went below to write letters home. On my return with my packet, I found the captain trying to persuade her to give up the thoughts of going, as it was dangerous to be in a small boat on the western ocean, if the wind or sea suddenly rose. But the lady could see none in the calmness and serenity of the day; she had crossed over to Roseneath many times when the sea was rough, without alarm, and never met with an accident. In short, her heart was set upon it, and go she would, even though it were in the strangers' boat, if he was so much afraid. This was out of the question—she had been particularly recommended to his care, and, seeing her so positive, he gave up farther opposition. The jolly-boat was lowered and manned—Miss B—— handed down—the captain took his seat at the helm, and the bow-oar pushing off, they pulled from the vessel.

During the day the ships had drifted to a considerable distance from each other, but as the evening set in, a smart breeze sprung up, accompanied with a haze; however, we could distinguish our boat leave the John Campbell, who fired a parting salute, and then setting all her canvas, bore away before the wind. We also got under-way, and with easy sail stood on in the direction of the boat. The time passed in which we expected to fall in with her, but still she did not make her appearance. Becoming rather uneasy, I proposed to heave the vessel to, lest we should pass them in the dark, and to show lights; for the fog had become so dense that we could not see the length of the ship before us.

This was instantly done; and guns fired to direct them in case they might not perceive our lights. Hour after hour we passed in this manner, in a state of terrible anxiety and alarm. Daylight at length began to break—the fog had cleared away, and the mate ran up to the top-mast-head with the glass, to have a better survey all round. The ship was also got under-way again, and we cruized about the whole day in all directions. But our search was fruitless. In due time the Susannah arrived safe at Barbadoes—but the boat and her crew were never more heard of.

LONDON MAGAZINE.

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THE GUAHIBA MOTHER.

From "Humboldt's Travels."

WHERE the Atabapo enters the Rio Temi, and before reaching its confluence, a granitic hummock, that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacavi, fixed our attention; it is called the *Rock of the Guahiba woman*, or the Rock of the Mother, *Piedra de la Madre*. We inquired the cause of so singular a denomination. Father Zea could not satisfy our curiosity; but some weeks after, another missionary, one of the predecessors of this ecclesiastic, whom we found settled at San Fernando as president of the missions, related to us an event, which I recorded in my journal, and which excited in our minds the most painful feelings. If, in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage, and the barbarism of civilized man!

In 1797 the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Italian hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of Casava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the Savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls *(á la conquista espiritual)*, and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them, in the mission, as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando in the hope, that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children, who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water,

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and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahibi. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock *(la Piedra de la Madre)* a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of Manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *mavacure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother, who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare.

The Guahibi was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swum across the rivulets, that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days! She said, that, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests." We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahibi had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt, that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oronooko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to *Piedra de la Madre.*

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PARADISE AND THE PERI.

"*From Moore's Lalla Rookh.*"

ONE moon a PERI at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
  Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should ere have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits that wander there,
  "Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
"Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
"And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
  "One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
"With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,*
  "And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
"Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
"And the golden floods that thitherward stray,†
"Yet—oh 'tis only the blest can say
"How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
"From world to luminous world, as far
  "As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
"And multiply each through endless years—
  "One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
  From Eden's fountain when it lies

* Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it.—*Forster.*

† "The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-Hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

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On the blue flow'r which—Bramins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise!*
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
"'Tis written in the book of fate,
"*The Peri yet may be forgiven*
"*Who brings to this Eternal Gate*
"*The gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
"Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
"'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comet's run
To the embraces of the sun;—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands†
At those dark and daring sp'rits
Who would climb the empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heav'n?—I know
"The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
"In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
"Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;‡
"I know where the Isles of perfume are,
"Many a fathom down in the sea,
"To the south of sun-bright ARABY;§
"I know too where the Genii hid
"The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID‖
"With Life's elixir sparkling high—
"But gifts like these are not for the sky.
"Where was there ever a gem that shone
"Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful throne!
"And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
"In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;

* "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones.*

† "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens."—*Fryer.*

‡ The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot, Volney.*

§ The Isles of Panchaia.

‖ "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson.*

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Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides,
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades,—
Thy cavern shrines and Idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand Thrones?
'Tis he of GAZNA,*—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana;†—
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze;
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
"The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart
For answer to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay;
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

* Mahmood of Gasna or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—*Malcolm.*

† "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 grey-hounds and blood hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

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" Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
" My welcome gift at the gates of light;
" Though foul are the drops that oft distil
" On the field of warfare, blood like this,
" For liberty shed, so holy is,
" It would not stain the purest rill,
" That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
" Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
" A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
" 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
" From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!

" Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
" Sweet is our welcome of the Brave,
" Who die thus for their native land.—
" But see—alas!—the crystal bar
" Of Eden moves not—holier far
" Than even this drop the boon must be,
" That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among AFRIC'S Lunar Mountains,*
Far to the South, the PERI lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Whereof the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!
Thence over EGYPT'S palmy groves,
Her grots and sepulchres of Kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm ROSETTA'S vale†—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of MŒRIS' Lake.‡
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright,
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought that saw this night,
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heav'ns serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending,

* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—*Bruce.*
† "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—*Sonnini.*
‡ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

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Warns them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake,—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lap-wing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows flitting,
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
Upon a column motionless,
And glittering like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyæna stalks†
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall;
"Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
"But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran,
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

* Sonnini describes this beautiful bird.
† This circumstance has been introduced into poetry;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr Wilson.

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Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone—
One who in life where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet, now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that Lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink

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With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
"The blessed air that's breathed by thee,
"And whither on its wings it bear
"Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
"There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
"Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
"And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
"To give thy brow one minute's calm:
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
"Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
"The one, the chosen one, whose place
"In life or death is by thy side!
"Think'st thou that she, whose only light
"In this dim world from thee hath shone,
"Could bear the long the cheerless night,
"That must be her's, when thou art gone?
"That I can live, and let thee go,
"Who art my life itself?—No, no—
"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
"Out of its heart must perish too!
"Then turn to me my own love, turn,
"Before like thee I fade and burn;
"Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
"The last pure life that lingers there."
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes:
One struggle,—and his pain is past,—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving

"Sleep!" said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
"In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
"Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,

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" Who sings at the last his own death lay,*
" And in music and perfume dies away !"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like too lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken !

But morn is blushing in the sky ;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in,
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells,
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells ;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take !

But ah ! ev'n Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier clos'd—" not yet,"
The Angel said, as with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
" True was the maiden, and her story,
" Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
" By seraph eyes shall long be read.
" But, PERI, see—the crystal bar
" Of Eden moves not—holier far
" Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
" That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;

* " In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail ; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—*Richardson.*

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Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls*
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of PERISTAN!
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
Banquetting through the flowery vales,—
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,†
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of SOLOMON,
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

* Vide Bruce's Travels.
† The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

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Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies*
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—there written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From SYRIA'S thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,

* Vide Sonnini.

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And down upon the fragrant sod
  Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
  From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Even haughty EBLIS of a sigh,
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
"When young and haply pure as thou,
"I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
  And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood hour, that instant came
  Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence,
  In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
  Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There is a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
"Falls through the withering airs of June
"Upon EGYPT's land,* of so healing a power,
"So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
"That drop descends, contagion dies,
"And health reanimates earth and skies!—
"Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
  "The precious tears of repentance fall!
"Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
  "One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

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'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptur'd PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
"To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
"Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM*
"And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

"Farewel, ye odours of Earth, that die,
"Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
"My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,†
"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewel ye vanishing flowers, that shone
"In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
"Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
"To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA'S throne,‡
"Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

THE RED NOSE.

Non potis est Prochus digitis immugere Mæum
Nunquæ est pro nasiculo—pusille manus.

DRYDEN'S definition, "that the soul is a little blue flame running about within us," must flash conviction upon the mind of an infidel. What renders the thought yet more admirable is, that it is far from an

* The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

† The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*—Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

‡ Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

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inferior description of love; for, if love be not also "a little blue flame running about within us," what is it? But, whatever difficulties obstruct the definition of the passion, few are ignorant of its effects. The biographer, the critic, the mathematician, the geographer, the historian, and the naturalist, deviate imperceptibly from the point, to relate the wonderful effects of love.—The monarch forgets his inequality, and kneels; the minister flies the court, and sighs; and even the fish-woman, as she bears the embrosial brandy to her lips, acknowledges the power of love, and calls for more!

Maria Hargrave was the daughter of a clergyman: her teeth rivalled the ivory; her lips vied with the rose; her breath emulated its odoriferousness; her bosom palpitated with love; her eye sparkled with voluptuousness; she had wit and good nature; confidence and modesty; judgment and generosity: the Graces danced in her train; the Loves smiled at her approach. In honest truth, Maria as infinitely excelled the Sophias, Clarissas, Emilys, Stellas, Narcissas, and Sacharissas, as Eclipse did Rosinante.

But, alas! nothing is faultless.—Perfection is but a word. In Maria's face stood a Nose, modelled by envy; in magnitude surpassing the invention of Slawkenbergius; in colour!—did but the tithe of it adorn the countenance of death, half his terrors would disappear, and we might press him to our breasts in mistake.

Our heroine was none of those self partial maidens who conceive themselves little short of excellence, whilst the world distinguishes nothing but imperfection: no; she had accomplishments sufficient to have been proud, and beauties enough to have been vain; nevertheless, she was sensible she had a red nose, and was humble. Would to heaven half the ladies in the universe had red noses!

Possessed of such desirable qualifications, Maria danced away her eighteenth birth-night without a lover. She obtained indeed a transitory admirer; but the moment her sister Charlotte appeared, the *molles oculi* were fixed upon her, leaving poor Maria to cogitate upon her nose in solitude. It was vexatious; and had she conceived that tears would have quenched its rubicund glow, or diminished its longitude, she would have wept: but she expected not miracles in her favour; and as, amidst all the panaceas she had heard of, she had met with every thing but a cure for copper noses, she wisely determined to be content where discontent would have availed her nothing.

Though Maria was the first-born, Charlotte stood not upon ceremony, and married. "Now," said Maria, "if my nose be not an insurmountable obstruction, the conjugal road is without impediment." As she finished the sentence, Mr Conway was introduced: he was—in short, he was six feet high.

When Maria perceived the skirt of a coat, she involuntarily applied a 'kerchief to her face. It requires as much magnanimity to expose a red nose, unabashed by observation, as to conceal a handsome one beneath a mask. Conway was struck with the exact symmetry of her form and the gracefulness of her motions. A man is ever in a hurry to be in love, and ever in haste to be out again. A few moments conversation satisfied Conway that Maria's sentiments were just, her judg-

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ment powerful, and her imagination delicate; that she applauded not before she understood, nor simpered forth thanks for those indiscriminate compliments which appear to convey politeness, but which originate in contumely and disdain.—Thus in a little hour, to the eyes of Conway, Maria breathed a phœnix. He had not seen her nose.

Man is a weathercock; the child of caprice, the offspring of inconstancy. At the moment Conway was on the eve of confessing that the charms of Maria's conversation, the sublimity of her conceptions, and the unaffected ingenuity of her manners, had won his unalterable affection; at that very moment his opinion changed, and he no longer thought her conversation charming, her conceptions sublime, or her manners unaffectedly ingenuous. He had seen her nose.

He bit his lips, made his bow, and departed. Maria perceived the sudden revolution in the apostate's sentiments, and accounted for it with correctness. She wished she had not withdrawn the 'kerchief from her face; it was an unfortunate removal; her nose, she was convinced, would be her ruin. She wept; for, although she was too cautious to be in love with him to *distraction*, she felt a something, a palpitation, a mantling of the blood around the heart, which whispered her that the gentleman's departure thus *indisposed*, was vexatious. "Why," exclaimed she, "why did my mother long for mulberries!" It was an unfilial apostrophe; and had her parent desired the tail of a hippopotamus, she could not have uttered more.

Conway's disposition was not an irrascible one, since he never anathematized the cook when the beef was over-roasted, though the fault was without remedy, nor cursed the housemaid to the depth of hell, when she cut him the upper side of the loaf, though no one could be fonder of kissing-crust than he; but in spite of his placidity, on quitting Maria, he vehemently exclaimed, "Did ever mortal see such a nose! Did ever mortal see such an one! She has humour and ease; her ways are ways of pleasantness; she enjoys that *Gaiete de cœur* which I admire, and that—intolerably red nose which I cannot admire for my life. Among the variety that exists, why in the name of wonder did she choose that?" As this was reasoning like a maniac, it were not uncharitable to suppose him in love.

That there is but one good reason for being in love, namely, the impossibility to avoid it, is an idea so truly good in itself, that, had it not sprung from my own pericranium, I should have attributed it to the most venerable antiquity, and classed it for wisdom, with the *nosce teipsum* of Thales, the *nihil nimis* of Cleobulus, the *nosce tempus* of Pittacus, and the *nil admirare* of Horace.

Fortunately for Cupid, business recalled Conway to Mr Hargrave's, and fortunately for Maria, his visit ended in an invitation at pleasure. The wise profit by every acquisition; "among the evils of life," says the gloomy Johnson, "we have to number the mutability of friendship." Conway, sensible that invitations were given and forgotten with little solicitude, visited Mr Hargrave without delay.—But, alas! what an alteration in his manner! he spoke without trepidation, and listened without curiosity; lounged unceremoniously upon the sofa, and buttered his toast with fashionable freedom. The day is lost, said Maria.

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It was the very idea which struck upon the mind of Conway. "If I am in love," said he, "it is not with Maria. On my first visit her opinions were judicious, and in unison with my own; but now they are diametrically opposed to mine, and, what is passing strange, she is perpetually wrong—I invariably right: I will think of her no more." So saying, he thought of her every step that separated him from the house; thought of her as he entered his own door; thought of her as he undressed himself; dreamed of her, and awoke in the morning, exclaiming, "I will think of her no more."

He was then engaged at Lloyd's. "The man who neglects his business in pursuit of pleasure," said he, "grasps at the end before he has obtained the means, and is an idiot!"—With this golden aphorism at his lips, he turned his back upon the city, and hastened to Maria!!

As he journeyed on, he suddenly rested his chin upon the palm of his hand; and neglectful of the mockery of butchers' boys, "What am I doing?" said he aloud; "if I marry her what will the world say? what will the city say? what will Miss Pin, Miss Caustic, and Miss Wagtail say?"—"Pray, who is Mrs Conway?—How admirable his picture of detraction!—The illegitimate daughter of my Lady Catamaran's butler!"—

Thus pleasurable were the excursions of Conway's imagination; and if the scene had not been broken by his arrival at Mr Hargrave's, he would inevitably have meditated himself into perpetual bachelorship. As acquaintance had now ascended to friendship, he sat down, without teazing his host by impolite ceremony; and indeed no one could accuse him of too great attention to forms and regulations, for, absorbed in thought, he placed the kettle upon the table, and the tea-pot on the fire; poured the milk upon his roll, spread the butter upon the cloth, and mixed the sugar with the salt.—Maria's heart danced with gladness: "I do really believe," said she, "the rogue has forgotten my red—odious word, remain for ever unutterable!"

She was mistaken; the next day Conway circumambulated the metropolis for a recipe to remove stains. "Are they in your cravats?" "No."—"In your boot-tops?" "No."—"In your reputation?" "No."—"In the name of Satan, where then?" "Satan be praised, in Maria's nose."—It would have convulsed the sides of Crassus, who laughed but once in his life; or those of Heraclitus, who lived without laughing.

"That man is not born for happiness," said Conway, condemning his own irresolution; "nothing more pointedly displays than this—that he suffers every trifle to obstruct it.—Gracious powers! when the cup is replete with blessings, how do we stand?—Idiots like, gazing at the delicious draught untasted! and why?—truly a red nose floats upon the surface.—Blockhead that thou art! what if it were huge as Hecla?"——

From what useless struggles would it exempt us, could we withdraw the curtain of fate, and ascertain, at once, the journey we are to travel! In contempt of himself, Conway loved; not but the fall of stocks, the rise of winds, the mortality of a favourite lap-dog, or the tedious vitality of a rich aunt, gave a temporary check to his love, by producing a

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fit of the spleen; he then saw nothing through the mist of partiality, and Maria's nose glowed with renovated redness.

By continually dwelling on a subject, we forget it: it becomes familiar; familiarity produces inattention; and inattention sinks into indifference. So it happened to Conway; he had a half consciousness that Maria had some defect—but of what denomination he endeavoured in vain to remember, and, as he sought what he had little inclination to find, it is not to be admired at that his inquiry was ineffectual. His visits at Mr Hargrave's now began and ended with the day. He wondered why he did not marry, and, profoundly ignorant of his battles against himself, generously exclaimed, "Love should be unconstrained: that is not given, which is not given willingly."

When a man once wonders that he is unmarried, he soon ceases to be a bachelor. The irrevocable knot was tied.

As the fond couple quitted the church, a young idler exclaimed, "Goodness, gracious! only see what a huge red nose!"—"Red nose!" echoed Conway: "Red nose!" said he, repeating the words a second time; "what can the blockhead mean?"—— ANON.

FEMALE HEROISM.

BOCCACCIO has been censured as having, in some degree, outraged both human feeling and probability, in his pathetic story of "The Pot of Basil." The sad circumstance we are about to relate, which yet has a sweetness underneath, redeeming its horror, affords proof that the great novelist had neither miscalculated the power of female affection, nor that deep principle of our nature, by which a lofty emotion purifies and hallows its object. Among the various scenes of misery which characterized the ghastly mistakes of the French Revolution, occurred the following.—A young female, who had been present at the execution of her lover, followed his body to the spot where, together with those of other victims, it was to be interred. She there endeavoured, by a bribe of a hundred louis, to procure from the grave-digger the head; and having obtained his promise, returned afterwards, alone and trembling, to the ground, where she received and carefully enfolded it in her veil. Nature, however, was less powerful than love. This unfortunate girl, exhausted by the struggles she had encountered, fell at the corner of the street St Florentin, and revealed to the terrified view of the spectators, the burthen she had hitherto so carefully concealed. She was sent before the revolutionary tribunal, the members of which regarded as a crime, an act which ought to have moved them with pity. She was soon after led to the scaffold, enchanted with the hope of finding, in a better world, the object she had so passionately loved in this.

LITERARY POCKET BOOK.

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THE ABBEY OF CLUNEDALE.

From Drake's "Literary Hours."

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music! why thy powers employ
Only for the sons of joy;
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour:
Bid be still, the throbbing hearts,
Of those whom death or absence parts;
And with some softly-whisper'd air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

WARTON.

THE last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the mountains which surrounded the district of ———; when Edward de Courtenay, after two fatiguing campaigns on the plains of Flanders, in one of which the gallant Sidney fell, re-entered his native village towards the end of August, 1587. He had lost his father a few months before his departure for the continent, a loss which had occasioned him the most severe affliction, and had induced him thus early in life to seek amid the din of arms, and the splendour of military parade, a pause from painful recollection. Time, however, though it had mitigated the first poignant emotions of grief, had not subdued the tender feelings of regret and sorrow, and the well-known objects of his early childhood and his opening youth, associated as they were with the salutary precepts and fond affection of the best of parents, awakened in his mind a train of melancholy, yet soothing thoughts, as with slow and pausing steps he moved along the venerable avenue of trees, which led to his paternal mansion. Twilight had by this time wrapt every object in a veil of pleasing obscurity; all was hushed in the softest repose, and the massiness of the foliage under which he passed, and the magnitude and solitary grandeur of his Gothic halls, impressed the imagination of Edward with deep sensations of solemnity and awe. Two grey-headed servants, who lived for near half a century in the family, received their young master at the gate; and whilst the tears trickled down their withered cheeks, expressed with artless simplicity their joy, and blessed the return of the son of their ancient benefactor.

After some affectionate inquiries concerning the neighbouring vil-

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lagers, and the families of these old men, Edward expressed his intention of walking to the Abbey of Clunedale, which lay about a mile distant from the house; his filial affection, the pensive retrospect of events endeared to memory, the sweetness and tranquillity of the evening, and that enthusiasm so congenial to the best emotions of the heart, gave birth to the wish of lingering a few moments over the turf which covered the remains of his beloved parent. Scarce, however, had he intimated this resolution, when the ghastly paleness which overspread the countenances of his domestics, and the dismay that sat upon their features, assured him that something extraordinary was connected with the determination he had adopted, and, upon enquiry, his terrified servants informed him, though with some confusion and reluctance, that, for some months past, they and the country round had been alarmed by strange sights and noises at the Abbey, and that no one durst approach the place after sun-set. Edward, smiling at the superstitious fears of his attendants, which he attributed solely to their ignorance and their love for the marvellous, assured them he entertained no apprehensions for the event, and that he hoped shortly to convince them that their alarm was altogether unfounded. Saying this, he turned into the great avenue, and striking off to the left, soon reached the river on whose winding banks a pathway led to the Abbey.

This venerable structure had been surrendered to the rapacity of Henry the Eighth in 1540, and having been partly unroofed during the same year, had experienced a rapid decay. It continued, however, along with the sacred ground adjoining to it, to be a depository for the dead, and part of the family of the Courtenays had for some centuries reposed in vaults built on the outside of the great west entrance of the church.* In a spot adjacent to this ancient cemetery lay also the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety was now conducting the young warrior, as the gathering shades of evening dropped their deep grey tints on all around.

The solemn stillness of the air, the tremulous and uncertain light through which every object appeared, the soothing murmur of the water, whose distant track could be discovered only by the white vapour which hovered on its surface, together with the sedate and sweeping movement of the melancholy owl, as it sailed slowly and conspicuously down the valley, had all a natural tendency to induce a state of mind more than usually susceptible of awful impressions. Over Edward, predisposed to serious reflection by the sacred purport of his visit, they exerted a power-

* The following extract may be of service in pursuing our story. "*Ecclesiastical Buildings*, or *Abbeys*, consisted generally of the great Church, a *Refectory*, a *Chapter-House*, and a *Cloyster*, with the necessary accommodations of *Kitchen*, *Dormitory*, &c. The Church was usually in the form of a cross, in the centre of which rose the tour.—From east to west it was always considerably longer than from north to south. The great west end was the place of entrance into the church; here, therefore, the greatest degree of ornament was bestowed, both on the portal and the window over it. The lateral walls were strengthened by *buttresses* which always diminished as they rose, and between every two windows was a buttress. Within, the insulated columns ran in rows, corresponding with the buttresses without.—As a cross affords two sides to each of many squares, one of these was usually completed, and the other two sides were supplied, the one by the cloyster, which was frequently carried in length from north to south, and the other by the refectory, and the chapter-house, which stood at right angles with this cloyster, and parallel to the body of the church from east to west. The cloyster was sometimes carried into length, and sometimes surrounded a square court; over the cloyster was the customary place for the dormitory. None of the parts of the abbey at all approached to the height of the church."
MASON'S NOTES *on the English Garden*.

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ful dominion, and he entered the precincts of the Abbey in deep meditation on the possibility of the reappearance of the departed.

The view of the Abbey, too, dismantled and falling fast into decay, presented an image of departed greatness admirably calculated to awaken recollections of the mutability and transient nature of all human possessions. Its fine Gothic windows and arches streaming with ivy, were only just perceptible through the dusk, as Edward reached the consecrated ground; where, kneeling down at the tomb of his father, he remained for some time absorbed in the tender indulgence of sorrow. Having closed, however, his pious petitions for the soul of the deceased, he was rising from the hallowed mould, and about to retrace his pathway homewards, when a dim light glimmering from amidst the ruins, attracted his attention. Greatly astonished at a phenomenon so singular, and suddenly calling to remembrance the ghastly appearance and fearful reports made by his servants, he stood for some moments riveted to the spot, with his eyes fixed on the light, which still continued to gleam steadily, though faintly, from the same quarter. Determined, however, to ascertain from what cause it proceeded, and almost ashamed of the childish apprehensions he had betrayed, he cautiously, and without making the least noise, approached the west entrance of the church; here the light, however, appeared to issue from the choir, which being at a considerable distance, and toward the other end of the building, he glided along its exterior, and passing the refectory and chapter-house, re-entered the church by the south portal near the choir. With footsteps light as air he moved along the damp and mouldering pavement, whilst pale rays, gleaming from afar, faintly glanced on the shafts of some pillars seen in distant perspective down the aisle. Having now entered the choir, he could distinctly perceive the place from whence the light proceeded, and, on approaching still nearer, dimly distinguished a human form kneeling opposite to it. Not an accent, however, reached his ear, and, except the rustling noise occasioned by the flight of some night-birds along the remote parts of the ruin, a deep and awful silence prevailed.

The curiosity of Courtenay being now strongly excited, though mingled with some degree of apprehension and wonder, he determined to ascertain, if possible, who the stranger was, and from what motives he visited, at so unusual an hour, a place so solitary and deserted; passing, therefore, noiseless along one of the side aisles, separated from the choir by a kind of elegant lattice-work, he at length stood parallel with the spot where the figure was situated, and had a perfect side-view of the object of his search. It appeared to be a middle-aged man, who was kneeling on a white marble slab, near the great altar, and before a small niche in the screen which divides the choir from the east end of the church; in the niche were placed a lamp and a crucifix; he had round him a coarse black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering on his head; and as the light gleamed upon his features, Edward was shocked at the despair that seemed fixed in their expression: his hands were clasped together, his eyes turned towards heaven, and heavy and convulsive sighs at intervals escaped from his bosom, while the breeze of night, lifting at times his disordered hair, added pe-

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culiar wildness to a countenance which, though elegantly moulded, was of ghastly paleness, and had a sternness and severity in its aspect, and every now and then displayed such an acute sense of conscious guilt, as chilled the beholder, and almost suppressed the rising emotions of pity. Edward, who had impatiently witnessed this extraordinary scene, was about to address the unhappy man, when groans, as from a spirit in torture, and which seemed to rend the very bosom from which they issued, prevented his intention, and he beheld the miserable stranger prostrate in agony on the marble. In a few minutes, however, he arose, and drawing from beneath his garment an unsheathed sword, held it stretched in his hands toward heaven, whilst his countenance assumed still deeper marks of horror, and his eyes glared with the lightening of frenzy. At this instant, when, apprehensive for the event, Edward deemed it highly necessary to interfere, and was stepping forward with that view, his purpose was suddenly arrested by the sound of distant music, which stealing along the remote parts of the Abbey, in notes that breathed a soothing and delicious harmony, seemed the work of enchantment, or to arise from the viewless harps of spirits of the blest. Over the agitated soul of the stranger it appeared to diffuse the balm of peace, his features became less rigid and stern, his eyes assumed a milder expression, he crossed his arms in meek submission on his bosom, and as the tones, now swelling with the richest melody of heaven, now tremulously dying away in accents of the most ravishing sweetness, approached still nearer, the tears started in his eyes, and coursing down his cheeks, bathed the deadly instrument yet gleaming in his grasp; this however, with a heavy sigh, he now placed in the niche, and bowing gently forward, seemed to pray devoutly: the convulsions which had shaken his frame ceased; tranquillity sat upon his brow, whilst, in strains that melted into holy rapture every harsh emotion, the same celestial music still passed along the air, and filled the compass of the Abbey.

Courtenay, whose every faculty had been nearly absorbed through the influence of this unseen minstrelsy, had yet witnessed, with sincere pleasure, the favourable change in the mind and countenance of the stranger, who still knelt before the lamp, by whose pale light he beheld a perfect resignation tranquillize those features which a few minutes before had been distorted by the struggles of remorse; for such had been the soothing and salutary effects of harmony in allaying the perturbations of a wounded and self-accusing spirit, that hope now cheered the bosom so recently the mansion of despair.

Whilst Edward, in sacred regard to the noblest feelings of humanity, forbore to interrupt the progress of emotions so friendly to virtue and contrition, the music, which had gradually, and with many a dying close, breathed fainter and fainter on the ear, now, in tones that whispered peace and mercy, and which sounded sweet as the accents of departed saints, melted into air, and deep silence again pervaded the Abbey. This, however, continued not long, for in a few moments was heard the echo of light footsteps, and presently Courtenay, by the glimmering of the lamp, indistinctly beheld some object which, gliding rapidly up the choir, moved toward the spot where the stranger was yet kneeling. His astonishment was increased when, on its approach-

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ing nearer, he could perceive the form of a young and elegant woman. She was clothed perfectly in white, except where the vest was bound by a black zone, and over her shoulders flowed negligently a profusion of light brown hair. A smile of the most winning sweetness played upon her features, though the dewy lustre of her eye, and the tears that lingered on her cheek, revealed the struggles of the heart. The stranger, who had risen at her approach, embraced her with the most affectionate emotion; they were both silent, however, and both now kneeling on the marble slab, employed some time in prayer. Nothing ever appeared to Courtenay more interesting than the countenance of this beautiful young woman, thus lighted up by all the sensibility of acute feeling; her eyes bathed in tears, and lifted toward heaven, beamed forth an expression truly angelic, whilst the exquisite delicacy of her complexion and features, over which the pensive graces had diffused their most fascinating charms, together with the simplicity and energy of her devotion, as with clasped hands and trembling lips she implored the assistance of the Divine Spirit, formed a picture worthy of the canvass of Raphael.

Edward now saw before him the cause of those rumours and fears which had been circulated with so much industry in the neighbourhood; for since the appearance of this amiable young woman, he had been perfectly convinced that the music to which he had lately listened with so much rapture, had its origin with her. In a still night, these sounds might be heard to some distance, and, together with the glimmering of the light, would occasion no small alarm to the peasant who should happen at that time to be passing near the Abbey, and whose apprehensions thus excited, might easily create some imaginary being, the offspring of ignorance and terror; or perhaps some pilgrim, more daring than the rest, had penetrated the interior of the ruin, and had probably beheld one of the very striking figures now present to his eyes. This, without further inquiry, he had deemed, what indeed would, at first, be the surmise of any spectator, some vision of another world, and had thus strengthened the superstition of the country, and protected the seclusion of the strangers.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, the interesting objects which had given them birth had risen from their kneeling posture, and after interchanging looks of mingled gratitude and delight, were arm in arm retiring from the sacred marble, when Edward, whose eagerness to discover the motives of the elder stranger's conduct had been greatly augmented since the appearance of his fair companion, determined, if possible, to trace them to the place of their abode. Entering the choir, therefore, by one of the lateral doors, he followed them with slow and silent footsteps, preserving such a distance as he thought might prevent the lamp from revealing his person. He had pursued them in this manner unobserved through the choir, but upon their suddenly turning at an acute angle to enter the cloisters, the light streaming faintly on his figure discovered him to the younger stranger, who, uttering a loud shriek, leaned trembling on the arm of her friend.

Courtenay now immediately rushing forward, endeavoured to allay

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their apprehensions, by informing them of his name and place of residence, and the motives which had, at this time of night, led him to visit the Abbey: he told them that, filial piety having drawn him to the tomb of his father, he had very unexpectedly perceived a light in the interior of the building, which, strongly exciting his curiosity, and corroborating the reports of the country, he had endeavoured to ascertain its cause, and in so doing had discovered the attitude and employment of the elder stranger, who, together with his fair attendant, rather increasing than mitigating his astonishment, he had attempted, by following them at a distance, to ascertain their abode, it being his intention, at some future period, to solicit an explanation of what he had now witnessed.

Whilst Edward was yet speaking, a ghastly paleness overspread the countenance of the elder stranger; it was momentary, however: for soon resuming his tranquillity, he addressed Courtenay in a low but firm tone of voice. "I am sorry, sir," said he, "to have occasioned, by my partial residence here, so much apprehension among the inhabitants of your village; but as I have reasons for wishing concealment, at least for a time, I have thought it necessary, though acquainted with their fears, not to undeceive them. But with you I know already I can have no motives for disguise; for though, from great change of feature, brought on by deep sorrow and great change of apparel, I have hitherto escaped your recognition, you will find by-and-by that we were formerly better acquainted. In the mean time I will conduct you to the spot we inhabit, where, should you wish for an explanation of the extraordinary scenes you have been a spectator of this night, the recital, though it will cost me many struggles, shall be given you; and I do this, strange as it may now sound to you, actuated by the recollection of past friendship." Having said thus, he and his beautiful partner, who had listened with almost as much surprise as Edward to an address so unexpected, moved slowly on, and Courtenay, occupied in fruitless conjecture, followed in silence.

They passed along a large portion of the cloisters, whose perspective, as seen by the dreary light of the lamp, had a singularly awful effect, and then ascending some steps, entered what is termed the Dormitory, and which was carried over this part of the Abbey to a considerable distance. Here, in two small chambers, where the roof remained sufficiently entire, were a couple of beds, and a small quantity of neat furniture, and here the stranger pausing, invited Edward to enter. "These rooms," observed he, "are my occasional habitation for at least twice a-week during the night: but before I commence the melancholy narrative of my crimes and sufferings, I will endeavour to recall your recollection to your companion in arms upon the continent; for this purpose I will retire for a few minutes, and put on the dress I usually come hither in, the habit you now see upon me being merely assumed after reaching this place, as best suited to the situation of my mind, to the penitence and humiliation that await me here." His tone of speaking, as he thus addressed Courtenay, was perceivably altered, being much more open and full than before, and brought to Edward's ear a voice he had been accustomed to, though he could not at the mo-

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ment appropriate it to any individual of his acquaintance. During his absence, his amiable companion, who had not perfectly recovered from the alarm into which she had been thrown by Courtenay's intrusion, sat silent and reserved, until Edward, observing some manuscript-music in the room, ventured to inquire if the exquisite performance he had listened to with so much delight in the Abbey had not originated with her. A deep sigh at this question escaped her bosom, and her eyes filled with tears, whilst in tremulous accents she replied, that owing to the great relief and support her brother experienced from music, she always accompanied him to this place, and that it was a source of the purest happiness to her to be thus able, through the medium of her harp and voice, to alleviate and soothe his sorrows. For this purpose the instrument was left at the Abbey, and was placed in that part of the ruin where its tones were best heard, and produced the most pleasing effect. At this instant the door opening, the stranger entered clothed in a mourning military undress, and bearing a taper in his hand; he placed himself, the light gleaming steadily on his countenance, opposite Courtenay, who involuntarily started at his appearance. "Do you not remember," he exclaimed, "the officer who was wounded by your side at the battle of Zutphen?" "My God!" cried Edward, "Can it be Clifford?" "The same, my friend, the same," he replied; "though affliction has anticipated on his features the characters of age. You behold, Courtenay, the most unfortunate, the most miserable of men; but let me not pain my sweet Caroline by the recital of facts which have already wounded almost to dissolution her tender heart,—we will walk, my friend, into the Abbey; its awful gloom will better suit the dreadful tale I have to unfold."

Saying this, and promising his sister to return in a few minutes, they descended into the cloisters, and from thence through the choir into the body of the church.

The tranquillity of the night, and the light and refreshing breeze that yet lingered amid the ruin; and swept through its long withdrawing aisles, were unavailing to mitigate the agitation of Clifford, as with trembling footsteps he passed along the choir. "O, my friend," he exclaimed, "the spirits of those I have injured, hover near us! Beneath that marble slab, my Courtenay, on which you saw me kneel with so much horror and remorse, repose the relics of a beloved wife, of the most amiable of her sex, and who owes her death (God of mercy register not the deed!) to the wild suggestions of my jealous frenzy." Whilst thus speaking, they hurried rapidly forwards toward the western part of the Abbey; and here Clifford, resuming more composure, proceeded in his narrative. "You may probably recollect about a twelvemonth ago, my obtaining leave of the Earl of Leicester to visit England; I came, my friend, upon a fatal errand. I had learnt, through the medium of an officious relation, that my wife, my beloved Matilda, of whose affection and accomplishments you have frequently heard me speak with rapture, had attached herself to a young man who had visited in the neighbourhood of my estate at C——n, but that she had lately removed for the summer months to a small house and farm I possess within a mile or two of this Abbey, and that here likewise she continued to re-

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ceive the attention of the young stranger. Fired by representations such as these, and racked with cureless jealousy, I returned to England in disguise, and found the report of my relation the theme of common conversation in the county. It was on the evening of a fine summer's day that I reached the hamlet of G——, and with a trembling hand and palpitating heart knocked at my own door. The servant informed me that Matilda had walked towards the Abbey. I immediately took the same rout: the sun had set; and the grey tinting of evening had wrapt every object in uniform repose; the moon however was rising, and in a short time silvered parts of the ruin and its neighbouring trees. I placed myself in the shadow of one of the buttresses, and had not waited long ere Matilda—my beautiful Matilda, appeared, leaning on the arm of the stranger. You may conceive the extreme agitation of my soul at a spectacle like this; unhappily, revenge was, at the instant, the predominating emotion, and rushing forward with my sword, I called upon the villain, as I then thought him, to defend himself. Shocked by the suddenness of the attack, and the wild impetuosity of my manner, Matilda fell insensible on the earth, and only recovered recollection at the moment when my sword had pierced the bosom of the stranger, through whose guard I had broken in the first fury of the assault. With shrieks of agony and despair she sprang towards the murdered youth, and falling on his body, exclaimed, "My brother, my dear, dear brother!"

Had all nature fallen in dissolution around me, my astonishment and horror could not have been greater than what I felt from these words. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I stood fixed to the ground an image of despair and guilt. Meantime the life-blood of the unhappy Walsingham ebbed fast away, and he expired at my feet, and in the arms of his beloved sister, who, at this event, perhaps fortunately for us both, relapsed into a state of insensibility. My own emotions, on recovering from the stupor into which I had been thrown, were those I believe of frenzy; nor can I now dwell upon them with safety, nor without a partial direliction of intellect. Suffice it to say, that I had sufficient presence of mind left to apply for assistance at the nearest cottage, and that the hapless victims of my folly were at length conveyed to the habitation of Matilda. Another dreadful scene awaited her, the recognition of her husband as the murderer of her brother; this, through the attention of my friends, for I myself was incapable of acting with rationality, was for some time postponed; it came at length, however, through the agonies of my remorse and contrition, to her knowledge, and two months have scarce elapsed since I placed her by the side of her poor brother, who at the fatal moment of our encounter, had not been many months returned from the Indies, and was in person a perfect stranger to your friend. Beneath that marble slab they rest, my Courtenay, and ere this, I believe, and through the medium of my own lawless hand, I should have partaken of their grave, had not my beloved sister, my amiable and gentle Caroline, stepped in like an angel, between her brother and destruction.

"Singular as it may appear, the greatest satisfaction I now receive, is from frequent visits to the tomb of Matilda and her brother, there, over the relics of those I have injured, to implore the mercy of an of-

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fended Deity; such, however, are the agonies I suffer from the recollection of my crime, that even this resource would be denied me, were it not for the intervention of the powers of music; partial I have ever been to this enchanting art, and I am indebted to it for the mitigation and repression of feelings that would otherwise exhaust my shattered frame. You have witnessed the severe struggles of remorse which at times agitate this afflicted heart; you have likewise seen the soothing and salutary effects of harmony. My Caroline's voice and harp have thus repeatedly lulled to repose the fever of a wounded spirit, the workings nearly of despair.' A state of mind friendly to devotion, and no longer at war with itself, is usually the effect of her sweet and pathetic strains; it is then I think myself forgiven; it is then I seem to hear the gentle accents of Matilda, in concert with the heavenly tones; they whisper of eternal peace, and sensations of unutterable pleasure steal through every nerve.

"When such is the result, when peace and piety are the offspring of the act, you will not wonder at my visits to this melancholy ruin; soon as the shades of evening have spread their friendly covert, twice a-week we hasten hither from our cottage; a scene similar to what you have been a spectator of to-night, takes place, and we retire to rest in the little rooms, which we have rendered habitable in the dormitory. In the morning, very early, we quit the house of penitence and prayer; and such is the dread which the occasional glimmerings of lights, and the sounds of distant music have given birth to in the country, that none but our servant, who is faithful to the secret, dare approach near the place: we have consequently hitherto, save by yourself, remained undiscovered, and even unsuspected.

"Such, my friend, is the history of my crimes and sufferings, and such the causes of the phenomena you have beheld to-night,—but see, Courtenay, my lovely Caroline, she to whom, under heaven, I am indebted for any portion of tranquillity I yet enjoy, is approaching to meet us. I can discern her by the whiteness of her robes gliding down yon distant aisle."

Caroline had become apprehensive for her brother, and had stolen from the dormitory with the view of checking a conversation which she was afraid would prove too affecting for his spirits. Edward beheld her, as she drew near, rather as a being from the regions of the blest, the messenger of peace and virtue, than as partaking of the frailties of humanity. If the beauties of her person had before interested him in her favour, her conduct toward the unhappy Clifford had given him the fullest conviction of the purity and goodness of her heart, of the strength and energy of her mind; and from this moment he determined, if possible, to secure an interest in a bosom so fraught with all that could exalt and decorate the lot of life.

He was now compelled, however, though greatly reluctant, to take leave of his friends for the night, and hasten to remove the extreme alarm into which his servants had been thrown by his unexpected detention. They had approached, as near as their fears would permit them, to the Abbey, for to enter its precincts was a deed they thought too daring for man, and had there exerted all their strength, though in vain, in repeatedly calling him by his name. It was therefore with a joy little short of madness they again beheld their master, who, as

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soon as these symptoms of rapture had subsided, had great difficulty in repressing their curiosity, which was on full stretch for information from another world.

It may here, perhaps, be necessary to add, that time, and the soothing attentions of his beloved sister, restored at length to perfect peace, and to the almost certain hope of pardon from the Deity, the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford.—I can also add, that time saw the union of Caroline and Edward, and that with them, at the hospitable mansion of the Courtenays, Clifford passed the remainder of his days.

THE LAMENT OF TASSO.

By Lord Byron.

I.

LONG years!—it tries the thrilling frame to bear,
And eagle spirit of a Child of Song—
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,
When the impatient thirst of light and air
Parches the heart! and the abhorred grate,
Marring the sun-beams with its hideous shade,
Works through the throbbing eye-ball to the brain,
With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;
And bare, at once, captivity displayed
Stands scoffing through the never-opened gate
Which nothing through its bars admits, save day
And tasteless food, which I have eat alone
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;
And revelled among men and things divine,
And poured my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in Heaven;
For he hath strengthened me in heart and limb
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven.
I have employed my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored.

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II.

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done.—
My long sustaining friend of many years!
If I do blot thy final page with tears,
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.
But thou, my young creation! my soul's child!
Which ever playing round me came and smiled,
And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight:
Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed,
With this last bruise upon a broken reed.
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?
For I have anguish yet to bear,—and how?
I know not that—but in the innate force
Of my own spirit shall be found resource.
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse,
Nor cause for such: they called me mad—and why?
Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart,
To lift my love so lofty as thou art;
But still my phrenzy was not of the mind;
I knew my fault, and feel my punishment
Not less because I suffer it unbent.
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;
But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
To have all feeling save the one decay,
And every passion into one dilate,
As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

III.

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry
Of minds and bodies in captivity.
And hark! the lash, and the increasing howl,
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!
There be some here, with worse than frenzy foul,
Some who do still goad on the o'er-laboured mind,
And dim the little light that's left behind
With needless torture, as their tyrant will
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:
With these, and with their victims am I classed,
'Mid sounds and sights like these, long years have passed,
'Mid sights and sounds like these, my life may close.
So let it be—for then I shall repose.

IV.

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,

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But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot!
To be forgetful as I am forgot—
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast lazar house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;—
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that One, the veriest wretch of all,
Who was not made to be the mate of these,
Nor bound between distraction and disease.
Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?
Who have debased me in the minds of men,
Debarring me the usage of my own,
Blighting my life in best of its career,
Branding my thoughts as things to shun and fear?
Would I not pay them back these pangs again,
And teach them inward sorrow's stifled groan?
The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,
Which undermines our Stoical success,
No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardoned princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
Thou pitiest not—but I can not forsake.

V.

Look on a love which knows not to despair,
But all unquenched is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gathered lightening in its cloud,
Encompassed with its dark and rolling shroud,
Till struck,—forth flies the all-etherial dart!
And thus at the collision of thy name
The vivid thought still flashes through my frame,
And for a moment all things as they were
Flit by me;—they are gone—I am the same.
And yet my love without ambition grew;
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew
A princess was no love-mate for a bard;
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward;
And if my eyes revealed it, they alas!
Were punished by the silentness of thine,
And yet I did not venture to repine.
Thou wert to me a crystal girded shrine,

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Worshipped at holy distance, and around
Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly ground;
Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed—
Oh! not dismayed—but awed, like One above;
And in that sweet severity there was
A something which all softness did surpass—
I know not how—thy genius mastered mine—
My star stood still before thee:—if it were
Presumptuous thus to love without design,
That sad fatality hath cost me dear;
But thou art dearest still, and I should be
Fit for this cell which wrongs me, but for *thee*.
The very love which locked me to my chain
Hath lightened half its weight; and for the rest,
Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,
And look to me with undivided breast
And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

VI.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering; and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe,
And that the only lesson was a blow;
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt
Returned and wept alone, and dreamed again
The visions which arise without a sleep.
And with my years my soul began to pant
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain;
And the whole heart exhaled in One Want,
But undefined and wandering till the day
I found the thing I sought—and that was thee,
And then I lost my being all to be
Aborbed in thine—the world was past away—
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

VII.

I loved all solitude—but little thought
To spend I know not what of life, remote
From all communion with existence, save
The maniac and his tyrant; had I been
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen

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My mind like their's corrupted to its grave;
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me rave?
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more
Than the wrecked sailor on his desert shore;
The world is all before him—*mine* is *here*,
Scarce twice the space they must accord my bier.
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky—
I will not raise my own in such reproof,
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

VIII.

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay:—I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine;
And a strange demon, who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to One, who long hath suffered so,
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
And all that may be borne, or can debase.
I thought mine enemies had been but man,
But spirits may be leagued with them—all Earth
Abandons—Heaven forgets me;—in the dearth
Of such defence, the Powers of Evil can,
It may be, tempt me further, and prevail
Against the outworn creature they assail.
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved
Like steel in tempering fire? because I loved,
Because I loved what not to love, and see,
Was more or less than mortal and than me.

IX.

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;
My scars are callous, or I should have dashed
My brain against these bars, as the sun flashed
In mockery through them:—if I bear and bore
The much I have recounted, and the more
Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not die,
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame
Stamp madness deep into my memory,
And woo compassion to a blighted name,
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.
No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piecemeal, view thy hearthless halls,

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A Poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A Poet's dungeon thy most far renown;
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls,
And thou Leonora! thou—who wert ashamed
That such as I could love—who blushed to hear
To less than monarchs that thou couldest be dear,
Go! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed
By grief, years, weariness—and it may be
A taint of that he would impute to me—
From long infection of a den like this,
Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,
Adores thee still; and add—that when the towers
And battlements which guard his joyous hours
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,
Or left untended in a dull repose,
This—this shall be a consecrated spot!
But Thou—when all that Birth and Beauty throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

ON

BYRON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

From Moore's "Fables for the Holy Alliance."

LET me a moment,—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope,—
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret hall is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven,—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like PSAPHON'S birds,* speaking their master's name
In every language, syllabled by fame?—
How all who've felt the various spells combined
Within the circle of that splendid mind,

* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and let them fly away in various directions; whence the proverb PSAPHONIS AVES.

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Like pow'rs deriv'd from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd
More bliss or pain in those in whom they blaz'd—
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did the Egyptian traveller†, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

They, too, who 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, had touch'd them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all, who've watched these struggling rays
Of a bright ruin'd spirit, through his lays,
Would here enquire as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts?

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds, thy pages may unfold,
If Truth, with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks
And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow resign'd—
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill
In those who serv'd him young, and serve him still—
Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but, no—*not* from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they who court the world, like MILTON's cloud,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

† Bruce.

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ABRADATES AND PANTHEA.

From "Travels of Anacharsis."

AFTER the battle which the great Cyrus gained against the Assyrians, the plunder was divided, and a superb tent, and a female captive who surpassed all the others in beauty, reserved for that prince. This captive was Panthea, queen of Susiana. Abradates her husband was then in Bactrinana, whither he had gone to bring up some succours to the Assyrian army.

Cyrus refused to see the princess, and confided her to the custody of a young Median nobleman, named Araspes, who had been educated with him. Araspes described the humiliating situation in which she was found. "She was," said he, "in her tent, sitting on the ground, surrounded by her women, in the habit of a slave, with her head bowed down and covered with a veil. We desired her to arise, and all her attendants rose at the same time. One of us wishing to comfort her, said to her, We know that your husband deserved your love by his illustrious qualities; but Cyrus, to whom you are destined, is the most accomplished prince of the East. At these words she tore her veil, and her sighs and tears, and the cries of her women, painted in the liveliest manner her distressful situation. We had then more time to observe her, and are enabled to assure you, that Asia has never produced a beauty comparable to her: but of this you will soon judge for yourself."

"No," said Cryrus, "what you have said is an additional motive why I should avoid her. Were I to see her once, I should wish to see her again, and should be in danger of forgetting in her company the care of my fame and future conquests." "And can you really believe, then," replied the young Median, "that beauty exercises her power with so imperious a sway, as to force us to neglect our duty in despite of ourselves? Why then does she not equally tyrannize over all hearts? Why do we not sigh with incestuous passion for those from whom we have received, or to whom we have given life? Because the laws prohibit us. The laws therefore are more powerful than love. But were they to command us to be insensible to hunger and thirst, to cold and heat, they would be universally disobeyed. Nature therefore is more powerful than the laws. Love in like manner would be irresistible, if it were invincible in its own nature. We therefore do not love but when our will permits us to love."

"If we could impose on ourselves this yoke at will," replied Cyrus, "at will might we throw it off: yet have I seen lovers shed tears of an-

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guish at the loss of their liberty, and vainly shake those chains which they were unable either to break or to support."

"These," replied the young man, "were feeble and inert minds, who imputed to the power of love what was merely the consequence of their own weakness; generous souls are ever able to subject their passions to their duty."

"Araspes, Araspes," said Cyrus, as he left him, "beware how you see the princess too often."

To the beauties of her person, Panthea added qualities which her sorrows and misfortunes rendered still more attractive. Araspes thought it his duty to bestow on her every care and attention, and, without perceiving it, continually increased his assiduity towards her; and as she could not but return his kindness by civilities, he mistook the emotions of gratitude for the wish to please, and soon conceived for her so ungovernable a passion, that he could no longer refrain from declaring it. She rejected without hesitation the offer of his love, but did not inform Cyrus of what had passed, till Araspes threatened to proceed to the last extremities.

Cyrus then caused it to be signified to his favourite, that he expected he should only employ the methods of persuasion, and by no means have recourse to violence. This intimation was a thunderstroke to Araspes. He blushed at the remembrance of his conduct; and the fear of having displeased his master so overwhelmed him with shame and grief, that Cyrus, moved at his situation, sent for him into his presence.

"Why," said he, when he came, "do you fear to approach me? I know too well that love at once makes his sport of the wisdom of men and the power of the gods! I myself am only able by avoiding him to escape his tyranny. I cannot impute to you a crime of which I was the first occasion; for I, by confiding the princess to your care, exposed you to a danger superior to your strength." "Oh, my sovereign!" exclaimed the young Median, "while my enemies triumph over me, while my friends in consternation advise me to shun your anger, while all around me conspire to complete my ruin, do you offer me consolation! Oh, Cyrus! you are ever the same! ever are you indulgent to frailties in which you do not participate; and you pardon because you know mankind."

"Let us profit," replied Cyrus, "by circumstances. I wish to be informed of the forces and projects of my enemies. Depart for their camp; your pretended flight will have all the appearance of a real disgrace, and you will obtain their confidence." "I fly to obey your commands," replied Araspes; "too happy to expiate my fault by so trivial a service." "But can you," answered Cyrus, "bear to absent yourself from the beautiful Panthea?" "I confess," replied the young Median, "that my heart is rent with the most cruel pangs; and I now feel but too forcibly that we have within us two souls, by one of which we are incessantly urged to evil, while the other inclines us to good. I have hitherto been under the dominion of the former; but, strengthened by your assistance, the latter shall soon triumph over its rival." Araspes having then received secret instructions, departed for the army of the Assyrians.

Panthea having been informed of the departure of Araspes, caused it to be signified to Cyrus, that she was able to procure him a more faith-

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ful, and perhaps a more useful, friend than that young favourite. The friend she meant was her husband Abradates, whom she proposed to detach from the service of the king of Assyria, with whom he had reason to be dissatisfied. Cyrus having consented to this negociation, Abradates arrived in the camp of the Persians, at the head of two thousand horse, and Cyrus immediately caused him to be conducted to the apartment of Panthea, who, with that confusion of ideas and feelings which a felicity long denied, and almost unexpected, occasions, related to him the history of her captivity, her sufferings, the attempts of Araspes, and the generosity of Cyrus. Her husband, impatient to express his gratitude, ran instantly to the Persian prince, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, "Oh, Cyrus! for all that I owe you, I can only offer my friendship, my services, and my soldiers; but be well assured, whatever may be your designs, Abradates will always exert his utmost powers to support and render them successful." Cyrus received his offers with transport, and they immediately concerted together the dispositions of the approaching battle.

The troops of the Assyrians, Lydians, and a great part of Asia, were within sight of the army of Cyrus. Abradates was appointed to attack the formidable phalanx of the Egyptians. This dangerous post had been assigned him by lot; he had himself solicited it, but the other generals had at first refused to resign it to him.

When he was about to mount his chariot, Panthea came to present him with the arms which she had privately caused to be made, and on which were seen the jewels that had sometimes adorned her person. "You have then sacrificed to me even your ornaments," said the prince affectionately. "Alas!" replied she, "I wish no other ornament, than that you should this day appear to all beholders as you incessantly appear to myself." Thus saying, she put on him his resplendent armour, while her eyes involuntarily shed tears, which she anxiously endeavoured to conceal.

When she saw him take the reins, she requested the attendants to step aside, and thus addressed him: "If ever a wife loved her husband a thousand times more than herself, that wife is doubtless yours; and my conduct has surely been a better proof of this than my words: yet, notwithstanding the ardour of my passion, I would rather choose, and I swear by the tender bonds by which we are united, I would rather choose to expire with you in the bosom of honour, than to live with a husband in whose shame I must participate. Remember the obligations we have to Cyrus; remember that I was a captive, and that he gave me liberty; that I was exposed to insult and that he defended me; remember, in fine, that I have deprived him of his friend; and that relying on my word, he has believed that he shall find one more brave, and doubtless more faithful, in my beloved Abradates."

The prince, delighted to hear these words, stretched forth his hand on the head of his spouse, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, "Gracious gods!" cried he, "grant that I may this day show myself worthy to be the friend of Cyrus; and, above all, worthy to be the husband of Panthea." Immediately he leaped into his chariot, to which the anxious princess had only time to apply her trembling lips. In the agitation of

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her mind she followed him with hasty steps along the plain, till Abradates perceiving her, conjured her to retire, and arm herself with fortitude. Her eunuchs and women then approached, and withdrew her from the eyes of the multitude, which, constantly fixed on her, had been unable to pay the least attention either to the beauty of Abradates, or the magnificence of his dress and armour.

The battle was fought near the river Pactolus; the army of Crœsus was entirely defeated, the vast empire of the Lydians overturned in a moment, and that of the Persians raised on its ruins.

The day following the victory, Cyrus, astonished that he had not seen Abradates, inquired after him with solicitude, and was informed by one of his officers, that, deserted almost in the beginning of the action by a part of his troops, he had nevertheless attacked the Egyptian phalanx with the greatest bravery; that he had been killed, after having seen all his friends fall around him; and that Panthea had caused his body to be conveyed to the banks of the Pactolus, and was then employed in erecting a tomb.

Cyrus, overwhelmed with grief, immediately gave orders that the necessary preparatives for the funeral of the hero should be conveyed to that place. He himself preceded them, and when he arrived, beheld the unhappy Panthea seated on the ground, near the bloody corpse of her husband. His eyes overflowed with tears. He attempted to grasp that hand which had fought for him: it remained in his own; for the keen blade had separated it from the body, in the bloody conflict. The emotion of Cyrus redoubled, and Panthea uttered the most piercing cries. She again took the hand; and, after having covered it with a flood of tears and ardent kisses, endeavoured to rejoin it to the arm, and at length pronounced these words, which expired on her lips: "Alas! Cyrus, you see the calamity by which I am persecuted, and why do you wish to be a witness to it? For me, for you, has he sacrificed his life. Wretch that I was, I wished he should merit your esteem; and, too obedient to my counsel, he regarded less his own safety than your service! He has died gloriously, I know; but he is dead, and I yet live."

Cyrus, after having wept a while in silence, replied, "Victory has crowned his life, and his end could not be more glorious. Accept these ornaments for his tomb, and these victims to be immolated in his honour. I will take care to erect a monument which shall eternize his memory. You also I will never forsake or forget; I too much respect your virtues and your misfortunes: only point out to me the place to which you would wish to be conducted."

Panthea having assured him that of this he should soon be informed, and Cyrus having taken his leave, commanded her eunuchs to retire, and sent for a woman who had attended her from her earliest years, to whom she thus spoke: "Be careful, as soon as my eyes are closed, to cover my body and that of my husband with the same veil." The slave endeavoured to divert her from her purpose by her entreaties; but as these only served to increase her too just affliction, she sat down, shedding a flood of tears, by the side of her mistress. Panthea then seized a poniard, and plunged it into her breast, and, when expiring,

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still possessed sufficient strength to lay her head on the bosom of her husband.

Her women and all her attendants instantly uttered the most piercing cries of grief and despair. Three of her eunuchs sacrificed themselves to the manes of their mistress; and Cyrus, who had hastened to the place at the first report of this new calamity, again wept over the amiable pair, and caused a tomb to be erected for them, in which their ashes were mingled.

LUDOVICO SFORZA.

From Cornwall's "Dramatic Scenes."

[This sketch is founded partly on a fact in Italian History. Ludovico Sforza was the uncle of the young Duke of Milan, and was present at his marriage with Isabella, grand-daughter of the King of Naples. Sforza was much struck with the beauty of Isabella; and it was supposed that he caused his nephew, Galeazzo, to be poisoned. The last scene, which occurs after the lapse of a year, is imaginary.]

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

DUKE OF MILAN, LUDOVICO SFORZA.

Duke. And this proud lady, was she chaste as fair ?
Sforza. Pure as the flame that burnt on Dian's altar,
And lovely as the morning—oh ! she stood
Like one of those bright shapes of fabling Greece,
(Born of the elements,) which, as they tell,
Woo'd mortals to their arms. A form more beautiful
(Houri or child o' the air) ne'er glanced upon
A poet's dream, nor in Arabian story
Gave promise of that vaunted paradise.
Not they, who from the stars, look watchfully
Upon the deeds of men, and oft 'tis said,
Dart, like a vapour, from their wheeling orbs
In streaming splendour hither, to redress
Or guide, were lovelier. Her voice was sweet
And full of music, and did bear a charm
Like numbers floating from the breathed flute,
Caught afar off,—and which the idle winds
Of June, through wantonness at eve, do fling
O'er banks and beds of flowers—
Duke. What ! have you done, my lord ?
Sforza. Extravagant boy,
Art not content ? Well, I would say for ever.
Her step ? 'twas light as Dian's, when she tripp'd
Amidst her frolic nymphs' laughing, or when
Just risen from the bath, she fled in sport

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'Round oaks and sparkling fountains,
Chas'd by the wanton Oreades: her brow
Pale as Athenian marble, but around it
Grew fillets, like the raven's wing: Her mouth
(Jove would have kiss'd 't) did keep as prisoners
Within its perfum'd gates, pearls more rich
Than Cleopatra got from Antony:
Her eyes, and one might look on them at times,
In lustre did outvie that Egyptian queen,
When on the Cydnus banks, in pride, she struck
Rare gems (each one a province) in her hair,
And bade the Roman worship her.

Duke. And she
Is dead? ISABELLA *appears at a window.*

Sforza. Dead—dead. No—what is this?
Fair vision—

Duke. Uncle! look upon her:—there—

Sforza. [*Abstractedly.*] What, can the grave give up its habitant?
Or have the sheeted dead a power at will
To visit us, and claim their wonted guise;
And from that eager reveller, the worm,
Regain their fleshy substance—his fair spoil!
It is herself—and can the mouldering eye
Resume its lustre; and when death has drawn
His filmy veil around it, sweep't away?

Duke. My lord!

Sforza. I've heard, and some believe't, that when
The soul doth quit its prison here, 'tis checked
At times—Look! ISABELLA *leaves the window.*

Duke. Uncle!

Sforza. So.—She's vanished, then.

Duke. 'Tis Isabella.

Sforza. How!

Duke. It is my love.

Sforza. No more.

Duke. I thought you'd seen her picture, sir.

Sforza. I have, I have,—no, no,—I wander,—never.
This is the very mockery of the dead.
——And this is your bride, Galeazzo?

Duke. Yes.

Sforza. She's very fair.—You knew her face before,
But ne'er confess'd it?

Duke. I was fearful lest
I should have many rivals.

Sforza. 'Tis enough:
The door opens.—

Enter ISABELLA, *attended*, PIERO DE MEDICI, *and others.*

Duke. My sweetest Isabella! you have rested
Well after your long journey? Fatigue seems loath

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To harm you; and your eyes are spared, I see,
For many a Milan conquest.
Isab. There's but one my duty bids me look to.
Duke. And your heart?
Isab. And—and my heart.
Duke. Indeed? [*They talk.*
De Med. My lord, my lord!
Sforza. Ha! good De Medici! welcome.
De Med. Thanks, dear Sforza;
I thought you'd not have marked me. Is your mood
Always so very contemplative?
Sforza. O no!
'Tis the fair princess—But my nephew has
Forgot me: Galeazzo, may I ask,
(When you're at leisure,) that you'll make me known
To your sweet bride?
Duke. O! my dear uncle, pardon;
This is my guardian, dearest Isabel:
My father, I should say—I pray you love him.
Sforza. Ludovico Sforza, lady, and your knight;
If you will own so poor a one.
Isab. Thanks, sir.
De Med. He is a dangerous man, my princess, for
I saw him gazing on you—
Sforza. How?—
De Med. As though he'd found
A star, and was under the influence of
The planets.
Sforza. Pr'ythee—but the princess has
Not seen the Alps by day-light: Turn your eyes
Here, madam; look! methinks their snowy crowns
Shine radiantly as they had seen the sun.
Duke. The very hills give welcome to my love!
And every thing seems happy, now, but most
The heart of Milan.
Isab. Oh! take care, my lord,
You'll spoil me else, I fear.
Sforza. This day looks like
The holiday of Nature, madam, and you
The queen of't.
Isab. Pray—no more.
Duke. No more then. Now—
Now for our marriage: blush not, for by this blue
And bending canopy, there's nought so fair
As thee, my own sweet bride; and none so happy
As now the Duke of Milan. Come.
Sforza. I'll follow. [*Exeunt.*
She's gone—and it is night. What! shall I in
My age be follying? and this puny boy
To cheat his tutor—It may please him now

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To *reign* in Milan—no, no, that's my care.
Oh! what an eye she has; it is not likely
She will live quiet here: Her look forbids it.
She will be Duke: And I —— Now had I been
The same Ludovico Sforza who did win
(Some twenty years ago) the prize at Florence,
Perhaps she might have loved me: Out on't, I
Grow foolish in my age. My love—that I
Might conquer, or my ambition: Oh! but here
Both spur me on.—Whither no matter; I
Am borne upon the wings of fate to do
Some serious act, or thus it seems, and will
Not quarrel with my destiny. I'll think on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room with a Banquet.*

ISABELLA.

Time lags, and slights his duty. I remember
The days when he would fly.—How sweet they were:
Then I rebuked his speed, and now—and now
I drench his wing with tears. How heavily
The minutes pass. Can he avoid me? Oh!
I almost wish—and yet that must not be.
Hark, hark! I hear a step come sounding through
The hall. It *is* the—murderer, Sforza. Now,
Rise up my heart in thy own strength, and do
Thy act of justice bravely. So.

Enter SFORZA.

Sforza. My love!—
Oh! my delight, my deity! I am come
To thank you for being gracious. I am late?
Isab. Oh! no: you are in time, my lord!
Sforza. You look
But sad, my Isabella: let me hope
No ill has happened: nothing sweet to sway
Your promise from me?
Isab. Be assured of that—
My soul—I mean that—Ah! you're grave: Well! you
Have cause to chide me, but my spirits have
Been faint to-night at times. I'll do my best
To entertain you as you merit.
Sforza. Far
Better, I hope, my Isabel.
Isab. Your grace
May challenge any thing: Report has been
So lavish in its favors tow'rd you, that
All hearts *must* fain be yours. Even I, you see,
Although a widow, not divested of
Her sorrows quite, am here i' the midst of tears,

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To smile (like April) on you ; But you'll grow
To vanity, sir, unless some stop be put
To your amorous conquests. I must do 't.
Sforza. You shall,
You shall, my Isabella.
Isab. Sir, I will.
You shall be wholly mine—till death. I have,
As yet, been full of miseries : they have swelled
My heart to bursting. You shall soothe me.
Sforza. How ?
Isab. We'll find a way—Nay, not so free, my lord ;
I must be won with words, (though hallow,) smiles
And vows, (although you mean them not,) kind looks
And excellent flattery. Come, my lord, what say you ?
I'm all impatience—
Sforza. Oh ! what can I say ?
Thou art so lovely to me, that my words
Must sound like cheats to many. They of whom
The poets told, men say, were shadows, and
So they will swear of thee.
Isab. Alas ! my lord,
I have no patronage—
Sforza. But *I* will have
Your name recorded in the sweetest verse ;
And sculptors shall do honour to themselves
And their delicious art, by fashioning thee ;
And painters shall devise for us a story,
Where thou and I, love, shall be seen reclining,
Thou on my arm—
Isab. A happy thought.
Sforza. And in
The guise of the throned Juno ; I as Jove,
In his diviner moments, languishing
Beneath thy look.
Isab. She was a shrew, my lord,
(That queen o' the heavens) and I——
Sforza. Then thou shalt be
Like her, who, in old inimitable tales,
Was pictured gathering flowers in Sicily,
And raised to Dis' throne : Methinks she was
A beautiful prophecy of thee ; and there
Mountains shall rise, and grassy valleys lie
Asleep i' the sun, and blue Sicilian streams
Shall wander, and green woods (their leaves just *touched*
With light,) shall bend 'fore some faint westering wind,
And bow to bright Apollo as he comes
Smiling from out the east. What more ? Oh ! you
Shall kneel and pluck the flow'rs, and look aside,
As hearkening ; and—I will be there, (a god,)
Rushing tow'rds thee, my sweet Proserpina.
Isab. An ugly story.

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Sforza. How, sweet?
Isab. You would take me
To—HELL, then. Pardon me, my lord, I am
Not well. Come, you must honour me, and taste
Of my poor entertainment.
Sforza. Willingly.
Isab. We'll be alone.
Sforza. 'Tis better. I have now [*They feast.*
No appetite for common viands; yet
I'll drink to thee, my queen.
Isab. This is
A curious wine, my lord; and like those drops
Sought by philosophers, (the life elixir,)
Will make you immortal.
Sforza. Give it me, my love.
May you ne'er know an hour of sorrow.
Isab. Ha!
Stay, stay; soft, put it down.
Sforza. Why, how is this?
Isab. Would—would you drink without me? Shame
upon you!
Look at this fruit: a sea-worn captain, who
Has sailed all 'round the world, brought it me from
The Indian islands, and the natives there
Do worship it. This—
Sforza. 'T has a luscious taste.
My nephew (when he lived) was fond of a fruit
That's not unlike it.
Isab. Thanks, ye spirits of vengeance! [*Aside.*
Now you shall taste the immortal wine, my lord,
And drink a health to Cupid.
Sforza. Cupid, then.
He was a cunning god: he dimmed men's eyes,
'Tis prettily said i' the fable. But my eyes
(Yet how I love!) are clear as though I were
A stoic. Ah!—
Isab. Ha! what's the matter, sir?
Sforza. The wine is cold.
Isab. You'll find it warmer, shortly.
It is its nature, as I'm told, to heat
The heart.——My lord, I read but yesterday
Of an old man, (a Grecian poet,) who
Devoted all his life to wine, and died
O' the grape: methinks 'twas just.
Sforza. 'Twas so. This wine——
Isab. And stories have been told of men, whose lives
Were infamous, and so their end: I mean
That the red murderer has been murdered, and
The traitor struck with treason: He, who has let
The orphan perish, came himself to want:
Thus justice, and great God have ordered it,

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So that the scene of evil has been turned
Against the actor in't; black thoughts arisen
And foil'd the schemes of fierce imaginers;
And *poison given for poison.*
Sforza. Oh! my heart!
Isab. Is the wine still so cold, sir?
Sforza. Oh! I burn.
Some water. I burn with thirst. Oh! what is this?
Isab. You're pale. I'll call for help.—Here!
Servants enter.
Isab. Bind that man
To his seat.
Sforza. Traitress!
Isab. Now begone.——My lord! [*Servants exeunt.*
I'll not deceive you: you have drank a draught
Will send you from this world.
Sforza. My heart, my heart!
Traitress!——I faint—faint—Ah!—
Isab. I would have done
My act of justice yet more mildly on you:
But 't could not be. I felt that you must die
For my sake, for my boy, and Milan. You
Murdered my lord and husband. Stare not. 'Tis
A melancholy truth. You have usurped
The first place in the dukedom, and swept all
My child's rights to the dust. What say you, sir?
Do you impeach my story? While you've time,
Give answer to me———— [*He dies.*
You are silent———— Then
You are condemned for ever. I could grieve
Almost to see you with that marble look.—
Alas! that neck which bore the ducal chain,
That head the coronet, both bending once
Tow'rd shouting slaves, are fixed now: His eye
Is motionless. How like those forms he looks,
That sit in stony whiteness over tombs,
Memorials of their cold inhabitants.
Speak! are you grown to stone? What can you say
In your defence, sir? Turn your eyes from me:
Villain! how dare you look at me? You shall
Be amorous no more.—Away: Must I
Rouse you? How idly his arms hang.—Turn your eyes
Away. I dare not touch him—yet I must.
Ha? he is dead—dead. So, by me.——Sweet heaven!
Forgive me; I'm a widow—broken-hearted;
A mother, too—and 'twas for my child. I—
I—was not in my nature cruel, but
Yon bloody man did press so hardly on us;
He would have torn my pretty bird from me:
(I had but one)—what could I do? There was
No other way.—And this is blood for blood.

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THE DEATH OF ZEENAB.

From "Hajji Baba of Ispahan."

WHILST in the middle of our conversation, one of the Shah's eunuch's came up to me, and said that his chief had been ordered to see that the sub-lieutenant to the chief executioner, with five men, were in waiting at the foot of the high tower at the entrance of the harem, at the hour of midnight; and that they were to bring a *taboot* or hand-bier with them, to bear away a corpse for interment.

All I could say in answer was "*be cheshm*," (by my eyes); and lucky was it for me that he quitted me immediately, that Mirza Ahmak had also left me, and that it was dusk, or else the fear and anguish which overwhelmed me upon hearing this message must have betrayed me. A cold sweat broke out all over my body, my eyes swam, my knees knocked under me, and I should perhaps have fallen into a swoon, if the counter fear of being seen in such a state, in the very centre of the palace, had not roused me.

"What," said I to myself, "is it not enough that I have been the cause of her death, must I be her executioner too? must I be the grave-digger to my own child? must I be the ill-fated he who is to stretch her cold limbs in the grave, and send my own life's blood back again to its mother earth? Why am I called upon to do this, oh cruel, most cruel destiny? Cannot I fly from the horrid scene? Cannot I rather run a dagger into my heart? But no, 'tis plain my fate is ordained, sealed, fixed! and in vain I struggle,—I must fulfil the task appointed for me! Oh world, world! what art thou, and how much more wouldst thou be known, if each man was to lift up the veil that hideth his own actions, and show himself as he really is!"

With these feelings, oppressed as if the mountain of Demawend and all its sulphurs were on my heart, I went about my work doggedly, collecting the several men who were to be my colleagues in this bloody tragedy, who, heedless and unconcerned at an event of no unfrequent occurrence, were indifferent whether they were to be the bearers of a murdered corpse, or themselves the instruments of murder.

The night was dark and lowering, and well suited to the horrid scene about to be acted. The sun, unusual in these climates, had set, surrounded by clouds of the colour of blood; and, as the night advanced, they rolled on in unceasing thunders over the summits of the adjacent range of Albors. At sudden intervals the moon was seen through the dense vapour, which covered her again as suddenly, and restored the night to its darkness and solemnity. I was seated lonely in the guard-room of the palace, when I heard the cries of the sentinels on the

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watch-towers announcing midnight, and the voices of the muezzins from the mosques, the wild notes of whose chant floating on the wind, ran through my veins with the chilling creep of death, and announced to me that the hour of murder was at hand! They were the harbingers of death to the helpless woman. I started up,—I could not bear to hear them more,—I rushed on in desperate haste, and as I came to the appointed spot, I found my five companions already arrived, sitting unconcerned on and about the coffin that was to carry my Zeenab to her eternal mansion. The only word which I had power to say to them was, "*Shoud?*" Is it done? to which they answered, "*Ne shoud,*" It is not done. To which ensued an awful silence. I had hoped that all was over, and that I should have been spared every other horror, excepting that of conducting the melancholy procession to the place of burial; but no, the deed was still to be done, and I could not retreat.

On the confines of the apartments allotted to the women in the Shah's palace, stands a high octagonal tower, some thirty gez in height, seen conspicuous from all parts of the city, at the summit of which is a chamber, in which he frequently reposes and takes the air. It is surrounded by unappropriated ground, and the principal gate of the harem is close to its base. On the top of all is a terrace (a spot, ah! never by me to be forgotten!) and it was to this that our whole attention was now riveted. I had scarcely arrived, when looking up, we saw three figures, two men and a female, whose forms were lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine, that shone in a wild and uncertain manner upon them. They seemed to drag their victim between them with much violence, whilst she was seen in attitudes of supplication, on her knees, with her hands extended, and in all the agony of the deepest desperation. When they were at the brink of the tower her shrieks were audible, but so wild, so varied by the blasts of wind that blew round the building, that they appeared to me like the sounds of laughing madness.

We all kept a dead and breathless silence: even my five ruffians seemed moved—I was transfixed like a lump of lifeless clay, and if I am asked what my sensations were at the time, I should be at a loss to describe them,—I was totally inanimate, and still I knew what was going on. At length, one loud, shrill, and searching scream of the bitterest woe was heard, which was suddenly lost in an interval of the most frightful silence. A heavy fall, which immediately succeeded, told us that all was over. I was then roused, and with my head confused, half crazed and half conscious, I immediately rushed to the spot, where my Zeenab and her burthen lay struggling, a mangled and mutilated corpse. She still breathed, but the convulsions of death were upon her, and her lips moved as if she would speak, although the blood was fast flowing from her mouth. I could not catch a word, although she uttered sounds that seemed like words. I thought she said, "My child! my child!" but perhaps it was an illusion of my brain. I hung over her in the deepest despair, and having lost all sense of prudence and of self-preservation, I acted so much up to my own feelings, that if the men around me had had the smallest suspicion of my real situation, nothing could have saved me from destruction. I even car-

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ried my phrenzy so far as as to steep my handkerchief in her blood, saying to myself, "this at least shall never part from me!" I came to myself, however, upon hearing the shrill and dæmon-like voice of one of her murderers from the tower's height, crying out—"Is she dead?" "Ay, as a stone," answered one of my ruffians. "Carry her away, then," said the voice. "To hell yourself," in a suppressed tone, said another ruffian; upon which my men lifted the dead body into the taboet, placed it upon their shoulders, and walked off with it to the burial-ground without the city, where they found a grave ready dug to receive it. I walked mechanically after them, absorbed in most melancholy thoughts; and when we had arrived at the burial-place, I sat myself down on a grave-stone, scarcely conscious of what was going on. I watched the operations of the Nasackchics with a sort of unmeaning stare; saw them place the dead body in the earth; then shovel the mould over it; then place two stones, one at the feet, and the other at the head. When they had finished, they came up to me and said "that all was done:" to which I answered, "Go home; I will follow." They left me seated on the grave, and returned to the town.

The night continued dark, and distant thunders still echoed through the mountains. No other sound was heard, save now and then the infant-like cries of the jackall, that now in packs, and then by two or three at the time, kept prowling round the mansions of the dead.

KING LEAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

From Milton's "History of England."

—HITHERTO from Father to Son the direct Line hath run on: but Leir who next Reign'd, had only three Daughters, and no Male Issue: governed laudably, and built Caer-Leir, now Leicestre, on the Bank of Sora. But at last, failing through Age, he determines to bestow his Daughters, and so among them to divide his Kingdom. Yet, first to try which of them lov'd him best (a Trial that might have made him, had he known as wisely how to try, as he seem'd to know how much the trying behoov'd him) he resolves a simple resolution, to ask them solemnly in order; and which of them should profess largest, her to beleev. Gonoril, th' Eldest, apprehending too well her Fathers weakness, makes answer, invoking Heav'n, "That she loved him above her Soul." "Therfore," quoth the old man overjoy'd, "since thou so honourst my declin'd Age, to thee and the Husband whom thou shalt choose, I give the third part of my Realm." So fair a speeding for a few words soon utter'd, was to Regan the second, ample instruction what to say. She, on the same demand, spares no protesting, and the Gods must witness, that otherwise to express her thoughts she knew not, but that "she lov'd him above all Creatures;" and so

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receavs an equal reward with her Sister. But Cordelia the youngest, though hitherto best belov'd, and now before her Eyes the rich and present hire of a little easie soothing, the danger also, and the loss likely to betide plain dealing, yet moves not from the solid purpose of a sincere and vertuous answer. " Father," saith she, " my love towards you, is as my duty bids; what should a Father seek, what can a Child promise more? they who pretend beyond this, flatter." When the old man, sorry to hear this, and wishing her to recall those words, persisted asking, with a loiall sadness at her Father's infirmity, but somthing on the sudden, harsh, and glancing rather at her Sisters, than speaking her own mind, " Two waies only," saith she, " I have to answer what you require mee; the former, Your command is, I should recant; accept then this other which is left mee; look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much I love you." " Then hear thou," quoth Leir, now all in passion, " what thy ingratitude hath gain'd thee; because thou hast not reverenc'd thy aged Father equall to thy Sisters, part in my Kingdom, or what else is mine, reck'n to have none." And without delay gives in marriage his other Daughters, Gonorill to Maglaunus Duke of Albania, Regan to Henninus Duke of Cornwall; with them in present half his Kingdom; the rest to follow at his Death. In the mean while, Fame was not sparing to divulge the Wisdom, and other graces of Cordeilla, insomuch that Aganippus a great king in Gaul (however he came by his Greek name) seeks her to Wife, and nothing alter'd at the loss of her Dowry, receavs her gladly in such manner as she was sent him. After this King Leir, more and more drooping with Years, became an easy prey to his Daughters and thir Husbands; who now by dayly encroachment had seis'd the whole Kingdom into thir hands: and the old King is put to sojorn with his Eldest Daughter, attended only by threescore Knights. But they in a short while grudg'd at, as too numerous and disorderly for continual Guests, are reduc'd to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the old King betakes him to his second Daughter: but there also discord soon arising between the Servants of differing Masters in one Family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back again he returns to the other; hoping that she his Eldest could not but have more pity on his Grey Hairs: but she now refuses to admitt him, unless he be content with one only of his followers. At last the remembrance of his youngest Cordeilla comes to his thoughts; and now acknowledging how true her words had bin, though with little hope from whom he had so injur'd, be it but to pay her the last recompence she can have from him, his confession of her wise forewarning, that so perhaps his misery, the prooff and experiment of her Wisdom, might somthing soft'n her, he takes his Journey into France. Now might be seen a difference between the silent, or down-right spok'n affection of som Children to thir Parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others; while the hope of Inheritance over-acts them, and on the tongue's end enlarges thir duty. Cordeilla, out of meer love, without the suspicion of expected reward, at the message only of her Father in distress, powrs forth true filial tears. And not enduring either that her own or any other Eye should see him in such forlorn condition as his Mes-

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senger declared, discreetly appoints one of her trusted Servants, first to convay him privately toward som good Sea Town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, furnish him with such Attendance and State, as beseemed his Dignity. That then, as from his first Landing, he might send word of his Arrival to her Husband Aganippus. Which don with all mature, and requisite contrivance, Cordelia, with the King her Husband, and all the Barony of his Realm, who then first had news of his passing the Sea, goe out to meet him; and after all honourable and joyful entertainment, Aganippus, as to his Wives Father, and his Royal Guest, surrenders him, during his abode there, the Power and disposal of his whole Dominion: permitting his Wife Cordeilla to go with an Army, and set her Father upon his Throne. Wherin her piety so prosper'd, as that she vanquish'd her impious Sisters with those Dukes, and Leir again, as saith the story, three years obtain'd the Crown. To whom dying, Cordeilla with all Regal Solemnities gave Burial in the town of Leicestre. And then as right Heir succeeding, and her Husband dead, Ruled the Land five years in Peace. Untill Marganus and Cunedagius her two Sisters Sons, not bearing that a Kingdom should be governed by a Woman, in the unseasonablest time to raise that quarrel against a Woman so Worthy, make war against her, depose her, and imprison her; of which impatient, and now long unexercis'd to suffer, she there, as is related, killed her self. The Victors between them part the Land: but Marganus the Eldest Sisters Son, who held by agreement from the north-side of Humber to Cathness, incited by those about him, to invade all as his own right, warres on Cunedagius; who soon met him, overcame and overtook him in a Town of Wales, where he left his life, and ever since, his name, to the place.

STANZAS.

I.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

II.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an ever-green tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest? BYRON.

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The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

By S. T. Coleridge.

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
"Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
"And I am next of kin;
"The guests are met, the feast is set:
"May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spellbound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He can not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

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The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he can not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wonderous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clift
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

Til' a great sea-bird called the Albatross came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward, thro' fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross bow
I shot the ALBATROSS!

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The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Part the Second.

THE Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His ship-mates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow!
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow stream'd off free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into the silent sea.

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

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About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root,
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choak'd with soot.

The ship-mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART THE THIRD.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throat unslack'd, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throat unslacked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

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See! See! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide;
She steddies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a *ship* that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres!

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that Woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

The spectre woman and her Death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mair LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew!

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice:
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

DEATH and LIFE-IN-DEATH, have diced for the ship's crew and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistled through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth,
Half whistles and half groans.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd side ways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dews did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the moon,

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One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And curs'd me with his eye.

His ship-mates drop down dead;

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But LIFE-IN-DEATH begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whiz of my CROSS-BOW!

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART THE FOURTH.

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Liv'd on, and so did I.

And envieth that *they* should live, and so many lie dead.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay, like a cloud, on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

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The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

In his loneliness and fixedness, he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gusht from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Part the Fifth.

Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul.

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By grace of the holy Mother, the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspirited, and the ship moves on;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightening and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

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"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the souls of men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits, sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome spirit from the south-pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixt her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

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How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two VOICES in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man,
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "the man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

"BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the OCEAN doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The OCEAN hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see? how graciously
She looketh down on him.

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance: for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward, faster than human life could endure.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

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I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated.

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moon light lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

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The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moon light, steeped in silentness
The steady weather-cock.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
That dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART THE SEVENTH.

The Hermit of the Wood,

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slops down to the sea.
How loudly his soft voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

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He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The Skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
"Why this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights, so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the hermit said— Approacheth the ship with wonder,
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw ought like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the tod below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared—Push on, push on!
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on, The ship suddenly sinketh.
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd,
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

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I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went too and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit cross'd his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a godly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And altogether pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

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Farewell, farewell! but this I'll tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

And to teach by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hear,
Is gone; and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

STANZAS ON PAINTING.

By Thomas Campbell.

O THOU! by whose expressive art,
Her perfect image Nature sees,
In union with the graces, start,
And sweeter by reflection please!
In whose creative hand the hues,
Stol'n from yon orient rainbow shine:
I bless thee, Promethean Muse;
And hail the brightest of the NINE!

Possessing more than mortal power;
Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
Whose lineage in a raptur'd hour,
From Love, the lord of Nature sprung:
Does Hope her high possession meet?
Is Joy triumphant;—Sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But hush, thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart:

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Then for a beam of joy to light,
In memory's sad and wakeful eye;
Or banish from the noon of night,
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat?
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat:
What visions rise to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near;
Oh, hush that strain, too deeply felt,
And cease that silence too severe.

But thou serenely silent art,
By heaven and love both taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart;
The sacred image of a friend;
All is not lost if yet possest
For me that sweet memorial shine,
If close and closer to my breast,
I hold the image all divine.

Or gazing thro' luxurious tears,
Melt over the departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm;
She looks, she lives, this transient hour
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or Glory's starry diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid,
A treasure to my soul has given,
When Beauty's canonized shade
Smiles thro' the sainted hues of heaven.
No spectre form of pleasure fled,
Thy softening sweetening tints restore;
For thou can'st give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest form she wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her polished grace redeems;
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.
From Love began thy high descent;
And lovers charmed with gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee, mutely eloquent,
And hail thee brightest of the NINE!

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ROSALIE.

A Welch Tale.

From "the Innkeeper's Album."

"When lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?"
GOLDSMITH.

IN the heart of South Wales, and in the neighbourhood of the village of Llangadock, there is a beautiful Common, known by the name of Carrick-Southey. Encircled on every side by hills, some of which soar boldly, while others rise in gentlest elevations from the distance, it presents a picturesque union of sublimity and softness. The river Southey glides through it, and, arched by a wooden bridge of the simplest construction, enhances the inherent beauty of the landscape. As I am an idle good-for-nothing sort of gentleman, nature has been my sole deity:—the happiest moments of my youth have been spent in wandering; and even now, I can dream away many pleasant hours by the gurgling waters of the Southey. Sometimes, however, a few bitter recollections, which had better be forgotten, elicit the reluctant sigh; but when I see the gentle air of peace that reigns around me, my thoughts subside into contentment—the tranquillity of nature passes into my soul—and with satisfaction I reflect, that though happiness be dead, her image still exists.

In the centre of Carrick-Southey, and contiguous to a meeting-house, whose fanaticism has vulgarized the whole neighbourhood, stands a little cottage environed by copse-wood. A few years ago, it was the ornament of the landscape; but, like its once happy tenants, has now gone to decay. Still it is an interesting ruin, and when viewed in connexion with my tale, arrests the sympathy of the inquisitive stranger.

By the decreasing light of a summer sun, a young English officer of dragoons was pursuing his route of pleasure and romance, along the wood-fringed banks of the Southey. The twilight surprised him in his excursion; and he had just obtained the extreme borders of a little copse, when a deep darkness stole over the scene. Ignorant of his road he determined to push boldly onwards, and in a short time crossed the wooden bridge which I have mentioned in the opening description.

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On looking round the Common to see if any lodging could be procured, he discerned a light glimmering faintly in the distance. He hastened towards it, and arrived at the cottage door, as the inhabitants were preparing their simple repast. On entering he was cordially received by the party, and consented to their proposal of joining the family circle; which consisted of a venerable looking person and his son. A beautiful girl was stationed at the bottom of the table, and by her winning smiles, and arch vivacity, appeared to interest in no inconsiderable degree the little rustic assembly. The old man addressed her by the name of Rosalie De Voisin; and by the animation of his eyes when bent upon her person, it was evident that she was his favourite child. The young stranger, however, fatigued with the labours of the day, lent no particular attention to the company; but having paid his parting devoirs, requested to be shewn to his chamber.

On entering the breakfast-room the next morning, he perceived that it was empty; and concluding that his host and family had not yet left their apartment, sauntered into the cottage garden till the hour of repast should arrive. While he remained absorbed in admiration of the mountain scenery that environed him, a light step passed beside him; he turned, and discovered the features of Rosalie. She enquired with an air of grace and tenderness, how he had spent the night, paid the passing salutations of the morning, and then paused in expectation of reply. Colonel Mortimer, however, (for such was the name of the young stranger,) was too much struck with his fair companion, to make any immediate answer. If he had before considered her pretty, she now assumed the appearance of loveliness. Her countenance, symmetrically speaking, was incorrect, but the expression that flashed from under her light blue eyes, the smile that played round her lips, and the delicacy that sat on her feminine features, gave a tone of feeling to her face, which the poet or the sculptor would vainly endeavour to rival. She was attired in the simple garb of a cottage girl; a small mantle thrown negligently over her shoulders, hung in graceful folds upon her person; and her luxuriant tresses, partially concealed by a light straw bonnet, peeped out from beneath their covering. "I scarcely know," said Mortimer, when he had recovered from his surprise, "whom I have the honour to address, but am desirous of declaring my gratitude for the kindness I have experienced. Hospitality is amiable even in a repulsive form; but when recommended by grace and beauty is resistless." Unused to compliment, Rosalie could make no reply; but, blushing, as she accepted the proffered arm of her companion, moved on to a little arbour, erected at the extremity of the garden. "Here," she exclaimed, in answer to the admiration evinced by the Colonel, "is my favourite summer residence. The jessamine and the honey-suckle that twine their tendrils around it, were all planted by myself, and I watch them as I would any thing that I was associated with."—Her brother at this instant joined them, and they hastened to the cottage, where the old man awaited their arrival.

On the conclusion of the repast, Rosalie was persuaded to sing, and in a mellifluous tone, warbled a beautiful Cambrian melody. The

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Englishman was enraptured: in the polished circles of the metropolis, he had seen every thing that bore the stamp of merit, or of novelty; but now the sweet voice of a pretty country girl exceeded all the science to which he had ever listened. He had often coldly argued on the beauty of professional performers, but now felt the sense of music in his heart. In the excess of enthusiasm, he bent over the graceful form of Rosalie, and when the song was concluded, ventured to ask how such proficiency had been attained. Her father, who was a widower, she observed, in reply, was of noble French extraction; but, having been ruined by the revolution, left his native country to seek in the solitude of Wales, the happiness which was no longer to be realized in France.—But the seeds of her education were sown in Paris, among fashionable and accomplished nobility, while the retirement of Carrick-Southey matured them. On almost every topic that the talents of Colonel Mortimer enabled him to discuss, he found in Rosalie, the warm admirer of genius; and his callous breast, which had so long resisted the smiles of female blandishment, was now bowing before the beauty of a simple cottager. He resolved, however, to struggle for the recovery of his freedom; and after spending a few more days at Carrick-Southey, continued his excursion to North Wales.

The ensuing week again saw him entering the cottage garden of De Voisin, whose daughter met him at the door, and a glow of pleasure suffused her countenance as she recognized him. He was received with the same cordial welcome by the rest of the family; and before he retired to rest, had settled the point with his own conscience, that he either was, or ought to be, most desperately in love. Such was the way in which the hours were consumed; and while every visit imprinted the remembrance of the Englishman on the susceptible heart of Rosalie, her beauty was as indelibly impressed on his imagination. De Voisin mean time, unaccustomed for many years to the etiquette of society, discovered no cause for apprehension in the intercourse of the lovers, but permitted the one to continue his visits, and the other to receive them, until both felt an affection for each other which neither time nor absence could eradicate.

On calling one day at the cottage, he was surprised to find Rosalie in tears; she was leaning in a melancholy mood on her harp, and playing at intervals the song that had been so much admired by Mortimer. The tenderness of the lover instantly caught the alarm, and he enquired with a look of anxious solicitude, what had happened to occasion her distress. She informed him that De Voisin, desirous of her future welfare, had determined on sending her to England, where her education might be completed. With these words she held out her hand, as if to bid eternal farewell. "You are going, Colonel Mortimer," she exclaimed, "to the haunts of fashion, and in the bustle of other scenes will soon forget the vale of Carrick-Southey. The woods through which we have together roved, will then forego their attraction; and Rosalie, forgotten by all, will be as one who had never been." "Never," replied Mortimer with emotion; "there are ties, my sweet girl, so firmly entwined round the heart, that it must break ere we can sever them. From this hour, then, let us vow a changeless affection;

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unshackled by the ties of matrimony, let us ridicule the heartless principles of the world; and when infirmity bows us to the tomb, let passion, sobered into friendship, soothe our declining passage to the grave. You speak not, love; and yet I die with emotion! answer me dearest girl; say, shall it indeed be so?" Rosalie could make no reply; overcome by intense feeling, she looked fondly in his face, and then sunk half fainting on his bosom. Respect was now absorbed in agitation. Mortimer clasped his victim in his arms, kissed her glowing cheek, and inhaled each sigh that heaved her palpitating bosom. "Leave me, for God's sake leave me," she said, "gazing wildly round; "I am faint even to death; I doubt not your attachmeut, but every feeling of my soul commands me to quit your presence." Vain was the struggle; passion revelled in her eye, rioted in her blood, and unnerved every sense of reflection. Need the sequel be related? Love triumphed over opposition! and the poor girl, for yielding to an impulse, engrafted by nature herself, was branded, in the moral code of society, with degradation and contempt.

When modesty is once violated, self-respect ceases; and Rosalie was doomed to suffer. Her father marked the gradual change in her character with the greatest solicitude; and as he saw the lustre fading in her eye, the rose withering in her cheek, he confided his cares to Mortimer, and mistook the compunctions of remorse for the excess of sensibility. But the time was now approaching, when he should return to his duties as an officer. A war with the Continent was daily expected; and the fire of patriotism, which had so long lain dormant, was roused with its wonted energy. He accordingly endeavoured, but in vain, to procure a secret interview with his mistress, and, after promising a speedy return, hastened to resume his long-neglected military pursuits.

After the departure of Mortimer, Rosalie relinquished each favourite occupation with a sigh. The scenery which had before delighted, now became insipid, and, disgusted with every memorial of her past guilt, she cheerfully accepted the proposal of visiting England. The parting was affecting in the extreme; and the warm-hearted girl, as she clung to the neck of her father, imprinted a thousand kisses on his cheek. "Farewell!" she sobbed out; "and should we never meet again, let every thing that reminds you of Rosalie be precious in your sight. I feel a presentiment, indeed, that this separation is doomed to be eternal, and that the vale of Carrick Southey will never more greet my eyes." On concluding, she caught the hand of her brother, who accompanied her, and stepped hastily into the vehicle. As the scenes she loved faded in distance, her sense of desolation increased; and when she could no longer behold the mountains, which she had so often ascended with Mortimer, she sunk into a despondency, which continued till her arrival at the house of Madame S. her relation.

Having seen his sister comfortably settled at Reading, Eugene returned to Carrick-Southey, to cheer the drooping spirits of his father. Rosalie meantime, attracted by the gaiety of the town, and the diversity of objects that surrounded her, seemed restored to a new existence. She even affected a cheerfulness foreign to her nature, and feeding her mind with the hope of speedy intelligence from Mortimer, indulged in

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the pleasing idea of their union. Sometimes, however, when a thought of her disgrace and its probable consequences rushed over her mind, remorse would drive her to despair.

Her relation, too devoted to the gaieties of society, was but an indifferent companion; and she would often retire to weep in secret, while her cousin was attracting the notice of crowded assemblies. As the novelty of the scene wore off, the dejection of Rosalie increased; and Madam S. perceiving that she was of little service, either as friend or associate, soon betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction, that ultimately subsided into indifference. Again therefore, she had recourse to her books and harp; and while warbling the plaintive airs of childhood, her mind resumed its native elasticity.

Man may feel the sentiment of love in the full vigour of its inspiration, but it is woman only that can receive it in all its delicate characteristics, and die the victim of her affection, while modesty enjoins concealment. Such was the case with Rosalie; in every thought, every action, every pulse in her frame, she felt the power of that passion which was entwined with life; but still preserved an appearance of apathy, that amounted almost to contentment. But her studious endeavours to conceal the anguish that now embittered her existence, proved of little avail; for her strength gradually diminished, and the hectic flush of decline overspread her countenance. Weeks and months thus rolled on, and still found her the victim of an incurable melancholy. It was evident to all that she was dying; but so progressive was her decay, and so linked with sweetness was the malady which consigned her to the tomb, that she appeared to sink into the embraces of death, like an infant hushed to repose on the bosom of its parent.

As she was playing one evening on her harp, Madam S. abruptly entered the apartment. "I am come," she said, "to hurry you off to the assembly rooms; my husband is elsewhere engaged, and you know that I cannot go alone." Rosalie soon found that all expostulation was vain, when it had been previously determined that she should go; and, though painful to her feelings, accompanied her lovely cousin to the ball. Her beauty immediately procured her partners, and the admirers of her graceful movements formed a complete circle round her. While paying slight attention to the compliments that were lavished on her person, the name of Mortimer was indistinctly pronounced. With the utmost anxiety she listened to the mention of that unfortunate name, and the following conversation ensued between two officers at her elbow. "'Tis a foolish business, Ned; and faith I don't know how Mortimer will rid himself of the incumbrance. I did not, however, hear the amour from himself; for his confidential lacquey discovered and acquainted me with the circumstance. He is now with the army on the Continent, completely mopped to death with the remembrance of the girl he seduced. "Did you ever see her?"—"No," replied the other, "But I have heard," fixing his penetrating eyes on Rosalie, "that she was not unlike this lady." "If so," was the reply, "I should be inclined to plead guilty myself; but how will his intended relish such a libertine husband?" "Husband! What, is he married then?"

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"Married!" exclaimed Rosalie, in a tone of voice that alarmed the company—"gracious heaven! is he married?" and with a countenance of unutterable anguish, sunk senseless on the floor. Her cousin hastened to her assistance; every restorative was administered without success; and the insensible girl was conveyed home. On recovering from her delirium, she found herself surrounded by Madame S. and her domestics; and when made acquainted with the circumstances of her indisposition, she besought them to seek no explanation, as the secret must be guarded with existence. The agitation of her mind, with the knowledge of her approaching confinement, produced a renewal of delirium, which lasted for a considerable period; and when the fever had somewhat abated, the unhappy girl was delivered of a son. No father's blessing, no mother's caresses, welcomed in the birth of the little one; it was conceived in disgrace, heralded by ignominy, and viewed with detestation and contempt.

The intelligence was speedily disseminated through the family, and Monsieur S. more tenacious of his own character than apprehensive for his invalid, attacked her, as she lay helpless, and weeping, in her bed, with bitterest imprecations. Her disgrace hurt his peace—not so much for the effect it produced on the sufferer, as from the ignominy with which it sullied her relations. Attentive, therefore, to his own considerations, he strictly enjoined his family to conceal the transaction, and was with difficulty prevented from turning Rosalie, weak and unprotected, into the street. The only domestic, meantime, that was allowed to assist the poor victim in her illness, was an elderly woman, in whose countenance the traces of habitual cunning were discernible, and who daily assailed her with the most cruel reproaches.

She was roused one morning from sleep by the unexpected entrance of Monsieur S. and his wife. "Woman!" he exclaimed, with a look of infuriated passion, "you have destroyed the offspring of your disgrace; the child has been missing since yesterday, and you are suspected by the whole household." "I am innocent, indeed I am innocent," replied Rosalie. "O Edward, dearest Edward! by the happy days we have spent together, by the close link of affinity which binds us to each other, I entreat you to restore my child; though it is the herald of my ignominy, I can never survive its death." "I disbelieve your assertions," answered her brutal relative; "and the circumstance of your innocence or guilt remains yet to be proved:—follow me Emma," he continued to his wife, who remained lingering at the door; "you shall have no connection with guilt while I can prevent it." With these words he seized Madame S. by the arm, and pushing her rudely to the door, closed the apartment. A renewed indisposition was the consequence of this unexpected accusation; and though one source of uneasiness was removed in the absence of the old woman who had hitherto attended her, she was frequently heard by the other domestics, in the intervals of delirium, to acknowledge herself the destroyer of her child. Such attestations of guilt perpetually recurring to the weak imagination of the servants, appeared a confession of the fact; and they no longer hesitated in branding her as the murderer.

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Rosalie, however, endured their reproaches with resignation; she felt that she had not long to live, and wished to die in charity with all.

When enabled to leave her room, the story had obtained considerable circulation; and reaching the ears of justice, it was deemed expedient that the circumstances attending the loss of the child should be legally investigated; and so powerful was each statement of the domestics, that the mother was incarcerated for the wilful murder of her son. In this state of utter desolation, without one friend to succour, or one heart to lament her end, the unhappy girl beguiled the hours of misery by an affecting appeal to her seducer.

"I mean not, Mortimer, to upbraid you with my ruin: this letter, the last you will ever receive, is merely intended to convey my forgiveness; and to request that, from respect to my memory, you will make every exertion to recover our lost child. Should he ever be found, be kind to him when I am gone, for he has now no protector but yourself; and should his pretty smiles recall the image of Rosalie in her happier days of innocence, teach him sometimes to lisp her name, and dwell on her memory with fondness.

"Show him the haunts I loved; and, when warmed with filial piety, he climbs a parent's knee, pray that he may be happier than his mother. My father too,—be a son to his old age; and amid the woods of Carrick-Southey talk sometimes to him of his child. But tell him not to weep—tell him that we are separated to be again united, in a land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' For myself, I am dying, Mortimer; but you! oh, may you be happy, when the heart that loved you is cold, and when all that remains of Rosalie is the memory of her sufferings! But I can say no more: The prison clock has just tolled the hour of midnight; and as to-morrow is appointed for my trial, I must offer up my last orisons to my Maker, in whose presence I am so shortly to appear. Farewell!

"ROSALIE."

"From my dungeon, Reading."

The next morning the heavy clank of chains, and the unusual bustle of the prison, announced the removal of the culprits for trial. The sound struck like a death-knell on the agonised frame of the captive, and hardly could she collect her senses by devout aspirations to her God. In an instant or two the door of the cell grated slowly on its hinges, and the jailor entered, leading in a man completely muffled in appearance. On the departure of the turnkey, the stranger threw off his disguise, and discovered himself to be her father. The interview was solemn and affecting: no reproaches escaped the parent, no sighs responded from the overcharged heart of the daughter; but they remained clasped in each other's arms until the officer on duty re-entered the dungeon. "I am come to lead you to your trial," he exclaimed; "the other prisoners have been condemned, and it is now your turn to be examined." With difficulty he was enabled to tear the child from the embraces of the parent. "Come, come," he continued, dashing a starting tear from his eye, "it is useless to cry, my poor girl; if you are innocent, the fact will soon appear; and it will then be time enough to tell your story." A long fit of insensibility succeeded this removal; and when

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somewhat restored, Rosalie discovered herself leaning on her father in a public court of justice. When the indictment was read, a shudder of horror pervaded the assembly; but when they saw the meek sufferer bowing like a lily to the violence of the tempest, a thorough conviction of her innocence escaped them. The trial meantime proceeded; and the sudden loss of the child, the repeated acknowledgement of the prisoner, and the unequivocal testimony of the domestics, were more or less commented on, according to the facts necessary to be proved. When the examination of witnesses on either side was concluded, Rosalie was asked by the judge what she had to urge in her defence. The audience earnestly awaited her reply; and hoped some plea would be adduced, that might tend to mitigate the severity of punishment. She looked up but for an instant, and in a low tone, with her hand pressed convulsively on her heart, repeated her innocence of the crime. Such tacit disavowal was by no means considered as conclusive, and the judge arrayed himself in the awful insignia of justice, to award the punishment of death. An intense horror pervaded the court at this instant; all hearts, all eyes, were kindly fixed on the wretched culprit; and the convulsive sobbings of the few who were unable to repress their sympathy, alone interrupted the general silence.

At this instant a loud noise was heard at the further end of the hall; the crowd divided on each side, and a woman appeared bearing in her arms an infant apparently a month old. "Can you forgive me, Madam?" she exclaimed, turning to Rosalie, who recognized the attendant who had so often insulted her distress; "I have been guilty; but if any expiation can atone, I here willingly offer it." Then turning to the judge she continued, "Mademoiselle Voisin, my lord, is innocent: this is the child supposed to have been murdered, but which, at the express desire of Monsieur S. I ventured to conceal. But since that hour I have never known happiness; nor shall I be at ease till due punishment is awarded for my transgression." She ceased—the court rung with acclamations—the cry of "She is innocent, she is innocent!" resounded through the hall; and scarcely could the officers of justice restrain the ebullitions of the populace. "Rosalie," exclaimed De Voisin, when his transports had in some degree abated, "look up, my child, you are innocent: bless, then, your father with one smile, and we shall yet be happy." Rosalie did look up, and, with an expression of ineffable tenderness, pressed her clay-cold lips to the hand of her parent, and then making a last, a dying effort, to embrace the infant who stretched out his little arms towards her, bowed her fair head, and sunk broken-hearted on the bosom of her parent. The old man said nothing; his soul was full to bursting; he raised his tearless eyes to heaven, and was borne senseless from the hall. Unable to endure the presence of England after the catastrophe of his daughter, he abruptly quitted the kingdom, and, accompanied by her infant, retired once more to his favourite cottage at Carrick-Southey.

Mortimer in the mean time, distracted with remorse, but unconscious of the death of his victim, took the earliest opportunity of removing from the scene of war to the more peaceful habitation of his beloved. It was on a fine evening in July that he reached the cottage, where he had passed so many days of happiness. It was empty, the neat gar-

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den, which had so often attracted his admiration, was overrun with weeds, and every thing bore the stamp of decay. Amazed at the desolation that reigned around him, he moved instinctively towards the arbour, the scene at once of happiness and guilt.

An old man was seated at the entrance, gazing intently on the beautiful portrait of Rosalie that graced the interior of the room. The harp that she once loved was placed by the window, and the breeze, as it sighed among the chords, gave a melancholy expression to the moment. The remembrance of the past pressed upon the overcharged feelings of the Englishman, and he gave vent to his affliction in tears. He looked around him:—here stood the little wooden bridge which he had so often crossed with Rosalie; there was the primrose bank on which they had seated themselves in the long summer twilight; and in the distance rose the dark blue hills from which she loved to gaze on the surrounding landscape.

As he surveyed these mute memorials of vanished happiness, a sigh, the herald of a broken heart, escaped him. De Voisin turned round at the noise, and to his amazement beheld the author of his misery standing beside him. "Away, wretched man!" he exclaimed; "this is no sanctuary for guilt; yet stay; for my daughter's sake I forgive you; and may your last end be peaceful as hers! Poor girl, did she deserve her death from you?—Could no hand be found, but the one that had been fed at her board, and cherished in her smile, to consign her to the tomb? But she is now dead; and her last moments were spent in prayers for you? See to what wretchedness you have reduced me: the child who should have smoothed my passage to the grave is gone before, and like a buoy tossed upon the wave, I am alone and helpless in my age. I have little to add: this letter was given to me by my Rosalie, that I might present it to you when an opportunity occurred." Mortimer hastily seized the letter, and. wild with the violence of contending emotions, rushed from the offended parent of his victim. He had not been long absent, when the report of a pistol was heard. Guided by the sound, De Voisin hastened to the spot, and discovered Mortimer stretched dead upon the ground, with the fatal writing in his hand.

I was but a boy when these circumstances occurred, but the remembrance is indelibly imprinted on my memory. The story was told to me by an old Welch herdsman, who was well acquainted with the parties. But years have rolled on, and the memory of Rosalie is fading from the minds of the villagers. You may sometimes meet with an old cottager, who knew her when she was young, and who still speaks of her with fondness. But the instances are rare, and in a short time she will be entirely forgotten.

When last I was in the neighbourhood of Carrick-Southey, I psid a visit to the cottage of Rosalie. It was overgrown with nightshade, and afforded a melancholy epitome of despair. I paused—an utter stillness reigned around, save where the raven screamed his death-song. I entered the room where she had once lived. I saw the harp which was once hers, and it was mouldering in silent decay. The spider had woven his web among the cords, and the whole scene spoke of gloomy desertion. The sun was sinking, as I turned my steps to the spot where

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the guilty Mortimer reposed. It was in a little nook at the extremity of the cottage garden, unnoticed by epitaph or elegy. A wild rose was blooming on the sod, and a few withered leaves of hanging cypress were strewed upon his grave. Never had I thought of the perfect wretchedness of vice till I looked on the narrow spot that enclosed the remains of the seducer of Rosalie De Voisin.

MUSICKS DUELL.

By Richard Crashaw, 1646.

NOW Westward *Sol* had spent the richest Beames
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the streams
Of *Tiber* on the sceane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an Oake; there sate
A sweet Lutes-master in whose gentle aires
Hee lost the dayes heat, and his owne hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muse, their *Syren*, harmless *Syren* shee)
There stood she listning, and did entertaine
The Musicks soft report: and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voyce made good:
The man perceiv'd his Rivall, and her Art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot Lady sport,
Awakes his Lute, and 'gainst the fight to come,
Informes it, in a sweet *Præludium*
Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin
Hee lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charg'd with a flying touch: and staightway shee
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd Tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quicke volumes of wild Notes; to let him know
By that shrill taste, shee could doe something too.
—His nimble hands instinct, then taught each string
A capring cheerefulnesse; and made them sing
To their owne dance: now negligently rash
Hee throwes his Arme, and with a long-drawne dash
Blends all together: then distinctly tripps
From this to that; then quicke returning skipps
And snatches this againe, and pauses there.
Shee measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to bee out,

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Trayles her playne Ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleeke passage of her open throat:
A cleare unwrinkled song, then doth shee point it
With tender accents, and severely joynt it,
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controwerting, warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet selfe shee wrangles; Hee amazed
That from so small a channell should be rais'd
The torrent of a voyce, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety
Straines higher yet; that tickled with rare art
The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly doe fall out; the grumbling Base
In surly groanes disdaines the Trebles Grace.
The high-percht treble chirps at this, and chides,
Untill his finger (Moderatour) hides
And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all
Hoarce, shrill, at once; as when the Trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' Harvest of Deaths field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too
Shee gives him backe; her supple Brest thrills out
Sharpe Aires, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers on her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill,
The plyant Series of her slippery song.
Then starts shee suddenly into a Throng
Of short thicke sobs, whose thundering volleyes float,
And roule themselves over her lubricke throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her Breast,
That ever-bubling spring; the sugred Nest
Of her delicious soule, that there does lye
Bathing in streames of liquid Melodie;
Musicks best seed-plot, when in ripend Aires
A Golden-headed Harvest fairely reares
His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soyle it seemes a holy quire,
Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo's* lyre.
Whose sylver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet lipp'd Angell-Imps, that swill their throats
In creame of Morning *Helicon*, and then
Preferre soft Anthems to the Eares of men,
To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring
That men can sleepe while they their Mattens sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay,
Prevents the Eye-lidds of the blushing day.
There might you heare her kindle her soft voyce,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,
And lay the ground-worke of her hopefull song,
Still keeping in the forward streame, so long

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Till a sweet whirle-wind (striving to gett out)
Heaves her soft Bosome, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breast,
Till the fledg'd Notes at length forsake their Nest;
Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the Sky
Wing'd with their owne wild Eccho's pratling fly.
Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a Tide
Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd backe of every swelling straine,
Rising and falling in a pompous traine.
And while shee thus discharges a shrill peale
Of flashing Aires; shee qualifies their zeale
With the coole Epode of a grave Noat,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brasen voyce of warr's hoarce Bird;
Her little soule is ravisht: and so pour'd
Into loose extasies, that she is plac't
Above her selfe, Musicks *Enthusiast*.
Shame now and anger mixt, a double staine
In the Musitians face; yet once againe
(Mistresse) I come; now reach a straine my Lute
Above her mocke, or bee for ever mute;
Or tune a song of victory to mee,
Or to thy selfe sing thine own Obsequie;
So said, his hands sprightly as fire hee flings,
And with a quavering coynesse tasts the strings.
The sweet-lip't sisters musically frighted,
Singing their feares are fearfully delighted.
Trembling as when *Appollo's* golden haires
Are fan'd and frizled in the wanton ayres
Of his owne breath: which marryed to his lyre
Doth tune the *Sphœares*, and make Heavens selfe looke higher.
From this to that, from that to this hee flyes,
Feeles Musick's pulse in all her Arteryes;
Caught in a net which there *Appollo* spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocall threads.
Following those little rills, hee sinkes into
A Sea of *Helicon*; his hand does goe
Those parts of sweetnesse which with *Nectar* drop,
Softer than that which pants in *Hebe's* cup;
The humourous strings expound his learned touch,
By various Glosses: now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
In shrill tongu'd accents: striving to bee single.
Every smooth turne, every delicious stroake
Gives life to some new Grace: thus doth h' invoke
Sweetnesse by all her names; thus, bravely thus,
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light *Genius* now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swolne Rapsodyes.

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Whose flourish (Meteor-like) doth curle the aire
With flash of high-borne fancyes: here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone:
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those pretious mysteryes that dwell
In musick's ravish't soule, hee dare not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus doe they vary
Each string his Note, as if they meant to carry
Their Master's blest soule (snatcht out at his Eares
By a strong Extasy,) through all the sphæares
Of Musicks heaven; and seat it there on high
In th' *Empyræum* of pure Harmony.
At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety attending on
His finger's fairest revolution
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth *Diapason* swallowes all
This done, hee lists what shee would say to this,
And shee, although her Breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a Noate,
Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule) shee tryes
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring, stringes, by the small size of one
Poore simple voyce, rais'd in a Naturall Tone;
Shee failes, and failing grieves, and grieving dyes.
Shee dyes: and leaves her life the Victors prise,
Falling upon his Lute; ô fit to have
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a Grave!

RHYME AND REASON.

From "The Etonian."

"Non eadem est ætas, non mens." HORACE.

HE whose life has not been one continued monotony; he who has been susceptible of different passions, opposite in their origins and effects, needs not to be told, that the same objects, the same scenes, the same incidents, strike us in a variety of lights, according to the temper and inclination with which we survey them. To borrow an illus-

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tration from external senses,—if we are situated in the centre of a shadow valley, our view is confined and our prospect bounded; but if we ascend to the topmost heights of the mountain by which that valley is overshadowed, the eye wanders luxuriantly over a perpetual succession of beautiful objects, until the mental faculties appear to catch new freedom from the extension of the sight; we breath a purer air, and are inspired with purer emotions.

Thus it is with men who differ from each other in their tastes, their studies, or their professions. They look on the same external objects with a different internal perception; and the view which they take of surrounding scenes is beautified or distorted, according to their predominant pursuit, or their prevailing inclination.

We were led into this train of ideas by a visit which we lately paid to an old friend, who, from a strong taste of agricultural pursuits, has abandoned the splendour and absurdity of a town life, and devoted to the cultivation of a large farming establishment, in a picturesque part of England, all the advantages of a strong judgment and a good education. His brother, on the contrary, who was a resident at the farm during our visit, has less of sound understanding than of ardent genius, and is more remarkable for the warmth of his heart than the soundness of his head. In short, to describe them in a word, Jonathan sees with the eye of a merchant, and Charles with that of an enthusiast: Jonathan is a man of business, and Charles is a poet. The contrast between their tempers is frequently the theme of conversation at the social meetings of the neighbourhood; and it is always found that the old and the grave shake their heads at the almost boyish enthusiasm of Charles; while the young and the imprudent indulge in severe sarcasms at the mercenary and uninspired moderation of his brother. All parties, however, concur in admiring the uninterrupted cordiality which subsists between them, and in laughing good-humouredly at the various whims and foibles of these opposite characters, who are known throughout the country by the titles of "Rhyme" and "Reason."

We arrived at the farm as Jonathan was sitting down to his substantial breakfast: We were delighted to see our old friend, now in the decline of life, answering so exactly the description of Cowper,—

> "An honest man close buttoned to the chin,
> Broad cloth without and a warm heart within."

We felt an inward satisfaction in contemplating his frieze coat, whose *debut* we remember to have witnessed five years ago, and in speculating upon the snows which five additional winters had left upon his head, since our last interview. It was some time before we recovered sufficiently from our reverie to inquire after the well-being of our younger companion, who had not yet made his appearance at the board.—"Oh!" said Jonathan, "Charles is in his heyday years; you must indulge him for the present; we can't expect such regularity from five-and-twenty, as from six-and-fifty." He had hardly done speaking when a loud halloo sounded as the *avant-courier* of Charles approached, and in less than a minute he presented himself before us.—"Ten thousand pardons!" he cried. "One is enough," said his brother. "I've seen

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the finest sunrise," said Charles. "You're wet through," said Jonathan. "I'm all over rapture," said Rhyme. "You're all over dirt," said Reason.

With some difficulty Charles was persuaded to retire for the re-adjustment of his dress, while the old man continued his meal with a composure which proved he was not unused to the morning excursions of his volatile yoke-fellow. By the time he had got through his beef-steak, and three columns of the *Courier*, Charles re-entered, and dispatched the business of eating with a rapidity in which many a modern half-starved rhymer would be glad to emulate him. A walk was immediately proposed; but the one had scarcely reached an umbrella, and the other prepared his manuscript book, when a slight shower of rain prevented our design.—"Provoking," said Rhyme. "Good for the crop," said Reason.

The shower, however, soon ceased, and a fine clear sun encouraged us to resume our intentions, without fear of a second disappointment. As we walked over the estate, we were struck with the improvements made by our friend, both as regarded the comfort and value of the property; while now and then we could not suppress a smile on observing the rustic arbour which Charles had designed, or the verses he had inscribed on our favourite old oak.

It was determined that we should ascend a neighbouring hill, which was dear to us, from it having been the principal scene of our boyhood's amusements. "We must make haste," said Charles, "or we shall miss the view." "We must make haste," said Jonathan, "or we shall catch cold on our return." Their actions seemed always to amalgamate, though their motives were always different. We observed a tenant of our friend ploughing a small field, and stopped a short time to regard the contented appearance of the man, and the cheerful whistle with which he called to his cattle. "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*," said the poet. "A poor team, though," said his brother.

Our attention was next excited by a level meadow, whose green hue, set off by the mixture of the white fleeces of a beautiful flock of sheep, was, to the observer of nature, a more enviable sight than the most studied landscape of Gainsborough's pencil. "Lovely colours!" ejaculated Charles;—"Fine mutton," observed Jonathan. "Delightful scene for a rustic hop!" cried the enthusiast.—"I am thinking of planting hops," said the farmer.

We reached the summit of the hill, and remained for some moments in silent admiration of one of the most variegated prospects that ever the country presented to the contemplation of its most ardent admirer. The mellow verdure of the meadows, intermingled here and there with the sombre appearance of the ploughed land, the cattle reclining in the shade, the cottage of the rustic peeping from behind the screen of a luxuriant hedge, formed a *tout-ensemble* which every eye must admire, but which few pens can describe. "A delightful landscape!" said Charles, "A rich soil," said Jonathan. "What scope for description!" cried the first; "What scope for improvement!" returned the second.

As we returned, we passed the cottage of the peasant, whom we

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had seen at his plough in the morning. The family were busily engaged in their several domestic occupations. One little chubby-faced rogue was conducting Dobbin to his stable, another was helping his sister to coop up the poultry, and a third was incarcerating the swine, who made a vigorous resistance against their youthful antagonist. "Tender!" cried Rhyme; he was listening to the nightingale. "Very tender!" replied Reason! he was looking at the pigs.

As we drew near home, we met an old gentleman walking with his daughter, between whom and Charles a reciprocal attachment was said to exist. The lateness of the evening prevented much conversation, but the few words which were spoken, again brought into contrast the opposite tempers of my friends. "A fine evening, Madam," said the man of sense, and bowed;—"I shall see you to-morrow Mary!" said the lover, and pressed her hand. We looked back upon her as she left us. After a pause,—"She is an angel!" sighed Charles;—"She is an heiress," observed Jonathan. "She has ten thousand perfections!" cried Rhyme;—"She has ten thousand pounds," said Reason.

We left them next morning, and spent some days in speculations on the causes which enabled such union of affections to exist with such diversities of taste. For ourselves, we must confess, that while Reason has secured our esteem, Rhyme has run-away with our hearts; we have some times *thought* with Jonathan, but we have always *felt* with Charles.

LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But Love is indestructible;
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night
For all her sorrows all her tears,
An over-payment of delight. SOUTHEY.

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THE HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

From "The Blank Book of a Small Colleger."

"Is it not better to repent and marry, than to marry and repent?"
CONGREVE.

HOW much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society, would fade away and be forgotten.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told, my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was heiress of ten thousand per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time, and in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess, at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me, while I am writing—appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was, supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement, I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband,—for the husband of an orphan,—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world,—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her:—a professed rake, too—who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate, who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians,—revere their office,—and tremble at their authority,—but to make myself wretched merely to please them—No! No! I positively cannot think of it.

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Well—time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one, and on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion I found was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character unsuspected by himself. This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my God-mother; why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog*? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Vale-Royal, without carriages, without horses; without servants; to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour I remember my heart beating audibly, as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate; and I shall never forget my surprize, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting and distracted Baronet! Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I with the other ladies, left the rooom. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, "You had better return home." Still I lingered—till one evening, towards the close of a long tête-à-tête conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five-hundred a year, he replied, "One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement."—His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me, and Heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing."—But why? "Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments,—or any estates induce me to place, at the head of my table, a hump-backed bas bleu, in green spectacles?"

"Hump-backed?"—"Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?"—"Intimately. She's my most particular friend!"—"I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you're not offended?"—"Offended! offended! offended! oh no—not offended. Hump-backed! good heavens!—Not the least offended—Hump-backed! of all things in the world!" and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance."—"The most intimate," I replied; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her, as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing."—"The devil!" "Dont swear but hear me.

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See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine." And with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape. —I heard something very like "Damn Miss Vavasour," by the way to my own apartment. We did not meet again; for, the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn —when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose,—in a darkened room.—I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No—no," said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtesey, "No! No! it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred awkward, hump-backed girl."—Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railleries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of all was—that—that—that we were married.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thine happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene
    With headed bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple stained mouth,
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

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III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstacy!
Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night, was heard

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In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS.

ONE NIGHT IN ROME.

From "Fragments and Fictions."

Know'st thou the pile the colonnade sustains,
Its splendid chambers, and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array?

GOETHE.

DURING those extraordinary times when Nero wantoned in every species of atrocity, a young man, by name Agenor, was brought up in one of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his parents, and finding himself his own master, set out to visit Rome.

It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey, when he first made his approach to that immense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes. Lights were seen scattered over all the city. The sound of chariot wheels, vociferations, and musical instruments, reached him before his entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing along the streets, where senators and women of rank, flamens, gladiators, knights, thieves, matrons, orators, and debauchees, were strolling together in companies, and conversing in a thousand different tones, of drunkenness, derision, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and high-breeding. In short it was the festival of Cybele, the mother of the gods, and all Rome was in an uproar.

Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis. The number of countenances that wear a look of intelligence and penetration, without any stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds him. He falls into reveries upon the subject and tries to conceive what style of manners would best protect him from ridicule in dealing with such men; or how he could

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endeavour to match their shrewdness, when it was accompanied by no respect for justice or truth.

In the mean time, a scuffle, took place among some slaves. One of them was wounded, and retired among the pillars of a temple, where he lay down, without receiving the least notice or comfort from any passenger. Agenor went up to the spot and spoke to him. After enquiring into the nature of his hurt, he learnt the name and abode of his master, who was a prætor, and whom he next went to seek, for the purpose of procuring assistance.

It was a magnificent house to which the slave had directed him. The master was out at supper, but his lady was giving an entertainment in his absence, and ere long came in person to learn what intelligence our youth had to communicate. She was a noble figure, had some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was telling his story, she regarded him attentively. Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his locks were as rich and exuberant as what we now behold on the forehead of the charming Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the most unbroken simplicity, so that after giving orders for bringing home the wounded slave, she begged in a matronly tone, that he would come up stairs, and partake of a repast along with some of her friends, "because," added she, with a smile, "it is the festival of Cybele." Agenor complied.

There was a good deal of company in her saloon, Among others, a centurion, who did not appear so devout as Cornelius; an old senator, toothless and half-blind; a Greek belonging to the theatre; several married women of the city: And a beautiful young girl, with dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

It was upon this young person that our hero's thoughts were principally fixed during supper: although the lady of the house never allowed much time to pass without asking him some question, or sending a smile to meet his eye as it wandered over the table; and although she presented him with a sweatmeat, where there was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice. Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could observe she never missed any thing he said. This made him talk with animation, and gave his voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the female bosom into a delicious languor, while it penetrates to its very core. An easy gaiety prevailed throughout the company. The perfumes which were burnt in the chamber, together with the occasional strains of music performed by attendants, operated in producing that luxurious indolence which is averse to any sort of contention. Every disagreeable thought was turned aside by some dexterous pleasantry. No altercation had time to occur before it was solved by a jest. The choicest wines of the prætor were circulated with a liberal hand; and the old senator, from time to time, poured forth unmeaning gallantries without knowing exactly to whom they were addressed. Agenor began to perceive the beauty of nonsense, which is almost the only thing that can relax the vigilance of our self love, and enable us to live harmoniously together.

In the mean time, a great deal of gossip took place among the married women. Nero's conduct was examined with freedom; but more

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as an object of ridicule than of detestation. The Greek enlarged upon some fine panthers then at the circus. The centurion drank assiduously, and lay in watch for any ambiguities of language that might happen to drop from the company. These he regularly followed up with such remarks as implied his adoption of their worst meaning; and he shewed an expertness in this exercise, which long practice only could have taught him. Indeed not one sentence escaped from the senator which he did not mould into some equivocal declaration or proposal. The reverend father himself had no suspicion of this, although shouts of laughter were constantly breaking forth among the male part of the company; and therefore he continued slowly bungling forward from one subject to another, while the long chasms between his ideas were filled up and garnished by the centurion, at his own discretion. In those days an old senator was considered as the finest butt in the world.

When the party broke up, Agenor came near Phrosine, and said, for the pleasure of speaking to her, "How long does the festival of Cybele continue!" Any question will serve to accompany the looks of a lover. Phrosine replied, "Only two days more; but in that time you will see much of the nature of Rome;" and then added with a girlish ignorance of her own feelings, "What a pleasant companion that old senator is; I never spent a night so happily." "Nor I," said Agenor, who knew the reason better.

A servant was waiting at the door of the saloon. Agenor followed him; but instead of being shewn down to the street as he expected, he was left in a solitary chamber, enriched with furniture and paintings of exquisite beauty. Here was an ivory couch, lined with purple; two Etruscan vases full of roses; and a Cupid of Parian marble, by one of the first sculptors in Greece. The paintings were all of an amorous description. Satyrs gambolled along the walls, and thoughtless nymphs were seen very much exposed among the dark recesses of an ancient forest. Agenor endeavoured to find out the meaning of his situation, but could not. Presently the prætor's wife entered. She took his hand with much cordiality, and said, "My dear Agenor, pardon me for this detention. I cannot let you depart, without some advice concerning the perils of this bad city; for I perceive you are a stranger. Young men sometimes endeavour to get near the Emperor in public places, in order to see his person. Beware of doing so. It is impossible to say what might happen if you should attract his notice; for his power is absolute, and mischief is always in his thoughts. Do not associate with gladiators and charioteers, who seldom leave an obolus in the pockets of their companions; nor with Greeks, who are sad impostors. Again, your handsome person may chance to captivate some of our matrons, who love gallantry: but although they should smile on you from their windows, and beckon with a look of insinuation, do not stop to talk with them; otherwise you will get entangled in a thousand scrapes. You will be left in the lurch, while they go to intrigue with some other person. Avoid all this, and come often back to visit me," said the prætor's wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder: "Be assured I will prove as good a friend as can be met with in Rome."

Agenor was a good deal astonished. Perhaps he would have been at a loss what to say; but the prætor himself was that moment

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heard lumbering up stairs, and hemming at intervals, in a state of intoxication. His wife started up, and bade Agenor good night. She then opened a private passage down to the street, and gently pushed him out, saying, with a smile, "Farewell at present; come back to-morrow, and I shall introduce you to the prætor, who is a very worthy man."

When Agenor came away, the streets were still as crowded as ever; but afforded more examples of the debaucheries and vices of Rome. The town which Cato loved was now sadly altered. Every god and every virtue had left the place; and although their temples remained as beautiful as in better times, they were filled with scoffing instead of prayer. Agenor had lived as yet uncontaminated; and the conduct of the prætor's wife that night had not seduced him, because he thought of Phrosine. Phrosine's image engrossed his attention so much that he could scarcely find the house where he meant to sleep; and when he lay down, the fantastic dreams of youth continued hovering about his pillow.

Next morning he took a walk through the town. He viewed the public buildings, the places noted in history, the books of the Sybils, which he could not understand, and the charming productions of the fine arts, worth all the rest put together. Many a beauteous head, and many a voluptuous form of alabaster awoke in him the softest feelings of delight; many a groupe of Bacchanals taught him a jovial indifference; and many a picture bore a motto from the songs of Horace, which told him that life is short, and that we should gather its roses while fate leaves them in our power. Xeno's philosophy had once been his pride; but a softness of heart now crept in upon him, and the feelings of the Stoics died away before other feelings, which rendered him a fitter inhabitant for modern Rome. In the morning he had scrupled about returning to the prætor's house, but now he said, "I must go back to see Phrosine."

In the mean time, as it was yet early in the forenoon, he repaired to the circus, where he found the citizens already placed in thousands along its far-spreading benches, and some of them distinguished by very magnificent attire. The games began. Racers and combatants appeared on the vast arena. Trumpets were sounded. A number of tigers, newly brought from confinement, scattered the dust in their terrific gambols. Blood began to be shed, and acclamations to rise from the populace. The wild animals increased the noise in receiving their mortal stabs, and the gladiators fought and died with enthusiasm; for the sweet music of applause rung in their ears until they could not hear it any longer.

Agenor grew much interested in these fatal sports. Nevertheless, he fell sometimes into reveries about Phrosine; and in glancing his eye over the long rows of the circus, observed the prætor's wife, attended not only by her husband, who was a corpulent figure with a red nose, and a countenance full of good-natured sensuality, but also by some of the handsomest men in Rome.

Agenor thought there was no need of increasing the number. He therefore left the circus, and went to see if Phrosine had been left at home. Fortunately this was the case. He found her watering some

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plants in an open gallery, and removing such of their leaves as had withered by too powerful a sun. She recognized him with blushes of gladness; and after a short time, Agenor engaged in dressing the flowers along with her. These young people found this occupation a very pleasing one. Their smiles met every moment over hyacinths and myrtles; and their words were breathed in a low voice among exhalations of perfume. When Phrosine thought the jars were ill arranged, Agenor transposed them so as to produce a finer grouping of the blossoms; and when their pitcher of water was exhausted, this languishing boy and girl, who had already forgotten all conventional forms of behaviour, went, arm in arm, to the fountain down in the garden to get more. There, at a basin of marble, which foamed to the brim, they replenished their vessel. Some drops of the spray came dashing on Phrosine's white shoulders; and Agenor used the freedom to wipe them off with a corner of her garment. Phrosine submitted with a slight struggle; but all this took place in silence, for the feelings of the parties were by far too serious to suit with jests and compliments. Afterwards they leant for a long time, side by side, against the trunk of a chesnut. Their souls were lost in musing, and their eyes were fixed on the shadows of branches that played over the sunny ground before them. "Ah! how pleasing is a country life," said Phrosine; "I sometimes wish that I could get leave to spend my time in Calabria, or Apulea, or some of those delightful provinces, where the ground is covered with yellow sheaves, and where the days are so beautiful, that if a person merely walks about in the open air, it is enough to make him regardless of all other pleasures. I do not like the town, or its inhabitants. Our visitors are so cold hearted, that I am treated as a child if I behave kindly to them. They laugh at any person who is simple enough to feel attachment even for themselves. Again, there is no peace or security in Rome; for every one is afraid of being cruelly insulted by the Emperor, or some of his favourites; and their brutality renders so many precautions necessary, that I am inclined more and more to envy the inhabitants of those distant provinces, who are out of its reach. Pray from what province do you come? "From no other than Calabria," replied Agenor. "I have a small farm there; but a country life is sometimes insipid, and I came to Rome from curiosity and desire of change. Ah, Phrosine! if I had not come to Rome, I should never have enjoyed the happiness of being near you; and now, if I go back to Calabria, I shall not know what to do with my heart."

"Keep your heart with sufficient care," said Phrosine, blushing, "and it will give you no trouble. Those deep and lasting attachments which have been described by the poets, are no longer to be found in Rome. It is now the fashion to change rapidly from one object of admiration to another, and indeed, never to allow the feelings to be seriously engaged at all. The example of Nero, and his detestable court, has annihilated every thing amiable, and left us nothing but selfishness, profligacy, and indifference."

"Then you must seek elsewhere," said Agenor, "for a heart which is worthy of you. Rome, as you describe it, can never be the theatre of your happiness."

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"Oh! I could endure it well enough," said Phrosine, provided I were agreeably situated at home. But the prætor's wife is jealous of the attention I receive from her visitors, and sometimes treats me with a degree of harshness which it is difficult to support. She is still fond of admiration, as you may observe, and imagines that I wish to encroach upon her share."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Agenor. "It is evident she wishes you out of her family."

"But what is worse," said Phrosine, with tears in her eyes, and at the same time laying her hand upon his shoulder, "Would you believe it Agenor? I can hardly be sure that my own uncle, if circumstances should entice him, will not deliver me up to this monster who calls himself the Emperor. It seems he had observed me with particular attention somewhere in public, and has repeatedly enquired about me since. The prætor is at present in favour; but if he were to evade any of Nero's orders, there would at once be an end to his farther good fortune, and perhaps to his life."

"Then why, my beautiful Phrosine," said our youth, gently encircling her waist, "why do you remain here to endanger your uncle's life? Would it not be much wiser, and more consistent with your duty, to marry a poor husbandman who adores you, and set out for Calabria, where you will enjoy all the pleasures of a charming climate, and never hear of this wicked Emperor any more? Surely this proposal need only be stated, to make you at once perceive its propriety."

"Oh! but my aunt," said Phrosine, sobbing, in great agitation,— "she would not approve of my conduct."

"Nor would you approve of hers, if you knew all the particulars of it," replied Agenor. "Wrap your veil about your head, and we shall get out by the garden door, which opens into some of the back lanes. A couple of mules can soon be purchased; and in a short time we will be far from Rome."

"Oh no, it is impossible," said Phrosine; "I cannot go just now."

"Just now is the very best time," replied Agenor. "Every person is at present in the circus, where Nero performs as a charioteer; and neither the prætor nor his wife can return till the games are finished. Come along," said our youth employing a little gentle violence.

"Oh no, it is impossible," said Phrosine, weeping and struggling, and gradually allowing herself to be dragged away.

MORAL.

The moral is, that a great deal may be done with young ladies, if they are taken by surprise.

THE END.

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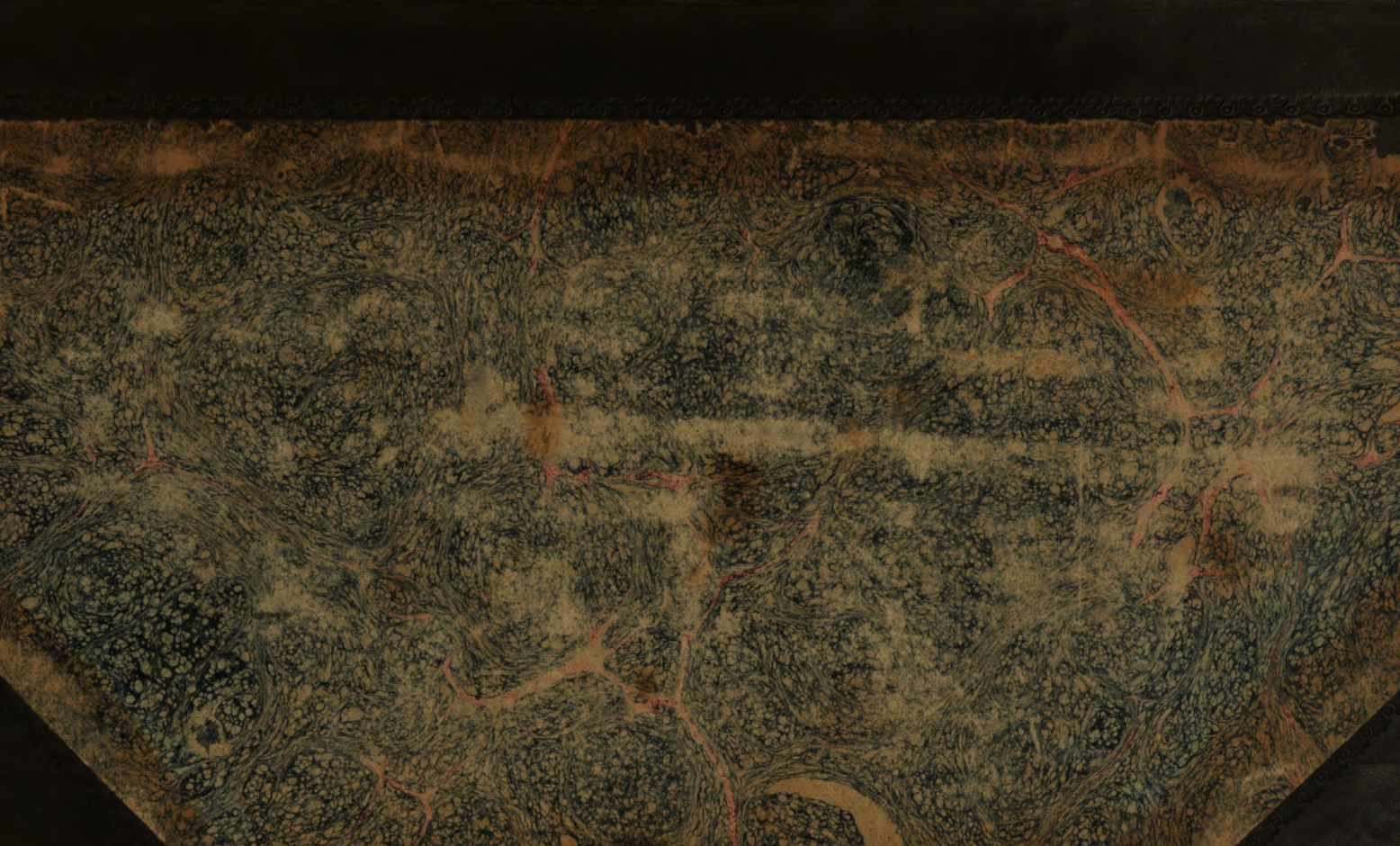
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